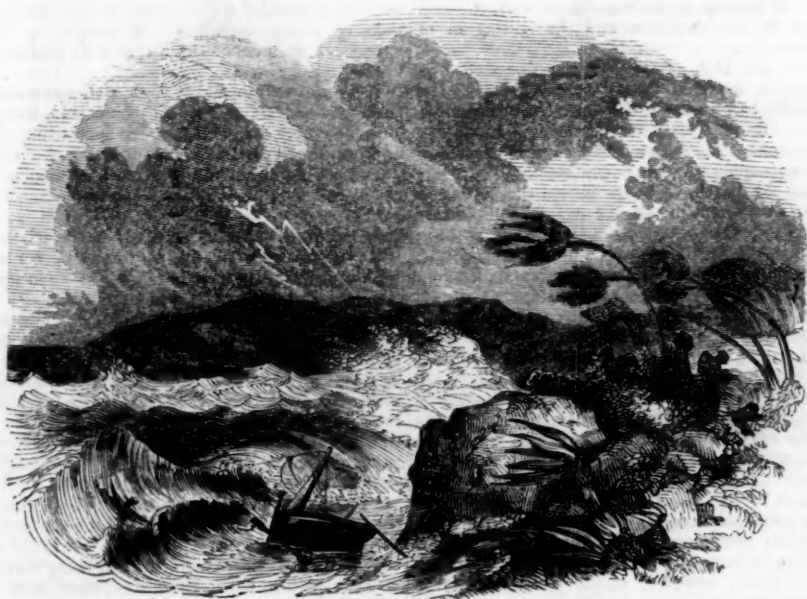


ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1853.



MONSOONS.

These are periodical winds, which sweep the northern part of the Indian Ocean, changing their direction after an interval of about six months, and hence the term Monsoon,—the Anglicised form of the Persic *moussum*,—or the Malay *moassin*, signifying a season, referring to their periodicity. Avoiding all minute detail, we shall merely give the range, direction, and duration of these singular, yet highly useful currents, and that in a very general way. From three degrees south of the equator to the northern shores of the Indian Ocean, including the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal and the Chinese Sea, a south-west wind blows from April to October, and then a north-east wind sets in, and prevails through the next half-year, from October to April. From three degrees to ten degrees south of the equator a south-east wind blows from April to October, and a north-west during the succeeding six months. Without attending to local variations, these are the general phenomena. There is a

south-west wind prevailing north of the equator from April to October, and southward of this, through a certain space, at the same season, a south-east wind. There is a north-east wind north of the equator from October to April, and, co-incidentally, a north-west wind between three degrees and ten degrees south of the line. The western boundary of the region of the monsoons is the African shore; its eastern limit is supposed to be about the meridian of 136 degrees east longitude, which cuts the island of New Guinea; its northern confine is near the parallel of 27 degrees north latitude, which intersects the Loo Choo islands; its southern extremity has been already stated. The monsoons are much stronger than the trade winds, and may be called gales, but they are by no means of uniform force, either as it respects themselves or each other, the same monsoon occasionally blowing with such violence that ships are obliged to reef their sails. It must not be imagined that these winds are confined to

the ocean. They extend over the whole of Hindostan to the Himalaya, the north-east monsoon bringing copious rains to its eastern shores, and the south-west monsoon performing the same office for its western coast.

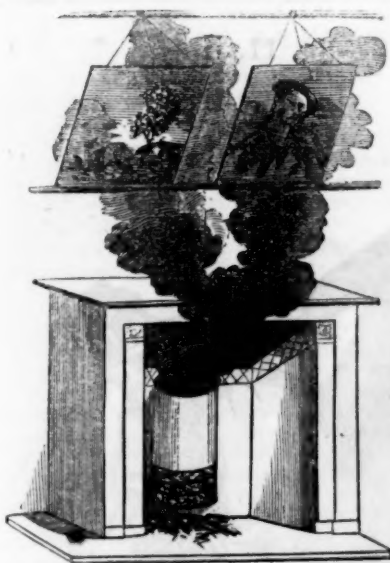
The change of the monsoon—the periodical shifting of the wind—the most singular feature of the case, is a gradual process, usually occupying about a month, which reduces the reign of the two annual monsoons, north and south of the equator, to five months each, the remaining two months being spent in the transitions. In each interval of change, calms, light variable breezes, alternate with storms of tremendous violence. Mr. Caunter thus describes the scene at Madras, in the interim between the cessation of one monsoon and the setting in of another:

"On the 15th of October the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching 'war of elements' had appeared. As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, slim cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine. The heavens seemed to be one vast re-ervoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon everything around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapor by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely anything, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white, feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upward of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in

the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance overland, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations: so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon. During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost beyond endurance, particularly after the first day or two, when the wind would at intervals entirely subside, so that not a breath of air could be felt, and the punka afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air so well known in India."

It is an extraordinary but well-ascertained fact, that as soon as one monsoon ceases, though a month may elapse before the succeeding one appears, the clouds take the direction of the approaching monsoon, and thus from the regions of the atmosphere herald its advent to the dwellers below.

We naturally inquire concerning the origin of these peculiar movements, but must be content with a very scanty measure of information upon the subject. The laws which nature obeys in these periodical changes are undoubtedly identical with those which give rise to atmospheric currents in general, but their mode of operation is in this case obscure. The north-east and south-east monsoons, the former on the north and the latter on the south side of the equator, may be considered as trade winds, explicable upon the same principles, but counteracted for a certain time by causes which produce winds from a different quarter, the south-west and north-west monsoons. It has been observed that the south-west monsoon, which prevails to the north of the equator, is coincident with the sun being vertical to that region, when Hindostan, Siam and the adjacent countries receive their maximum of heat. Consequently, the incumbent air, being rarefied, ascends, and a rush of colder air to supply its place is produced from the southward, which is then receiving the oblique rays of the sun, and which presenting a surface of water is immensely less heated than the lands to which the luminary is perpendicular. In like manner, the north-west monsoon, which prevails south of the equator, is coincident with the sun being south of it likewise, and vertical to the region, when the sandy plains of New Holland become powerfully heated, and the air over them rarefied, creating a wind by the rush of the colder northern air toward the point of rarefaction. These are the explanations commonly given, and though in several respects they do not account for all the phenomena, yet the probability is, that they present the correct theory, anomalous circumstances arising from the influence of causes which are local and as yet unknown. The monsoons are more valuable as auxiliaries to commerce than the trade winds, owing to the change in their direction, for a ship may proceed to a distant port with one monsoon and be aided on its return by its successor.



A MANUFACTORY OF "OLD MASTERS."

Referring to the modern supply of "old masters," the London Art Journal says:—"The fabrication of false ancient masters has not always been the trade of needy dealers. A distinguished amateur of our own time, who moved in the best circles of society, and whose taste in the Fine Arts was patent to the highest classes, did not scruple to pursue the dishonourable course. The late Mr. Zachary, it may be recollected, occupied the house on the Adelphi Terrace, where the widow of David Garrick had formerly resided. Here he possessed some pictures by the great celebrities in art, which decorated the walls of his apartment, and occasionally appeared in the exhibition of the British Institution. In the back drawing-room, a stove was placed in the centre of the floor, having no connection with the chimney, for the express intention that the smoke should ascend into the room and circulate in every part. This stove was made from Mr. Zachary's design by Mr. Sandison, ironmonger, No. 7 Maiden-Lane, Covent Garden, and the accompanying sketch will give an idea of its construction. On the ceiling iron rods were placed, to which the copies of his pictures were hung, resting obliquely on rails fixed lower down, as Mr. Zachary found by experience that the copies were best cooked into antiquity by remaining over the stove at an angle of 45 degrees. Two poor artists were constantly employed by him in the house to make careful copies of his fine pictures. Three months was about the time necessary to harden and discolor the paint on these canvasses, which then became similar enough, for deception, to old pictures. Mr. Zachary possessed a very fine picture by Hobbins, of which he had at least a dozen copies made, which were sent to various

parts of Europe, where each may probably figure at present as the real original of a celebrated work by the great landscape painter of the Dutch school. Mr. Zachary did not confine his labors to making copies, but he undertook to improve originals. The picture by Claude, known as the Berwick Claude, was once subjected to this operation. It had suffered by neglect and age, but now riots in more than pristine beauty, as it has received at Mr. Zachary's hands the addition of trees, which Claude did not think necessary to the composition. For three entire months an English landscape painter, formerly a Royal Academician, was employed to repair, beautify, and make additions to this Berwick Claude, which ended in Mr. Zachary's selling it for a considerable profit. Some other damaged originals of consequence underwent a similar revivification.

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To a Tuft of Heath from Sherwood Forest.

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Thou treasured gift of Sherwood's forest olden,
Rich with the legends of a thousand years!
'Neath the Autumnal sunlight, glad and golden,
The turf that misses thee is wet with Nature's tears.

Pale heather of the woodlands! when the glory
Of England glimmered in the years to be,
Thou wert the stage where life's dramatic story
Was played by Robin Hood, the Prince of Outlawry.

When, as through all the forest arches ringing,
From hermit cell unwonted music burst,
His summons startled in their midnight singing
The Black Knight and his host, the Clerk of Copmanhurst.

Then rushed a motley group, in strange disguising,
Trampling thy purple clusters in the dew;
While underneath a thousand lies uprising,
In every panting breast the human heart beat true.

There, too, Rebecca, beautiful and peerless,
Wore like a diadem her silent woe;
And, in the veiling darkness, pale and tearless,
Bowed her sweet cheek to thine, and prayed for Ivanhoe.

Nor will we deem that fair, heroic woman
An empty dream of the romancer's brain;
Nor that each gallant knight and sturdy yeoman
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WENDELL, Mass.

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WENDELL, Mass.

CITY SCENES.—No. II.



THE WATER NUISANCE.

FLOWERS.

When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down deep into the leaf-covered cavity—birds' notes, especially at night: children's voices as you ride into the village at dusk, far from your home, and long absent and quite home-sick; or a flute heard from out the wood, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moon-lighted air; or the low conversation of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room when you are convalescent; when we think of these things we are apt to imagine nothing perfect that has not the gift of sound. But you change your mind when you dwell lovingly among flowers; they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light, and not of air.

It is a matter of often gratitude that this finest gift of Providence was the most profusely given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance,

and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that, in them, all men recognize a brief brotherhood. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest.—*Beecher.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried—

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said—

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel!"

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "That he never would offend him by any unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will die one day also."

SKETCHES OF PARIS.



GOING A SHOPPING.

Once we had shops filled with pretty things, then we had stores; now the stores are changed into immense bazaars, upon entering which you may imagine a whole town of curiosities to lie before you.

On the ground floor, spacious apartments, ornamented with splendor, counters in a new style, mirrors on all sides, a painted and waxed floor, and magnificent carpets. You imagine yourself deceived, you fancy yourself in the gallery at Versailles, and would not dare to ask for a small quantity of flannel, or a piece of waistcoating in such a palace, if it were not that you perceive a world of clerks and shop boys, coming and going, folding and unfolding, measuring shawls, and selling scarfs, silks, cravats, and a crowd of people of all classes, looking, admiring and buying.

If you wish to go into one of those great establishments, which, despising the outward show of signs and patterns, leave such quackery to shops of a second order, (for example, *those of the Ville de Paris*,) a gentleman in a black coat, and distinguished for the suavity of his manners, presents himself immediately to know what you want.

"A muslin dress "

The handsome gentleman bows, makes you a sign to follow him, and walks forward. He causes you to pass through various apartments; there are the woollen department, the silk, that of fancy articles, of merinoes, of French shawls,

cachemeres, and a dozen more. At last you arrive at the muslin room.

Your conductor bows and retires. You now find yourself opposite to several elegant young men, with very good manners, who express themselves well, and remind you of the loungers about the theatres.

These gentlemen spread out the wares before you, with a grace and politeness which charms you—captivated by what they show you, enchanted by their politeness and gallantry, you allow yourself to be persuaded. You intended to spend only 200 francs, you are now in debt to the amount of 1,000. You exclaim—

"I have not so much with me!"

"It is of no consequence at all, madam," is the quick answer. "Do not let that stop you. Choose anything you want. Take it with you, or let us send it, just as you please!"

How is it possible to resist such politeness, such confidence, such urbanity; you make other purchases, and give your address. They will send everything home; the young men bow, and offer to show you the way to the door, but you refuse; you are sure you can find it yourself. Nevertheless you are very apt to get lost among the silks, or become bewildered in the cachemere shawls, or batistes; but there are always officious clerks who will lead you out of the labyrinth.

These great stores, instituted upon so royal a plan, are generally only frequented by the rich,

and by actresses at the height of their fame, by the commercial aristocracy, who will only wear what comes from one particular shop, and can never admire what has been bought anywhere else. The shops with signs and windows filled with pretty articles of dress, have a much gayer appearance from without; and although besides the ground floor, they almost all have large rooms up stairs, grisettes, citizens, and even country people, are seen in them. You may meet there a specimen of every class of society, and often observe strange and amusing scenes.

There is always a crowd before the windows—a crowd of women, young and old, pretty and ugly, all so fond of dress. How they admire these shawls, so beautifully folded, and these dresses, arrayed so artistically across each other! Listen a moment.

"I like that red one on top best; red is so becoming to me."

"Oh! Adelaide, if I had a cravat like that to wear to your wedding, how happy I should be!"

"What a sweet shawl!"

"The figure of it is beautiful."

"It is a French cachemere; how long I have wanted one."

And the lady sighs. A great many ladies sigh when they look into shop windows.

Let us go inside. Here is a rich old lady who is going to buy a dress at twenty-nine sous a yard, and who, for fear of being cheated, has brought with her her sister, her niece, and her sempstress. She will look at thirty pieces before she decides upon one; for nobody is so particular as a lady who is no longer young, and who has never been handsome.

Here is a pretty little woman with a young man, they are a new-married couple; they will not buy anything without consulting each other. The husband wants a waistcoat, the wife a dress. Waistcoats are shown to the husband, who says to his wife—

"Which do you like the best of all those?"

"But, my dear, you had better choose. It is for you."

"No matter. I wish it to be according to your taste. You always know I like that which pleases you."

"And do you look at these. Which will make me the prettiest dress?"

"I! I know nothing about such things."

"Yes! Yes, you must choose it. I will take whichever you prefer."

After a long consultation, the husband chooses the dress, the wife the waistcoat; the consequence is, the lady wanted a green dress, and he has fixed upon a gray one; the gentleman wanted a striped waistcoat, she has chosen a spotted one. They bite their lips, and try to look pleased, and are in reality very much displeased with their purchases.

Here is a tall woman who talks very loud, and moves from side to side as she does so. She must be a sempstress. She applies to every shopman. She has in her hand a small bit of some stuff that she wants to match; she looks at twenty different pieces, exclaiming—

"This is it. Oh no, no it is not that, this is a shade darker."

After exhausting the patience of the shopmen for three quarters of an hour, she at last finds it, and takes—a quarter of a yard.



Here are two grisettes looking at merinoes for spencers; but they cannot decide as to the color. The shopman exhausts his commercial vocabulary to persuade them to take that of which he has the most.

"Take this, Miss. You will be pleased with it, I know, and it will wear so well, you will come back and thank me for it. It is a very fashionable color."

Farther on, a young girl is examining a simple shawl, a very humble one, which she wishes to make a present to her mother; for this she has put by a little money at a time for the last year. She has not been able to lay up much, but her mother will have a shawl for Sundays, and she is in great need of one.

A stout gentleman comes in with a lady leaning on his arm. By the ill pleased look on the gentleman's face, and by his manner of frowning, it is easy to perceive that he has come to make some purchases for his wife.

Look. They are approaching the counter; the gentleman separates his arm from the lady's, and throws himself into a chair, saying—

"Well, choose what you want, since you are always wanting something. What plagues wives are! Bachelors are lucky fellows! They have not to pay for all these things."

"You cannot complain of me; I spend very little on my dress."

"Quite enough, I think."

"I have worn this dress three years."

"And if you had worn it ten, and it still looked new, what need you have another? But go on."

The lady looks at different stuffs; when she sees anything she likes, she shows it to her husband, who asks the price of it, and makes a grimace, muttering—

"It is too dear. I told you how much I would spend. I will not go beyond it."

"But, my dear, I want a good dress, and a very little more"—

"My dear, I don't understand that at all. You must be economical—choose something cheaper."

The lady tries very hard to persuade him; but he intrenches himself behind the words *economy* and *order*, until he carries his point.

The stout gentleman now goes away in a good humor, because he has obliged his wife to take a little less than the proper quantity for her dress, telling her that she always wears them too full. Whatever may be the satisfaction of such people, it never can exceed that of the poor young girl who has brought her little savings to purchase a shawl for her mother.

FEMALE CHARACTER.—Dr. Spring says that neatness and taste are peculiarly ornamental to female character. In a female, particularly, they well deserve the name of virtues; for without them, whatever may be her excellence, she has none that will be honored and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well-cultivated and richly-furnished mind, but, destitute of neatness and taste, depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex—and poisons instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

A M O T H E R .

BY MRS. NORTON.

Ah! blessed are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,
That faithful and unaltered love remains,
Who, Life wrecked round them—hunted from their rest—

And, by all else forsaken or distressed—
Claim, in *one* heart, their sanctuary and shrine—
As I, my Mother, claimed my place in thine!
Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
In thy black weeds, and coil of widow's woe;
Thy dark expressive eyes all dim and clouded
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know:
Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task,
Conned by unwilling lips, with listless air;
Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
More than the widow's pittance then could spare,

Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,
But the long self-denial, day by day,
Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,
And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!

Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
Familiar with deep trials of its own,
With riper judgment looking to the past,
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
And darkens every folly into crime!

A N U N .

BY WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED.

She was a very pretty nun;
Sad, delicate, and five feet one;
Her face was oval, and her eye
Looked like the heaven in Italy,
Serenely blue, and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light!
And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,
Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth
Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
And through the blue veins you might see
The pure blood wander silently,
Like noiseless eddies, that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:
Her cold hands on her bosom lay;
And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
As if she shrank from its holiness,
And felt that hers was the only guilt
For which no healing blood was spilt:
And tears were bursting all the while;
Yet now and then a vacant smile
Over her lips would come and go—
A very mockery of woe—
A brief, wan smile—a piteous token
Of a warm love crushed, and a young heart broken!



BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

[Professor Silliman, while in Europe, called upon the veteran Humboldt. In his recently published volume he gives an interesting account of the interview.]

In fulfilment of an appointment, we went at once, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His mansion is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home had not the king gone to Königsburg; for his residence is generally with the king at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counsellor, wise from his many years and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size; and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had written a note, asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my efforts and position at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Brush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a

stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no staidness or reserve about him; and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if you were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of 82. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the far West, of Professor

Bache in the coast survey, and of Lieut. Maury, in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Capt. Fitzroy's in *The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States, in 1804, when he travelled no further north than Philadelphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the King, and another of his own brother, the late William Humboldt, the eminent philologist and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his 83d year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin, I addressed a note to the Baron, expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied, but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occasion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American continents.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the King and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of"—certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union, (and have occasion also to fear) the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of America. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive science and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandizement—from that intelligence, which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not

without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already descry the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful (three elements which are not easily associated) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table-lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito and Potosi shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm, personal good wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: "ALEXANDRE HUMBOLDT, a Berlin 5 Julliet (it should have been Aout.) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit, Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the King. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has often been remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor.

Such is the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveller; of a philosopher, who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge; general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities, and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men, and animals and plants, under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of four-score years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his *KOSMOS*—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both the *universal* and the *beautiful*.

Such is the philosopher, who of all living men belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who, when he departs, will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

ABOUT WASHING MACHINES.

Most people know something about the trouble and discomfort of a great family wash, and many would be thankful for any not over-troublesome means of getting rid of these annoyances. To stand all day at the wash-tub is not only very hard work, but, unless the wash-house be well ventilated, it is also very unhealthy work. The hot steam arising from foul linen, and the humid atmosphere, are always more or less injurious to those who breathe them. For these reasons, many attempts have been made to contrive machines which should diminish the labor and inconvenience; some answer pretty well, others are altogether failures. In fact, a thoroughly serviceable and cheap washing-machine is a thing not yet invented, and if any of our readers can set their wits to work and contrive some suitable apparatus, we will undertake to publish an account of it. Meanwhile, we here give such particulars as are known on the subject, which may serve to inform those who are able to make washing-machines, and those who only wish to use them.

Fig. 1.

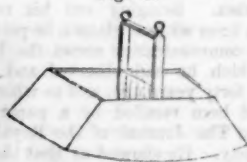


More of these machines have been invented in the United States than elsewhere. The simplest form is what is called a "washboard," which is well known to our readers.

Another washing apparatus is the *Dolly*, which is greatly used in the northern counties of England; it is shown in Fig. 1. By working it up and down, after the manner of a churn, the clothes are pounded and rubbed, and the dirt loosened, so that the labor of finishing them afterwards by hand is greatly diminished. In most cases, the *Dolly* or plunger is used without the crosspiece, and is worked about in the cask or tub among the clothes as may best suit the ability or inclination of those who use it. Some people employ a big heavy wooden pestle, and thump the linen until the worst of the dirt is driven out. In Scotland, it is not unusual to see women treading out the dirt from a tubful of clothes with their feet or beating them with a mallet upon a flat stone, at the edge of a river. A similar practice prevails in France and other countries.

The next cut, Fig. 2, represents a machine of a more complicated construction, but still simple enough for general use. It is a box, or tray, with a curved bottom, with a beater hung in the centre, moving on pivots, and worked by means of the two arms connected with the crosspiece at the top. The lower part of the beater is a frame of straight wooden bars, which, when pushed backwards and forwards, strikes against the clothes

Fig. 2.



placed on either side of it, and allows the water and soapsuds to pass through. The lower edge of this beater should be about one inch from the bottom of the tray, and the bottom is curved to suit the position of the beater at whatever angle it will be placed. It would of course be easy to fit two straight pieces under this bottom, to make it stand steady, if required.

Some machines are contrived to move two beaters by turning a handle, attached to a spindle, for producing an alternate backward and forward motion. One recently patented is described as "a chamber, or tub, with a narrow neck, in which a plunger is inserted, passing through the narrow neck, and, pressing forcibly on the water confined within, drives it violently through the body of the clothes, carrying the dirt with it." All these various attempts to produce a serviceable washing-machine only serve to show how much such an article is needed.

In some respects, washing by steam is the best and easiest method of washing clothes. It has been practised for many years in France, and with great success. The process is not difficult, and is thus described: "The clothes are first soaked in a lye of potash, and then hung in a large vessel kept full of steam by a pipe communicating with a boiler. This vessel for the clothes must be steam-tight, and, on a small scale, a large cask will answer. After remaining a certain time in the steam, generally half an hour, the dirt becomes loosened, and little labor in a subsequent washing is sufficient to remove it by washing with soap. The saving of fuel and labor is thus very great, and the linen is rendered extremely white."

The authority here quoted states that "blankets are washed by these means in Paris for a farthing a pair, and that the method has been tried in London with perfect success. It will, however, only answer for white articles, for the action of the steam is so powerful as to discharge the color of dyed things. It is likewise necessary to observe that the linen should be suspended in the steam-vessel in such a manner that it shall not come into contact with the suds that drain from it, which, in this case, would produce a bad color, difficult to wash out. Also, it is essential that no part of the apparatus be made of iron, or the linen will be rusted by coming into contact with it. A large copper tea-kettle will produce steam enough for a moderate washing, and, to fill with steam the vessel in which the clothes are put, it is necessary to leave an aperture open at first, by which the common air may be driven out as the steam enters, and which should be shut as soon as the vessel is full of steam; for it is to be observed that the vessel cannot be filled with steam while at the same time it remains full of air; the

latter must be driven out that the steam may occupy the place."

The wringing of clothes is a very laborious operation where there is much of it to be done, and there are several contrivances for the diminishing of this labor: in bleaching, dyeing, and some other establishments, they are employed on a very large scale. The simplest way is to have a short wooden bar firmly fixed upright, over which the article may be looped and wrung with both hands; another way is to have a long stout canvas bag in which the things are placed, and this is twisted by being attached to a hook at one end of a bench, while the other is held in a clamp made to move round and round by means of four arms or levers placed crosswise. Another method is that which was shown some time ago at the Polytechnic Institute in London, which may be roughly described as a box about three feet long and one foot square, hung on pivots, and made to rotate in the direction of its length with extreme velocity by means of a winch. The ends of the box consisted of a few wires crossing each other at right angles. Thick pieces of a blanket being put in thoroughly soaked and without wringing, the box was made to whirl, the water flew off through the open ends, and in less than a minute the thick woollen substance was so dry that very little airing would be necessary afterwards.

It must always be remembered that much of the success of washing depends on the proper preparation of the lye or liquor. The following is a good preparation: "Put common pearlash in a stone jar, with five or six times its weight of water; let it stand till it is quite dissolved, and add as much weight of fresh slaked lime as that of the pearlash; stir this mixture frequently for several days, and let it stand to settle; then pour off the clear liquor and keep it in a stone bottle well corked. A small quantity of this caustic solution will be more effective than soap for particular purposes; and it is to be observed that alkali may be employed without danger to some articles that would be too strong for the washer-woman's hands."

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

Everybody is familiar with the hackneyed saying of Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Though it is sometimes misinterpreted by persons whom it frightens from small acquisitions of knowledge, (for it is only the economist of pennies and small items of knowledge, and not he who despises petty gains, that will be rich either in wisdom or worldly goods,) yet, properly understood, there is sterling sense in the aphorism. One of the happiest illustrations we have seen of the truth it contains, is given in "Guesses at Truth," a charming English book which has never, we believe, been republished in this country. "If you pull up your wisdom a little," says the author, "it is far likelier to give you cold, or rheumatism, or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any ill consequence becomes still less if you go out into the open air, and let it act upon you equally from every side. Is it not just the same with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a

draught of it, blowing on them through a crevice, usually grow stiff-necked? When you open the windows of your mind, therefore, open them as widely as you can; open them, and let the soul send forth its messengers to explore the state of the earth."

Here we have the secret of all one-sidedness, bigotry, and over-attachment to *isms*, in a nutshell. The best, the only way to escape the mischiefs which ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more. As Macaulay says of liberty, the only remedy for the evils of knowledge, is—*knowledge*. Knowledge is, in short, the true spear of Achilles; only itself can heal the wounds it has made.—*Yankee Blade*.

RUMSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I take this early opportunity of informing you that, on Saturday next, I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with the greatest expedition, to prepare victims for the asylum, the poor houses, the prisons, and the gallows.

I will furnish an article that will increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless, incurable.

I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, some of reason, most of property, and all of peace, which will cause fathers to be fiends; wives, widows; children, orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their suckling infants; virgins their priceless innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the Gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual and eternal death; and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—Money.

The spirit trade is lucrative, and some professing Christians give it cheerful countenance.

I have license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified, brought upon themselves or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so.

JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

See Engraving.

John Pounds was the son of a poor man in Portsmouth, England. When he was twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a shipwright, with whom he worked three years. At the end of that time, he met with a very serious accident, which made him lame for life.

When he was able to work again, he tried to learn the shoemaker's trade, and succeeded so well that he was able to support himself by mending shoes, though he did not often try to make them.

He never married, but lived by himself in a very small house, one little room in which he used as a workshop.

John Pounds had a brother, who went to sea. This brother had a large family of children. One of them was a feeble little boy, whose feet overlapped each other, and turned inward. This deformity John Pounds very ingeniously contrived to cure, with such simple means as were within his reach.

As John Pounds' lameness prevented his sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home with singing birds, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs, which he so trained that they played about the room together in perfect friendship. Sometimes, while he was at work, a cat would perch on one of his shoulders, and a canary bird on the other.

When his little nephew was about five years old, he began to teach him his letters. Thinking he would learn better if he had a companion, he found a poor child, whose mother went about selling puddings. While she was away, the little boy was left in the street, with nothing to shelter him from the cold. How glad and happy he must have been, when poor John Pounds took him into his little workshop, to teach him to read!

The good man soon found that it made him very happy to teach these little ignorant children, and he kept adding one and another to the number till at length he had forty little boys and girls coming every day to his handbox of a room—for it was only six feet wide and eighteen long—to be taught.

It is not to be supposed that he was very learned himself. He had been obliged to work for his daily bread, all his life, so that he could have had few opportunities for learning anything from books. But he knew how to read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic, and all that he knew he gladly taught his little charge.

All the children in Mr. Pounds' school were very poor. He used to go into the most obscure parts of the city, and when he saw a child more dirty, and ragged, and apparently destitute, than his companions, he would persuade him to come to school by offering, as a bribe, a roasted potato.

His school-room was so small that he made his pupils take turns, when the weather was pleasant, to sit outside the door, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His mode of teaching was rather peculiar. He would ask the little one to tell him the names of the different parts of their bodies, and their uses. Then he would teach them to spell these names.

He taught them to read from old handbills and the remains of old school-books. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing.

He taught many of the boys to cook their own food, and mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday-schools, and, with the aid of friends, procured some clothing, which he allowed them to put on at his house on Sunday morning, and restore to him in the evening.

He made the playthings for his little flock, and directed their sports. When they were ill, he was both doctor and nurse, and if any case required more skill than he possessed, he obtained assistance from others.

Hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, while he, at the same time, was laboring diligently upon his shoemaker's bench for his daily bread. He never received any compensation for teaching besides the satisfaction arising from doing good. Some of his scholars were so poor that they have frequently been saved from starvation by obtaining a portion of his humble food.

His good deeds were not confined to his pupils. On Christmas Eve he always carried to a female relative the materials for a large plum pudding, to be distributed among the children. He died very suddenly in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel. His scholars were overwhelmed with grief at his loss. They all loved him very much.

How much less of sin and misery would there be in the world, if every one would try as earnestly to do all the good in his power, as poor John Pounds did. Look around you, and see if there is not some one whom each of you can make wiser, and better, and happier. You may not be able to benefit so many as the man did of whom I have been telling you, but each one can do something. Will you try?

YOUNG ELLA.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

She's but a dainty blossom,
By May winds kissed apart,
With a blush upon the petals,
And a dew-drop at the heart.

When the storm-wind comes to try her,
Will she feebly bow her head,
While her faded leaves drop sighing
To the chilly garden bed?

Or will a brave, high spirit
From the quivering dew-drop spring?
Love warm the rose-tint crimson?
Faith spread each leaf a wing!

God make her true and earnest!
God make her firm and strong!
So, ere she join the angels,
Her heart shall sing their song!

Home Journal.

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON

AND
HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "BETTY AND NELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

[Concluded from page 280.]

CHAPTER IX.

CRAB COTTAGE.

Ernest, as we shall continue to call him in our narrative, had carried his farming implements to the comfortable barn—far pleasanter than his home—where he passed much of his time, and placed them carefully away. He stopped not to lounge and dream upon the fragrant hay, as was his wont, but slipped about on the seedy floor, falling more than once in his eagerness to hurry into the house.

"To be a minister," he reiterated to himself; "a fine thing it will be to be a minister."

Uncle Sile's Crab-kitchen was by no means a delightful retreat; to eyes polite it was squalid and cheerless. There was no woman, with her critical eye and neat hand, to give it the air that makes the humblest home enticing. The great room was as much a museum for odds and ends and curiosities, as it was a sleeping or dining-room for uncle and uncle Sile's nephew.

In one corner, the accumulation of years, in the shape of worn and wrinkled leather of all shapes and no shape, presented an imposing array of neglected soles. The floor was grained with dirt, the operation having been unconsciously performed by careless feet, during a period of six or seven years. A broken plow leaned against the wall, upon which Silas, senior, was exercising his ingenuity. Above that, two uncouth and broken guns, mournfully looking arms, stood like grim sentries, who, though discharged from the war, have not forgotten their ancient occupation.

A stranger was always expected to notice the guns, and uncle Sile would say, question or no question—

"Them ther guns, sir, has killed more than one bloody Injun—them ther guns has been through the Revolutionary war, and fit well for our independence."

Bags of grain, ready for the mill, laid or leaned in all directions. An odd plume, black with dirt, nodded from one of the four posts of the old bedstead (the bed itself, be it told to uncle Sile's credit, was shaken and aired every day) which stood behind the door. Branching over that, three formidable antlers hung, brown with age. A rusty sword, that Silas declared, with reverential look and manner, had been in the old "gineral's" hands (Washington's) was strapped near the ceiling; a few dried squashes kept it company. Strings of onions and necklaces of red peppers, a rusty pair of scales, paper bunches, twisted and hung together; a few broken chairs, a great sea-chest, a black round table, in front of the fire-place, some few cooking utensils—these formed the whole garniture of this miserable lodging room in Crab Cottage.

Poor Ernest! not a book—not a solitary shelf,
VOL II.—No. 5.

with a newspaper or old almanac ensconced snugly. Poor child! where did thy longings for immortal food originate? What was their aliment?

Crab Cottage, ancient and time-honored as well as time-battered, was heaped with broken, useless furniture. Thriftless in everything but business, the old man, as soon as any article was damaged, threw it by to mould. The rain in every storm poured in through many crevices, and over the uneven floor—so there was a continual mildew issuing from the damp and rotten boards.

In the upper chamber, a wide, dreary-looking apartment, with huge, discolored beams interlaced over the ceiling, and queer corner cupboards hanging loosely against their support, some things of value were stored, apparently as mementoes of olden time. A little hand spinning-wheel stood in the centre, dust-covered and forsaken. On a large nail hung a square of very fine patch-work, dimly visible through diverse cobwebs filled with families of industrious spiders.

These, with a discolored straw bonnet, and several stained, moth-eaten books and broken playthings, had belonged to old Sile's once beautiful sister—who was, next to Patience Worthington, the belle of the village—the singing, light-hearted, black-eyed Susy Withers. Her brother idolised her; she was the beloved of all the poor—the most beautiful warbler for miles around—an ingenious creature and thoroughly happy till sorrow made her its prey—was the ill-fated mother of little Ernest. When she had married, against her brother's will, a handsome, reckless fellow, unworthy the name of man, much less the holy title of husband, everything, as the neighbors expressed it, "went to rack and ruin." Silas then vowed a vow that, so help him a holy name, his sister never should behold his face again—never enter the old house alive—and very nearly did he fulfil it.

It is no wonder that Crab Cottage was a "bug-bear" to the children of the village, or an "eyesore" to the taste of the better classes, who were of the opinion that the old place ought long ago to have been pulled down. The plan of a new house was already in uncle Sile's possession, the ground laid out and staked, but folks said they supposed the stingy old farmer was waiting till the rats pulled Crab Cottage about his ears, to save him the trouble.

We left young Ernest breathlessly moving towards the house. His heart bumped against his ragged jacket; his cheeks were almost scalding hot, yet not an iota did he falter from his high purpose. A strange odor issued from the kitchen, and a by no means elegant tableaux met his sight. His uncle, kneeling on the brick hearth, was frying a fish, that he had caught that afternoon, for supper.

A mess of salt on a shingle laid at his right hand; at his left stood an earthen dish ready to receive the savory mess.

The firelight glowed intensely red through the gloom of the apartment, revealing the dingy little table, meagrely set, and the puffs of smoke that now and then whiffed out of the wide chim-

ney and sailed lazily on the warm air to the open window.

The old man's face was moist, and he often passed one hand across his dripping forehead, as he steadied the frying-pan with the other.

He was in a sort of pleasant reverie, for the occupation was not uncongenial; as he often said in his more happy moments, he believed he was a born cook—yet how little of real cooking comfort the poor creature knew.

As Ernest came in, he was required to light a candle, and then to turn the sissing water, bubbling up from the kettle-spout upon the tea: so that, with one thing and another, he was kept busy till they both sat down together. But the child could eat nothing; that eager thought, that contemplation that involved the risk of a tremendous passion, and a great deal of uncertainty, also, filled him so completely that he wanted nothing—he loathed his food.

His uncle looked at him, and bent his heavy, black eyebrows together.

"How is it, youngster—appetite gone? What have you been eating that's made you dainty? Lay hold—eat some of that fish, or I'll eat it all myself."

Ernest shook his head.

"What does all this mean?" growled the old farmer. "Thunder and lightning! up from the table, sir obstinate. If the food I give you ain't good enough, you shan't have any. You've been up to aunt Patience's cupboard, I reckon, and you're dainty, eh? All I've got to say is, don't begin to play the gentleman too soon, my boy. If—I—see—a—spark—of—your—father—in—ye," he enunciated slowly, "I'll disown ye; so look to it."

To tell the truth, he was angry that the boy should grow so slender and delicate; he had been better pleased with coarse, brute strength.

Poor Ernest! all his self-possession vanished, a rankling wound was probed at mention of his father's name.

"It's cause I ain't hungry," exclaimed the unfortunate child, stammering and bursting into tears.

"And what's made ye lose your appetite? I ask agin: what's the matter of ye?" A little pity was mixed with his query.

"'Cause, 'cause," said the frightened boy, "I—I want to go to school, and—and—be a—minister."

Old Silas pushed his plate back, and struck the table so violently that it set all the dishes ringing.

The wretched youngster looked askance through his tears as if he expected annihilation, and was prepared for it.

"A minister!" ejaculated the old man, sneeringly, slapping his arms together as he folded them across his brawny breast: "what, in the name of hail, thunder and lightning, put that are idee into your head, you little puppy? A minister," he continued, in measured accents of contempt, "why, you can't kick over a rock in the road without finding a minister under it. Humph! a m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r."

Suddenly ceasing, he resumed his knife and fork, and, with angry gestures, clattered them

about his plate, still muttering, while the heart-broken boy, completely silenced, drew his cuffs rapidly, one after the other, across his eyes, and strove to keep his strong sobs pent up.

"Come, are ye going to eat or not?" The old man had finished his now unsavory repast.

"I—don't want—nothing," sobbed the boy.

"Then up with ye. Have done sniffing and clear off the table;" and he stalked away, exclaiming, rapidly, "Ministers! a graceless set, a parcel of fanatic humbugs—I'd drill 'em, I'd march 'em—a pack of impostures—humph—blame! I'd serve 'em pretty quick—it wouldn't take old Sile Withers but a mighty short time to unlatch that great gate, the biggest gate of the infernal regions, and poke 'em in, all of 'em, head foremost. They'd stew—I reckon. Look here boy," he turned savagely round, "are you a fool—say, are you a fool, I ask?"

"I—I 'spose so," said the boy, trembling, he had never seen his uncle so angry before.

"'Spose so—well I *knew* so—mind you, hereafter, tend to your own business: grow up a respectable farmer, and make a *man*—but if I hear you talking agin about ministers, it won't be safe for that head of your'n any way; so mind. I've got you now, I'll train you. Blame the professions! your delectable father, who murdered by inches the prettiest, aye, and the best girl that the sun ever shone upon, was a l-a-w-y-e-r, a nice young man with a green bag and an empty brain."

Nothing can express the malignant sarcasm that cut through every word of this speech. Ernest, really frightened, stopped sobbing, and in his blindness, for the tears would force themselves forward and blur his sight, he knocked three or four of the dishes off from the table. Seeming not to mind his awkwardness, the old man lighted his pipe, and after using some few expressions not very delicately indicative of his disgust for the professions, he sat down by the open window—but it was not the full, glorious moon, brightening up all the beautiful meadows, and throwing a rim of light like a crown upon the sharp points of the forest spears, poised by countless thousands towards the heavens, that the farmer saw: his soul was filled with tobacco-smoke and his nephew's strange idea.

There came a gentle tap at the door just as the boy had set the table back—for he had a crude idea of order;—the old man wondered who in "the blasted creation that could be," and, was so taken by surprise when Ernest ushered in Mr. Farrell, that he held his pipe out of the window, bowl downward, and stared at the minister without asking after his health.

"I am glad to see you, neighbor," said the pastor, in a brisk tone, far different from that he usually assumed. By this time the old farmer had arisen and offered the good man his own seat.

Young Ernest crawled into a corner, for not certain but his uncle, who fostered such a hatred to the professions, intended knocking the minister down; but pastor Farrell had an insinuating manner when he was pleased to display it, and in a few moments had so diverted the farmer's mind by allusion to crops and haying, marketing,

and various other subjects closely connected with husbandry, that the farmer was quite disarmed, and really appeared pleased with his visitor. The evening wore away and uncle Sile Crab had talked to his heart's content; unfolded his views about harvesting, explained the superior merits of a haying machine then considered a great invention; and the boy in the corner might have deemed himself forgotten. But he was not—every few moments the good minister cast a side-long glance to satisfy himself that the eager eyes were still wide open and bright, peering out from the corner, and at last as if by accident his name was mentioned.

"I saw your nephew, I believe, when I entered," he said, carelessly.

"Yes, the boy is here somewhere. Sile, show yourself;" and Ernest came forward with a slow, doubtful step.

"I have been pleased with his steady attention to his business," said the good man; "I should not wonder if he made a fine farmer yet."

"Yes, yes; that's what I want," nodded his uncle. "The child has got some queer notions in his head, but on the whole, I think I can beat the thing into him. If anybody can show him the kinks and wrinkles of farming, I think it's old Sile Withers."

"You must do your uncle credit," continued the minister, taking Ernest's slender hand, which was icy cold from excessive excitement: "you must make a good scholar"—here the old man's brow blackened, "and a capital farmer. An educated farmer to my mind, comes nearest to God's noblemen; and what is there that a farmer might not learn?"

"I suppose you read pretty well by this time, my son?"

Ernest blushed and shook his head.

"What! you go to school, my son, don't you? We have an excellent school here."

Still he shook his head; his heart was full to bursting; he dared not weep again.

Farmer Withers grew fidgety.

"I'll tell you what, parson!" he exclaimed, his temper evidently rising, "that boy is not going to have his head filled chock up with book learning; nateral common sense—he may thank the Lord if he's got that—is all he needs, and blame it if ain't all he shall have. It may be good for your class and so on, but Sile Withers never had it, and he's got along pretty considerable without it: about as good as some folks he knows on with a power. Parson, I say it; and I'll stick to it; there ain't no good in eddicatin' a farmer."

Looking at the leathery but expanded brow of the old man, a very dome of intellect, the minister could hardly forbear a sigh at the contemplation of unawakened power lying dormant, that might have rendered that old farmer a very giant in mind: that would have exalted him a lord, among his fellows: revered, appealed to—pointed at as a model worthy the imitation of all classes in the community. A lover of education; a staunch advocate for universal knowledge. How might his hoarded gold have passed from hand to hand, giving joy and gladness to the poor, not only for the bestowment of temporal mercies, but the greater blessings, the incalculable

wealth of a rightly-controlled and well-furnished mind.

All this he thought, nor was he silent as he thought. With his most persuasive manner, he pointed out these advantages, and after a hard battle of words, so far softened the old man's prejudices, that he would listen with some degree of calmness; but still he doggedly persisted in saying:

"Sile shan't go to school, no how; I've made up my mind to it; I've vowed to it, and old Sile Wither's ain't the man to break his word. I'll risk but the boy will be a decent boy enough without book larning."

But the minister persisted. The gloomier the prospect the harder he fought, and at last the old man doggedly consented that Sile should go twice a week to the minister's own house, and at least learn to read and keep accounts.

How his head beat, poor little fellow. "If I can but get to read," he said again and again, "I'll learn everything."

Old Sile was uneasy after his visitor had gone.

"He soddered it over me with soft words, blame it!" he muttered. "What'n hail and thunder did he want to come here for, to-night?"

Ernest hardly dared breathe until he was snugly ensconced in his bed; there he rapturously dreamed delightful waking dreams, and in the morning remembered that in his sleep his mother had come to him, looking very sweet and happy; and told him to persevere, for golden honors were awaiting him in the future.

CHAPTER X.

LANNY WITHERS, THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

The cousins were growing up pre-eminent lovely, though they still displayed in their strongest light the traits inherent in each peculiarly marked character. Mary was thirteen—not quite so beautiful as her childhood had promised, yet the eyes were uncommonly soft and pensive, the complexion fine and delicate, the hair abundant, glossy and curling. Beatrice, the glory of her grand-mother, had not lost that grand cast of countenance that compelled the beholder to admire with respectful awe, and which would have been called most royal in a queen.

She was an ambitious creature, full of projects, and always prophesying some grand event in the future, which was to make or to mar her fortune, and she was passively encouraged by her sombre but haughty relative.

And Patience had not much altered. Her form would not bend to time, so he revenged himself by turning every grey lock to silver white. This did not deteriorate from, but only changed the character of her stern beauty; for even in some old persons that divine element shines conspicuous through all the assailings of sorrow, just as the hoary tower shows its mouldings through the defacing dust of the destroyer. She was very quietly happy, as long as she had these two light-hearted beings to dance about her path, and make the ancient homestead ring again with their happy voices. Many a group gathered silently beneath the clustering elms on

the green to listen of dewy summer evenings, to their united voices. Beatrice's guardian had sent a piano forte and a harp from London, and the cousins were taught to play on both; Mary was the best singer. As her disposition was sunny, and her heart tender, so was her voice melodious, transparent; a warbling, bird-voice, such as leaves the listener in almost breathless admiration, and rings again on the delicate harp of his ear, long after it has floated into silence. Beatrice had not such exquisite softness, her tones were low, full, but a little harsh; with careful training she might have made an effective artist—Mary was finished from the first, and scarcely needed a teacher save nature.

And where is Ernest, the strange child, whom everybody called handsome, although he was tall and wiry in frame, and his cheek had never gained one rose-tint from the beautiful genius of health?

Still with his uncle, "old Sile," whose moroseness yet clung to him as a wet garment; still a farmer—in nothing but the name. The old man had gradually given way to him, and at last allowed him to follow the plough just as his inclination prompted, though ever so slight an allusion to the professions brought on a burst of passionate invective.

Several hours during the day the young lad, now fifteen, sat with the minister in his study. A cozy little place was that study, that looked sunshiny almost in the gloomiest days. Good taste was one of the minister's happiest qualifications: and he indulged it judiciously; his room was not very large, was located towards the south, and filled with dark, yet not sombre-looking furniture. On the floor was a bright, crimson carpet, variegated with small white stars, of so lively an expression, that they looked always ready to spring up and whirl about in the mazy of dances. Soft, red curtains were looped from the top of the windows: their fringes laid along the deep, wide embrasures below. A chintz-covered sofa, stuffed with down, occupied almost an entire side of the room; this, with its square pillows, was suggestive of quiet naps, or the mood meditative in which the good old pastor composed those long, but not often uninteresting sermons for which he was famous.

The greatest treasure and delight to the eyes of young Ernest, amid all this comfort and convenience, was the library. O! the dreamy pleasure of lifting his glance from that sober volume in his hand, to those untold riches, under thick clasps and board covers, into whose labyrinths he had not yet turned the steps of his thought.

O! the intense satisfaction which no one knows but the eager student, of laying by the choicest volume yet, to commence to-morrow: oh! the eager upspringing of the mind to embrace new and important truths, or the disposition to sit down quietly, and let imagination build her airy temples, and sculpture throngs of beautiful fancies, that, like the graces, blend lovingly together, though each has its distinct individuality of form and feature.

All these the poet-boy felt. He had almost lost his inclination to become a minister. Perhaps the somewhat prosy life of the good pastor in his

contracted sphere disposed him to its distaste. With regard to his future career, the minister himself said little; but thought, "there is time enough to decide."

He had twined his heart around that of the boy; he had found something to love. The wide opening eyes that gathered soul from day to day, under the droppings of his intellectual sanctuary, had become necessary to his happiness; and as sure as Ernest did not come round for his lesson, the good man would take his cane and jog on towards Crab Cottage. There his pupil had ingeniously fitted up the best room in the crazy habitation, arranged the broken furniture and mended it—it had mostly been his mother's—obtained glass and reformed the windows, brought down the poor, neglected little spinning-wheel, and the almost holy relics that had been hallowed by her fingers; so there he would sit and imagine the presence of his mother was about him, and there on that battered old desk, and within, laid scraps of paper covered with burning thoughts.

Happy boy! the way he came to know his possession of this Heaven-sent gift, was as I shall presently tell.

One day he was ploughing in his uncle's field, the night previous he had dreamed an exceedingly beautiful dream, and his heart was full of that feeling he had described to little Mary, that came up to his very shoulders as if it would go through. He had been some time a pupil of the pastor's, and could write to'erably, and he never left the house without a pencil in his pocket and a book hidden under his jacket. On this particular morning the fields and the soft blue sky, the sunshine fleeting over the hills and creeping to the very depths of the river beyond Crab Cottage, all seemed to ejaculate the old, old strain, "Say something; say something."

At last Ernest stopped his oxen, and leaning against old Bute, wrote on the fly-leaf of the little book his first offering to the muses. Not that he was so ambitious as to call it by this title! no; though his eyes sparkled, and his lips repeated again and again the euphonious scrawls, and his heart swelled and beat as it never did before, and the whole earth—at least all that bounded his vision—appeared like one great sparkling gem, that shone especially for him, he scarcely knew yet what it was that had leaped so impulsively from his heart to his finger tips, and from thence to the yellow-covered leaf before him.

His uncle knew little of all this, and cared less. That the boy was going to ruin he often said and tried to think: but the innocence and truth in his face, his gentle manners, and the thousand little things he contrived for his comfort, insensibly drew his heart towards his sister's child; and though he had seen him going directly in the bye and forbidden paths of literature, he would not have cared the less for his temporal welfare; for he considered the promise made to his dying sister as sacred as the word of God, with regard to its fulfilment.

Minister Farrell had also gradually acquired great influence over him; the manners of the old man were improved by his clerical visits, and a new air of neatness reigned through the habitable part of Crab Cottage.

An ancient cousin having been thrown into poverty by the stopping of her pension, she applied to Sile for relief, and he had offered her a home in his own delectable habitation. "For," said he, "old Sile Withers is not the man to see any of his blood suffer, blast it."

So the easy, good-natured, for ever-laughing Lanny Withers, came to set up a little household sun on her own private account in the forsaken old mansion.

Great was the holy horror, high the uplifting of hands, voluble the tongue, clipping its savage speeches short in the middle with a little, happy laugh, that like a favorite child, would make itself heard on all occasions; I say great was the astonishment, take it all in all, of Lanny at the condition of the general accommodation and sleeping room, 'yclept the kitchen. A dubious sort of praise her ancient cousin endured—in his absence—and many a day after, did the smart little woman revel in soap-suds and brooms, for in her own language, "she could swallow every thing but dirt, and that she *wouldn't* swallow if she was the king's wife."

Ernest remembered this furious cleaning week a long time afterward, for Lanny kept him at it, bringing water from the well, carrying old dusty packages, and helping lift heavy furniture, and the great sea-chest, that was enough to task the strength of two men. But tired as he was, he would have worked till dooms-day for her; the sight of her pretty round face, though by no means young—and the happy tones of her voice, above all the pleasant, motherly sort of a way in which she addressed him, made him love her quite devotedly at first sight. The house had now lost all its gloom to him: the kitchen grew marvelously beautiful, and he could look from the window at the calm loveliness of the landscape without, and not feel every delicate thought jarred into confusion by the discord of dirt and disorder.

When old Sile came home the first evening from a city jaunt, where he had been marketing, he stood bolt upright on the threshold.

"Blast!" was the only defiant expression that issued from his lips in his paralysis of astonishment. The kitchen was no longer Crab-kitchen, but Lanny Withers' kitchen. The chest was no longer a chest, but a table covered with a nice fragment of linen cloth.

The broken chairs, where were they? gone, for ever gone; and the old hair-cloth sofa of "t'other room memory," dexterously managed, so that its defects might be hidden, stood up by the fireplace. The squares and circles and other geometrical lines that had ornamented the parti-colored boards, had yielded to the new science of the scrubbing brush, and something of their original color seemed to look that ancient and beautiful blessing. "For this and for other mercies, let us give thanks."

Lanny herself was just rising from the shining red hearth, which by the way she had ornamented with a nice rug, made out of patches found in sundry places. In her hand was the tea-pot, little and old-fashioned, but every whit as good as silver, except in the material; how it shone as she placed it on the table—the genuine tea-table,

with a clean cloth, and whole dishes, for which Lanny had hunted the house through.

The frown relaxed on the wide, brown forehead, as his cousin turned towards him. Her toil had made her round cheeks rosy red, and the fire-light gave a sparkle to her black eye.

A sudden dimness came over old Sile's vision; Lanny made him think of his sister. A something at supper-time he noticed too, about the boy; not that his face was clean and his hair combed out of curl as much as it could get out of curl. Ernest was always neat about his hands, face and head; true genius can seldom abide personal uncleanness. The river runs its way through banks of mud and slime, but scoop up the water and behold how clear are the brilliant drops that drip from your palm.

There was something else, but he could not tell what. The truth is, he missed the white spots on Ernest's shoulders, and in sundry other places. Lanny had mended him all up, and the poor boy felt now that he should not be ashamed to take vegetables over to Mrs. Worthington's, nor too bashful to speak to those fine young ladies, her grand-children.

At the supper, old Sile was quite silent; Lanny could have talked, for like most very active people, talking was more than meat and drink to her; but she was abashed at the gloom on the old farmer's brow. The good creature had unwittingly placed a little tankard on the table that she had found among the rubbish up-stairs; the sight of it had brought back the images of all the dead, and the memory of all the past, and crowded them into the old man's heart.

The tankard was of a pretty make, fashioned about with a wreath of embossed flowers, and on a scroll plainly discernible, were the words, "To my dear children." Underneath was that choice gold of Bible commands, "Little children, love one another."

Lanny looked quite astonished as her cousin, on rising from the table, took the little tankard up, and handing it to Ernest, said in a voice somewhat tremulous, "Take that, Sile, and put it in the dark; remember, that ain't to be used."

And more astonished, yes, absolutely grieved was the good little soul on coming down in the morning, to find the old sofa missing, and sundry little improvements, in the expressive language of the man of type, "knocked into pi."

"I don't mind your washing up, and all that," he said, in a tone meant to be kindly, "but blame it if I'll have any of your genteel fixins in my place. I'm a rough old fellow, and new notions don't go down with me."

Not at all discouraged, the indefatigable Lanny went to work and renewed another room for herself. With the help of Ernest the windows were mended, and Lanny was in extacies one day, at finding a large roll of old-fashioned rag-carpeting stowed away under the beams.

With all the energy of her little body, she caught at the end and began unrolling it. But, oh! the mutability of human hopes, especially carpets; it crumbled in her fingers. Desperately she would catch at roll after roll, and quietly would roll after roll fall away and vanish faintly in red, blue and yellow mists of fragments, while

a young army of black-coated gentleman, cloth-cutters by profession, shining in ebony splendor, swarmed at her feet and ran wriggling up the stained rafters.

Glad enough was the little woman to escape from the must and dust into her quiet domicile below stairs. Not that her disappointment had affected her good-nature in the least; she sat down quietly for a moment with her hands clasped on her lap, taking a view of the premises. Her eye caught the smoking pail of suds.

"After all," she exclaimed, jumping up briskly, "a carpet ain't a floor by no means, for you can wash a floor and keep it decent and smelling sweet, and a carpet gits all sorts o' stuff atween the threds, it ain't never clean; but a floor, you allays knows what to depend on."

So at it she went, singing and scrubbing, thinking of the carpet only to wonder why people were so foolish as to buy such *expensive* things, when good, clean, nice floors were so much wholesomer.

Thenceforth there was a tidy table and good food in the kitchen, although the old farmer had not foregone his cooking perquisites.

Up long before the sun, summer and winter, he always managed to get his own breakfast; that was a privilege he would not give up even to the tidiest of tidy housewives, his ancient cousin Lanny.

Thenceforth, too, the life of Ernest was very bright and beautiful to him. How pleasant it was in winter days and evenings, to sit in that delightfully clean room, that was really aristocratic in its neatness, and listen to Lanny's stories of old times—and she had scores of them—and with what an innocent reverence did the unsophisticated little woman give ear to Ernest's rude poetry, and declare with a peculiar intonation on the first syllable, that it was "beautiful, beautiful."

Old Silé Withers was sometimes induced to creep in on long winter evenings, and though a little ungraciously, he acknowledged it was pleasant to smoke a pipe there, and both Lanny and Ernest noticed that he dropped his objectionable phrases, and grew more gracious as these new associations gathered about him.

And so matters stood at the time that Ernest was in his sixteenth year.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRIDE OF PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND BEATRICE.

"Is it not a sweet morning, Ernest?"

Mary stood with one hand on the window-sill, as the lad swung his basket to the floor, and began unpacking a nest of yellow squashes.

"Yes, it is," answered Ernest, lifting his basket, and straightening himself up. He gazed very confidingly in Mary's lovely face, and watched her as she carried the shining crook-necks one by one to the ample closet. The kitchen looked unwontedly cheerful; every case-work was up; the sun had not ventured beyond the strip of straw-carpeting under the east window, and the half-curtains, agitated by a gentle breeze, kept moving in and out, with a tremulous

motion; it was really the most graceful sight—or would have been, were Mary not there.

"You are studying Latin, Mr. Farrell tells us," said the pretty girl, coming quite up to Ernest, and leaning one white arm upon the table; "how do you like it?"

"O! I like everything," Ernest half smiled; "at least everything that is study; I was afraid at first I should never have patience, but as I see into it, it grows so interesting that I wouldn't leave it off for almost any money; but, Mary, what makes you look so pretty to-day?"

"Do I?" asked the girl, pressing her hands with a puzzled smile over her fair locks—"why! I don't know, without it's because I've been at work all the morning."

"Does Beatrice never work?"

Mary opened her eyes wide at this question—"Beatrice, why! she has no need to work, you know; besides, she is busy all the time; you should see what she has done; four of the most beautiful pictures, and everything so natural and life-like. Then she has a passion for reading, and acquires languages, you can't think how fast; her masters, some of them, say she will out-strip them. She can already read in French and German, and she is going soon to begin a fancy piece and put you and I in; you a shepherd, I a shepherdess. I never saw any one that knew so much; and, oh! ain't she beautiful?"

Ernest blushed, for a voice spoke in his heart, and he had almost thought it reached Mary's ears—"no, she never was, and never can be so beautiful as you are—to me."

But Ernest was only a boy.

"Don't you know some of these things?" he asked.

"To be sure I can draw a little with crayons," she said, a flush tinging her cheek, "and I can read in French, but I don't care so much about it as she does; and I don't have masters, you know, as she always had—but there's one thing I do love, that is to play and sing—oh! yes, and another, I love dearly to read poetry—and after them, I dearly love to bake bread, and be house-keeper, it's so pleasant, you know, to put everything in order."

Delightful it was to stand there with the little fairy in a white apron so near him; he wished she would act as she used to, and take his hand while she talked with him. It was a strange whim for a boy; and because she just put her rosy fingers on his shoulder, and let them rest there a moment, as he stood on the step preparing to go, he was happy for a week. He knew not exactly why, but that portion of his jacket which she had touched, seemed quite set apart from the rest of his homely habiliments for ever after.

Mary was in truth a dear little housekeeper. She loved to buckle on her grandmother's shining keys, and flit round among earthenware, to bury her hands in heaps of flour, and beat eggs till the clear white froth danced upon the golden yolks; to set the table, and fold the lavender-scented clothes, as they came from the line. Her grandmother though still well and sprightly, gave up much of her household care to Mary, while

she sat and admired her beautiful, her peerless Beatrice.

Sometimes Beatrice would don a simple linen apron, and run down to assist her cousin, but it was not to her taste. She loved rather to sit in state in what she called her drawing-room, and guide the pencil, or give full rein to her imagination, always brilliant.

Her tastes were decidedly romantic: she loved the twilight, and at that hour had usually bright, fresh flowers twined in her black curls.

And then she would occupy her favorite seat, where the soft crimson fell all over her beautiful person in a rich, rosy halo. Even in her instincts she was artistic. At such times she looked indeed as she aspired to, like a queen. Passionately fond of flowers, she made them minister to her graces—and many a variety of Flora's gorgeous collection glowed in the garden all the summer season, and through winter in great pots and boxes were kept fresh and beautiful.

She was the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood. Tall of her age, her figure was just rounding into the symmetry of womanhood. Her arms and throat were the most harmonious outlines and fullness and whiteness of perfected beauty; but a certain imperious air, fostered by the consciousness of her station, as the ward of a wealthy man, gave her that bewildering manner that commands homage, forbids intimacy, inspires with respect.

She was but too well aware that she held the reins of a certain kind of power, dangerous to the possessor—though of the danger she knew not—she felt inately that she was to look down upon others, and they by a mysterious inequality were to be the subjects of her caprices; that is, if they had aught to do with her.

One night, when the moon was at its full, Beatrice and Mary were talking of their future, as young girls will do—shaping their career by the fleeting light that hope guarded in each young bosom.

"Something tells me that I am to be rich and honored," said Beatrice, leaning her head back against the window-sill, and gazing with troubled eyes at the moon; "what do you ever think about it, Mary?"

"O! if I can only find gentle hearts to love me, love me *dearly*," was the sweet reply, "I shall be contented anywhere. Give me books, my harp, and plenty to do, and

"There'll be nobody happier than I."

She burst out into a merry little song, and her clear tones floated away, falling on the ear of Ernest, who was just hurrying home from the pastor's.

To Beatrice these were vulgar tastes; she curled her lip, gathered her wealth of jetty ringlets in both her hands, and threw them carelessly again on her shoulders.

"It would be so delightful to be a princess," she exclaimed, with animation; "I wish there were lords and ladies in our country, as there are in Europe, and—"

"And you were the queen's daughter," added Mary, ceasing her humming, and beating time on the window seat.

"Yes," replied Beatrice, "lifting her haughty

head, "I could act the queen's daughter to perfection. Only think! to have crowds throng about you as you pass along the street in your gilded barouche, with your six or eight magnificent milk-white horses: to behold great men eager for the honor of bowing to one, and ready to die if they may but touch their lips to *our* hand," she said, with mock dignity, holding her pretty hand up to the light.

Ernest, who was just crossing by the elms, took it for a sign, and, going softly under the window, said—

"What is it?"

Beatrice and Mary both laughed, both thrust their heads out of the window, so that the faint gleam of the golden and sharp lustre of the ebony locks mingled together.

"Nobody called you," said Beatrice.

"I thought you waved for me," laughed the boy, under the window.

"She's a queen, and wants somebody to kiss her hand," Mary laughed back again.

"Yes, but it must be a king," shouted Beatrice, half derisively.

"Are you a queen, too, Mary?" asked Ernest, appearing not to notice what might be taken as a fling, though in reality he did.

"No, I'm a poor, little common woman, that likes only to—"

"No, she's a Cinderella," exclaimed Beatrice, again, mockingly, but laughing, and holding her hand over her cousin's mouth to prevent a reply.

"And maybe she'll marry the king's son, too, and be a queen after all. Cinderella did, didn't she, Mary?"

Beatrice did not relish the quietness of this turn. "Why do you always talk to Mary? why don't you talk to me?" she asked with a toss of the head. "I'm a year older than she is. I think you don't compliment my dignity much. The oldest ought to be served first. Take off your hat. Why, you impolite fellow!"

He pulled his cap off, and brushed the clinging hair lightly away. The moon fell on his white forehead, and added depth and lustre to his fine eyes as he looked upward.

"Where is Mary?" he asked, slyly, for the girl had drawn in her head; her cheeks grew scarlet, when Beatrice exclaimed—

"There it is! Mary, nothing but Mary, Mary; why don't you look out?" she continued to her cousin; "he only cares for you. Don't you feel highly honored by such distinguished notice?"

This was said in an under-tone, but it reached the quick ears of poor Ernest; his heart beat painfully, and, thrusting on his cap again, he said, curtly, "Good night," and almost ran from the spot.

"You have wounded his feelings, Beatrice; how could you?" murmured Mary, holding one hand against her quivering lip.

"I only said it for fun," answered Beatrice, seriously. "I had no idea he could hear me—but, after all, why should we care so much? He is nobody but old Crab's adopted child. I rather think he will bear it. If he don't, I can't help it—but—but I am only sorry if I have made you feel bad."

"He has such deep thoughts," answered Mary, still trying to steady her voice, "and if he is only Mr. Crab's adopted son, he may make a great man yet. We can't tell what is before us in our country, you know."

"And that's why I hate it. You don't know, when you marry a man, whether he was born a beggar or a gentleman. For my part, I mean to go to England and have a husband who is somebody."

Idle words are sometimes prophetic. Beatrice had not seen into the future, but she had uttered what she often thought of afterwards in brighter yet sadder days.

It was waning to the evening. With much persuasion, Ernest had been prevailed upon to sit for his portrait, only a week before the conversation that ended so unhappily had taken place. The boy had been deeply wounded—he sat up till midnight to throw off his indignant feelings in verse, for it seemed without that consolation his too proud spirit would break. To-day, Mary, alone, had been able to prevail over his strong resolution; for her sake he went.

A striking group they formed—Patience Worthington critically surveying the portrait, towards the subject of which she was studiously distant—Beatrice, with flowers on her bosom, and her delicate fingers tipped with the colors of her palette—and Mary, silent, almost serious, for her noble nature rebelled against the coldness of her grand-mother and cousin; she felt that Ernest was truly gentle, truly dignified, and, as she watched the play of his features that, at times, were deathly white, and sometimes darkening with a look of defiance, she longed to be anywhere rather than witness the humiliation forced upon him.

Beatrice was just finishing. She had originally intended to paint both Mary and Ernest in a cabinet picture, but eventually changed her mind. And for this branch of art she had really fine genius. The romance of her disposition forced her to give a bright tint to the most sombre subjects. Mary's picture, though true in all the essentials, was still flattered—she looked like an angel; and so Ernest was a model of boyish beauty. Beatrice had been unsparing in her fancy as well as indefatigable in her exertions. Hence Ernest, in himself, was a pale, handsome, studious-looking boy; in his picture, an Apollo, grace and nobility blended in the fine Grecian features.

Unwilling to make him her enemy, by her late thoughtless speech, Beatrice had exerted all her powers to please, or, rather, to fascinate him. She looked at him roguishly with her black eyes, now looped up her long tresses that her neck might be free, taking care to arrange them to the best advantage, then unpinning and allowing them to shower down in charming confusion upon her ivory shoulders. But Ernest looked on unmoved; the boy, with all his impulses fresh and warm, had no thought for this imperious beauty; he was uneasy in her presence, or if he allowed his thoughts to wander towards her, they were instantly filled with the image of Mary.

At last, it was finished; the two were laid side by side.

"Don't they look beautifully, together?" exclaimed Beatrice, in ecstasies.

Patience Worthington was troubled at this exclamation. A strange thought flitted through her mind: a shadow crossed her brow. She went hastily forward, and lifted that of Mary, as if to inspect it more closely; then turning to the table, with an impressive manner, she very carefully laid it down at some distance from, and above the other. It was a trifling act, but, like many more trifling, capable of a wide interpretation.

Mary saw it, and blushed painfully. Ernest saw it, and changed not, save to draw his form to its utmost height, and to press his lips together that he might keep the tears from starting; for, manly as he was, this had touched his feelings more than any other insult—it was so direct.

"Mercy on us, Ernest, you look as if you wanted to kill somebody," said Lanny that evening, refraining for once from her usual laugh.

He was in thought hurling thunderbolts at Patience Worthington and Beatrice; Lanny recalled him to himself; he smiled dubiously, and allowed the dear little old maid to rattle on, answering yes or no at random; fortunately some good genius kept him right, so that Lanny did not again mention his trouble.

"I wonder who was in the grand carriage this morning?" she said to Ernest, the following day, when he came from his chamber; he had been striving to calm himself by writing. "It went up to Worthington house and stopped there, and finally it came by again, with nobody in but the coachman."

Ernest could not think, but guessed it was some of the old lady's folks from the city. And so it was; Jared Worthington and his wife returned from Europe. They had been in the city several days, and wishing to give a pleasant surprise, had not made it known to their relatives.

Beatrice had just put the finishing touch on her heavy curls as the grand equipage drove up; Mary was listlessly striking the chords of her harp, but ceased at the sound of wheels. Both strangely enough surmised who it might be; no longer ago than the early, early morning, before the stars had quite paled out in the sky, they had laid awake and talked of the future; and the absent ones had been in their thoughts. They had said to each other, "how strange it would be if their friends should come upon them suddenly;" and now here they were.

Beatrice knew not whether to fly down or wait to be called; the delight and uncertainty gave a rich color to her cheeks, but before she knew it, she was on the stairs, in the entry, pleased and smiling, while Patience Worthington, out of surprise, condescended more from her dignity than she had ever done in her life before.

"Is this Beatrice?" and "is this Beatrice?" exclaimed both Jared and Mrs. Worthington, struck with admiration.

She came forward; Patience's own self could not have moved statelier; and as each caught an

outstretched hand, they looked meaningly at each other.

"My dear girl," exclaimed her foster mother, drawing her nearer and kissing her fair cheek, "you have really improved wonderfully; would you think this could be our little Beatrice?" turning to her husband.

"I am quite as much astonished as yourself," mechanically returned Mr. Worthington, thinking at that very moment how many thousand or tens of thousands it would be necessary for her husband, when she should win one, to bring as a sort of barter for her youth and extraordinary charms.

He had not come to a definite conclusion when they had all entered the parlor, and Beatrice, with one arm gracefully around Mary, came forward, saying, "Allow me to present my sweet cousin; I think you will find her as much or more improved than myself."

Again husband and wife exchanged a glance that seemed to say, "such dignity in one so young;" they both kissed the fair girl, remarked that her eyes and figure were very like her mother's, and then they sat down together.

Presently Beatrice must play for them, so she ran her white fingers over the keys, performing a simple and quaint melody; her quick insight of human nature had divined what would best please them. Jared turned to his sister; she was breathlessly looking at him, as if to command admiration for her idolized grand-child.

"That was father's favorite song," he said, nodding and keeping a little sort of time against his cane with three fingers of his right hand. "She does well, she does well;" he added in an under-tone. After that Mary played her harp and was warmly applauded; but the old people were exceedingly anxious to see and hear Beatrice. They examined her drawings, and bestowed lavish praise upon them; they listened while she read in several languages, but more than all, they were delighted with her beauty. The season was coming and she must be transported to flourish in a city home. Mary's heart was full while she listened as they detailed their various plans. Capricious as her cousin had been, she loved her warmly, devotedly; and it was hard to think that they must part—for it was not likely they would wish her to accompany her cousin to their delightful home.

They were not long in deciding that Beatrice must go immediately to the city. She was almost wild with joy, for the cunning maiden had heard her foster parents expatiate upon her appearance and count the parties they would give, as soon as she should be initiated sufficiently into the mysteries of fashionable life. In her brain a hundred panoramas were all set moving, but the one of chiefest delight was where she shone the most worshipped star among lights that were all brilliant, and where gorgeous throngs followed, and myriad hearts adored.

"My fortune is to be realized," she said one day as Mary and she sat in their pretty room: "this is something towards being a queen at any rate, and I shall carry matters with a high hand in that splendid home where I am going. I"—she turned at the sound of a slight gasp; Mary

was just folding her hands over her eyes, but more than one tear streamed down her pale cheeks.

"Do not mind me, Beatrice," she murmured, striving to steady her voice; "but I could not help the thought that hereafter we two, who have been so much together, whose thoughts and interests have almost been one, must meet only as friends; for in your new home there will be little to remind you of your humble cousin."

Impulsively, Beatrice threw her arms around her cousin's neck, and in tremulous tones assured her that her love would never, never be less than now. "I had forgotten," she continued, clasping Mary's hands in her's, and gazing in her eyes while moisture was gathering in her own, "that you were not to go with me; why Mary! I never shall be happy without you. And so soon, too—to-morrow, to-morrow! The reality comes over me; after all, who shall I find to love like you? I cannot go without you; I cannot live without you."

"O! yes you can," Mary replied, smiling through her grief, "you will have a thousand things around you to fill your head and partly take my place; it is poor me who is most to be pitied. I shall sit in this room, and remember just where you used to sit; at twilight I shall long to see you in your old place, with the flowers braided in your hair. When I wake up of nights, I shall feel about the pillow for your cheek, and in the morning I shall kneel alone at my prayers. In our walks, above all, dear Beatrice, in our walks, nobody's arm will twine about my waist, and nobody's voice echo to mine when I look upon the beautiful creatures of God in the sky and upon the earth—nobody."

She paused with heightened color; her heart had given one joyous leap, as a half-awakened thought came stealing in, that somebody might some time meet her in her lonely wanderings, and thrill her with those deep, passionate glances, while a voice, low and soft, would make the most common-place things sound like music to her ear.

Yet she did not any the less regret the loss of her companion.

All that afternoon the cousins spent together, exchanging *souvenirs* and vows of endless affection. Many tears attested to their sincerity. Never, never, never, even should seas part them, would Beatrice forget her more than sister; and Mary, though with fewer words, gave equal assurance of her tender friendship.

Late in the afternoon Beatrice went to say farewell to her pets. These were old Susan, the cow, three chickens, now well grown, rejoicing in the euphonious names of Luna, Celeste and Marigold; a family of the most delicate little pigs, except when cleanliness was concerned, and a young goat that Patience Worthington had recently purchased for her childhood's sake—for she had possessed almost such a one when very young.

Old Susan stood in the renovated barn, patiently waiting to be milked, and chewing her fresh meal of hay with a deliberate manner that seemed a compound of comfort and reverence. Her sleek sides glistened, and as she turned, with something that seemed like a toss, her brawny head, and rested her clear, calm eye upon her beautiful

visitors, her glance lingered on Beatrice, and she ceased the motion of her jaws, as if actuated by a half human intelligence.

"Muley," said Beatrice, in a tone of real tenderness, and laying her cheek close on her shoulder, "did you know I was going to leave you, Muley?"

The creature began flapping her tail from side to side, turned her head towards the crib, and stretching out her long neck, gave a soft low.

"She knows, she knows," exclaimed Beatrice, passing her hand again and again over the glistening coat, and fondling her with her white arms; then she took up handful after handful of the hay and held it to her mouth—and however much it was, the creature took it. "Maybe it's the last time I shall ever feed you, Muley," she said, with a sad earnestness, and as if assenting to the idea, Susan gave another and more melancholy low.

They left the barn and called the chickens, but the wilful pets would not come near enough to be caught.

"You must catch them and kiss them whenever you can, for me."

Mary laughed and promised that she would; "though, perhaps," she added, in her merry manner, "if you come here some day next winter, you may be able to show them a livelier attachment, by eating them."

Beatrice declared that she never could do that, neither would she eat the darling little pigs she had thought so much of; and between laughing and crying, after a visit to the goat, the young girls entered the house.

Here they found the Rev. Mr. Farrell, and with him one of the quaintest specimens of a village doctor that ever yet rejoiced in the preparation of pills and powders. He had come to the place when a young man, and was so uncouth in his manners, murdering the king's English so barbarously, that he never would have been employed if he had not made a marvelous cure. Almost by accident the good people found out that he was a born doctor. He had skill, the requisite knowledge of drugs, and a most superior judgment—which in our opinion, is worth more than a diploma any day. He was seldom baffled—he had plenty to do; for miles around there was no doctor like Doctor Peter Pillow.

A very eccentric genius was Peter Pillow. Everybody believed that his name was only an assumed one; but as the doctor bore all joking with commendable good temper, always replying to their attempts to find out the truth of the matter, "that nater was his mother, and that he had been christened in the woods among the cata-mounds," they soon forbore to question him.

A queer-looking man was Doctor Peter Pillow. It seemed as if nature from some freak or other, when he was a little baby, if he ever was a little baby, and his face was in a plastic condition, had clapped her hands over his head and under his chin, thus reducing its proportions and spreading the features in their breadth, giving them an outward and upward jerk.

He had a little rotund body, that never moved in a straight direction, but like a snug little boat in a high wind, constantly rolled from side to side. Add to this, sharp, black eyes, a ball of a head,

white and glistening, with a ray of silvery hairs encircling the front of the scalp, and if we are any painter, Peter Pillow, doctor—as he styled himself, stands rocking before you.

Both had come to give their parting benediction to Miss Beatrice. The good minister's attachment to the fair young girl was stronger than he thought—she looked sometimes so wonderfully as Patience had—though he did not regard her with that affection which warmed his heart towards Mary. With a prophetic eye, he saw Mary's future, and that made him a closer observer. He could not fail to be interested in her ways of gentleness, her thoughtful loveliness, her spirit so truthful and affectionate.

"It's uncartin' when we set eyes on you agin, Miss Beatrice, I s'pose," drawled the little doctor, his voice resembling the noise made by a refractory saw cutting through a pine knot; then he first clapped his hands on his knees, and finally crossed his legs, till his huge, uncouth feet, heavily shod, looked by far the biggest part of him.

Beatrice caught the fond glance of Patience Worthington. She felt for her almost a daughter's love mingled with the ambition that prompted her to mix in the whirl of city life. That yearning look affected her inexpressibly, the tears sprang to her bright eyes.

"Oh! I shall visit grand-mother often," she replied.

"I guess we can't spare ye, Miss Beatrice," said the doctor, slowly, twinkling his eyes; "you've got a fever I reckon—red in the cheeks, down in the mouth, cirklar about the eyes, a sort of settlin' down about the whole systim. I must give you some sugar pills, a glass of aunt Hannah's bitters, and a little home-sick powder, to take inter the city—that's serposin' you git well."

"Even grand-mother and Mary wouldn't wish me to be sick for the sake of keeping me here," replied the girl, laughing back her tears, "they have had too much trouble of that kind already; and I have had plenty of pills, thank you."

The evening passed in rather a restrained conversation and a little music. Beatrice began singing, but she gave it up; her voice trembled, and so did Mary's when she essayed to assist her.

It was that lonely feeling both had, that in anticipated parting gives a keener pang than the experience of real desolation; for with that latter comes the solace of seeking new pleasures out of old and surrounding circumstances; and these all the time form a sort of company that is slowly though insensibly healing the wound.

In the morning came Mr. Jared and Mrs. Jared Worthington. The box at the back of the carriage contained a beautiful assortment of millinery, and one of the daintiest of cashmere shawls, for which little less than a hundred dollars had been paid out that morning. It would do very well for the present, was Mrs. Jared's self-satisfied comment, as she threw it over the drooping shoulders of her beautiful foster-child, and smiled to mark the graceful folds.

Mary stood by and admired—yes, gloried in her cousin's beauty; but for the calm, even sweetness of her disposition, she might have envied one who certainly appeared to be more the favorite of

fortune than herself—but, dear creature, she did no such thing.

"You are to go with us, and stay weeks and weeks, or as long as you like, my foster-parents say, and Aunt Patience herself has consented," exclaimed Beatrice.

Mary's heart bounded more tumultuously than it ever had before.

The great city!—its splendor, its fashions—the palace-home—such sights as she was to see! Oh! how kind in them all, how kind in their grand-mother. She would go up stairs to make her few preparations.

She heard a sigh, and paused before her grand-mother's chamber.

Patience Worthington stood in the centre of the room, her tall form slightly drooping, while her eyes wandered about with an absent, aimless expression. She looked strangely solemn in the faint light, for the windows were darkened—she looked to Mary the picture of proud desolation. A pang crossed the heart of the gentle girl—how could she leave her alone—even for a day of selfish pleasure?

It was afternoon, and all things were ready for departure. Oppressively warm without, the closed blinds admitted only each a solitary sunbeam through the round holes at the top. Both Mr. Worthington and his wife sat sleeping off their fatigue preparatory to their journey. Again Mary had occasion to go to her grand-mother's chamber. It was unusually still, and she entered softly.

Patience Worthington sat in a low easy chair, her head resting partly on one side, her hands folded on her lap. She had fallen into a light slumber, but some sorrowful dream must, at that moment, have flitted through her mind, for her pale lips quivered, and her long eyelashes, yet dark, were wet with struggling tears.

Much affected, Mary stood before the pale woman. She had never seen her in tears but once during her whole life, and then she was weeping for her dead. It was very touching now to mark the grief she would have concealed, displaying itself in her sleep.

"How sinful," thought Mary, "to desert her now, when she has been more than a mother to me since I was an infant—she will be so desolate!"

Beatrice alone would take the light from the house, and she herself, though she did not pretend to think that she was as precious in the eyes of her proud relative as her queenly, dashing Beatrice, yet she lessened her labor, and saved her many steps, besides lightening her cares by singing—her grand-mother loved her voice—how dull the old cage would be when both birds had flown away! That moment she decided to remain. She would not run the risk of becoming infatuated with city life and customs, so that her old home might appear distasteful to her. Immediately she made known her decision to Beatrice, who, with even her selfishness, could not find it in her heart to deprive her grand-mother of all that made life pleasant.

Patience Worthington remonstrated with her, but to no purpose.

"Do not think me so selfish," she said,

lovingly; "let me stay with you, because my heart tells me to. Indeed, dear grand-mother, I could not be happy and know you were alone."

An emotion, tenderer and warmer than any she had heretofore experienced for this sweet girl, sank down into the haughty soul of the unbending woman. She did not trust herself to speak, but one look, that was a treasure to Mary, did more than a thousand thanks would have accomplished.

The last good-byes were pronounced with faltering voices, and Beatrice, less glad than sorry, sat in the family carriage beside her foster-parents.

"What handsome little fellow is that?" asked Mrs. Jared, directing Beatrice to look out.

The poor girl, through blinding tears, could not see Ernestine standing outside the farthest elm. He shrank away as she turned her head, not wishing to be recognised, and glad in his heart that it was not her cousin who was going. After the carriage had driven off, he hurried on till he gained a neat cottage, whose mistress was Susy Mann of old—now the school-master's wife. And there he lingered to talk of Mary.

CHAPTER XII.

UNCLE SILE'S ILLNESS.

Autumn had deepened to its twilight, and now came the soft, warm Indian Summer. Hues as bright as the wings of Southern birds twinkled in the glowing sunshine. Every gorgeous leaf and branch in the old forest hung lazily in the still air. Shadows fell earlier and blacker upon the green sward. The stars flashed along the pale blue of the horizon, one by one, before the good folks left their evening meals; and every day, by so many moments sooner, the clear amber of the western sunset lighted up the ancient face of Worthington clock.

Ernestine began to feel discouraged. He had looked forward to this period, trusting that with aid from his uncle he might procure better clothes and an introduction to some one who would aid him to the choice of a profession, or some post where he could promote himself. But no such thing had happened as yet. His uncle blasted all the professions, as far as his will and his voice went, consigning them directly to the very depths of perdition. He told Ernest if he would put his mind down to a farm, by-and-bye he might come into possession of all he had, but on no other conditions.

But there came a crisis that caused a change in the old man's views.

On the very warmest day in September, when the air fell like the hot breath of a furnace on the uncovered brow, Silas Withers came home in the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself thoughtfully on the door-step, with his arms folded.

Lanny was not yet accustomed to all his moods. She saw that he was tired and very moist; that his eyes were heavy, and there was an unnatural glow upon his cheeks. The old man appeared irritable and peevish; nor would he leave his seat to sit in Lanny's own rocking-chair, that she had dragged out from her snug

room. He bid her let him alone, and, leaning his head back, fell into a fitful slumber. Evening came, and a strong wind blew up from the west. Still, in his rude seat, half reclined the farmer, his bronzed face upturned, and the soft, cool, but treacherous air, gliding in under his loosened neck-cloth, and fingering the damp, iron grey locks.

At last, he awoke with a start. Lanny had called him. She feared this exposure. The old man opened his eyes, muttered something in a smothered voice, dropping his head upon his bosom. With a great effort, Lanny and Ernestine succeeded in arousing him, so that he sprang nervously to his feet. But he held up his hands, all trembling, and swayed from side to side as if the impulse of some strong fear was upon him.

"Blame it," he muttered thickly, "what—what's the matter with my feet? they won't move; it's—it's something come over me; do you see, boy? is it dark? is my head on my shoulders? blame the weather—why! it's colder than January; give me more clothes; there's a battalion in my head; I've felt it coming all day; blame my limbs! can't I get into the house?"

Lanny and the boy were both alarmed. His hand was like a coal to the touch, and his eyes glared with a wild, singular light. They told him to lean heavily on them, and with difficulty, for he was a great, muscular man, led him to his bed, on which he threw himself, weak and helpless as a child.

"I'll get some herb tea for you. Maybe you'll want him to go for the doctor?" ventured Lanny. "No! I want no doctor," was the surly reply: "let old Sile die a natural death if he must die; I hate the professionals, every mother's son of 'em."

But, in spite of herb tea and cold water, which he drank profusely, the fever increased, and, towards morning, the poor farmer was willing the doctor should be sent for: for he had a secret dread of illness, as also a secret confidence in the little doctor's skill.

So "Peter Pillow, doctor," alighted at the door of the crazy establishment, glad in his heart, if the truth must be told, that he had the old farmer so completely in his power. Farmer Withers had given him many a hard rub, and defied his nostrums with a savage exultation.

"It looks duberous, duberous," he muttered, sitting his squat, little body on the side of the bed. He caught the farmer's great arm, as it swung from side to side, and had the satisfaction, while in the act of feeling his pulse, of receiving its full force in his face. Rebounding from the bed, he overthrew poor Lanny, and both fell helplessly to the floor.

"Blame fevers," roared the old man, opening his parched lips, entirely unconscious of the mischief he had done.

The doctor helped Lanny up, and then stood carefully at arm's length, eyeing his patient with a puzzled face that was laughable from its perplexity.

"I'll tell you what, Sile Withers, old feller," he at length articulated, "if there is sich things, I'll take them sperits down in a space of time. Afore I'm done with you, you'll think that Peter

Pillow is somebody. Give us some paper," he said, turning to Lanny with a majestic wave of the hand.

As it was furnished him, he caught the roguish twinkle of Ernest's eye. The scene had been so ludicrous that it was impossible for him to restrain his mirth.

"Boy," said the doctor, turning back the palm of his hand, as was his habit, and which he considered peculiarly elegant, "the dignity of the profeshuns forbids cacklin;" and he set himself to the occupation of writing a recipe.

Doctor Peter's recipes were the funniest things imaginable. Nobody but the old apothecary understood them.

He knew doctor Pillow's pot-hooks and tram-mels, his mixture of bad Latin and bad English, perfectly, and if a ragged bit of paper came to him with

"Thr., d'ns. two ounceello,

"Per chol—per diabatis, P. PIL.,"

He knew just what gilt boxes to pull down, and what ingredients to mix.

Surveying his uneasy patient, whose incoherent exclamations seemed to be a sort of balm for the treatment he had experienced, the doctor proceeded to write after this fashion:

"Ant—pll—pur—6 X es—lixer—FLEX—I—ty.

"Per digestion of brain. P. PILLOW."

(Extra flourishes here.)

Of course the doctors will not imagine the above is intended to reflect upon them in any manner. It is but stating a fact, that sometimes even physicians will write unintelligibly; and "Peter Pillow, doctor," though not an M. D., and only pretending to know that most abused of the dead languages, knew enough to master almost any disorder that came under his ken. Still, as he often said, he only studied natur, yarbs and medicines, and paid some attention to Lating."

Sending Ernest with the recipe, he stationed himself near the head of the bed, and when the paroxysm had somewhat subsided, went through the usual formula of looking at the tongue, eyes, and feeling of the pulse.

"It's a heavy fever I'm afeerd," said poor Lanny, disconsolately, as she stood with folded hands and a wo-begone expression, "it's going to be a brain fever, ain't it?"

Compassionately pitying the little woman for her lack of medical knowledge, he said, with the palm of his hand curved outward:

"My dear madam, you can't tell whether a bridge is safe till you've got over it; you can't tell when your journey's done till you git to the eend. This bids fair to be a contracted and serus illness. It's not the brain fever yet, my dear madam, though the cerebriel organs are a leetle affected. Still let us look for the best; we should allers look for the best, even when we're pretty sure there never'll be any best. The diagnosis of this affection are—"

A growling voice issued from the bed—

"Nobody cares about your diagnosis; give me water, ice."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, moving nearer.

"Don't dear sir me: I'm old Sile—Sile Withers, none the better for you, and don't never expect to be;" and with this polite correction the

surly farmer threw himself over against the wall, still muttering about ice and winter.

In due time came the medicine, part of which was taken, the rest left with instructions how to use.

The crisis was nearing, and, as the doctor said, "there was no telling about the futer. Things might turn up better, and things mightn't; couldn't tell; 'twas always impossible to say what was in the futer." The good pastor was frequent in his visits, and Ernest watched over his uncle with unremitting tenderness.

One day Mr. Farrell ventured to speak with him upon more solemn subjects than he had hitherto broached.

"You are very sick, Mr. Withers," he said, softly.

"That's nice—that'll make me better," muttered the exhausted invalid.

"It is an unpleasant subject, but are you aware that this may terminate fatally?"

The sick man looked up uneasily, and spread his fingers over the coverlet.

"I reckon," he said faintly, "that if I've got to die, I've got to die—and there's an end of it."

"No, no; that is not the end of it," said the minister, with unusual tenderness and solemnity. And he continued talking softly, noting meanwhile with delight that the old farmer kept perfectly quiet. In the most beautiful manner he spoke of the Christian's hope. There were tears on the sufferer's lashes, unmistakable tears; his lips quivered—moved to speak.

The preacher leaned over to catch the first accents of penitence.

"Don't mister me—parson—I'm plain Sile—Sile Withers; blame it, don't mister me."

A strange rejoinder to his lofty thoughts: some would have shrank back astonished; indignant. Not so the good preacher; he had discernment enough to see that this was but the crust over a seething volcano; that down deep in the old man's heart the waters were troubled. Those tears, were they for nothing? that childish tremor of the lip, was it for naught? He believed not so; he laid his moist hand on the wrinkled forehead, and imparted somewhat of its coolness to the fevered flesh; then kneeling, he uttered a fervent prayer—an outgush of pure and heart devotion.

Rising from his knees, he saw that the farmer had turned his head to the wall; lightly pressing the hand that laid by his side, minister Farrell stepped softly from the room.

Lanny was not there: Ernest had gone out; turning his head feebly back as the door closed, the farmer satisfied himself that he was alone. So, in his weakness, lifting his trembling hands, and clasping them together, though they fell like a dead weight upon his bosom, he exclaimed in a shrill whisper:

"Lord, Lord, forgive old Sile Withers; Thou knowest what a wretch he has been;"—a groan ended this strong and earnest ejaculation; but so confirmed were his old habits, and so strangely fearful was he that one might witness his secret aspirations, that when Lanny came quickly in, he threw his hands apart, exclaiming with all the force he could command—"When 'n thunder and

lightning am I going to get off this burning bed?"

Poor old Sile! the chain of this fearful habit had hardened to adamant. Round and round his frail heart it had wound its icy links; of himself he could truly do nothing; a mightier hand must unloose those fetters and call forth from that sterility, freshness and verdure.

Day after day did doctor Peter Pillow come, always answering Lanny's disconsolate queries with "everything's in the futer: the old man's nater is as tough as an oak saplin; if he does git well, I shall consider him a monument of my skill;" saying which he concluded with his usual little backward wave of the hand.

There is no telling how many fair, white sheets of paper the young poet spoiled, inditing lines "To my uncle"—"On seeing an old man sick," etc., etc. But the boy sorrowed earnestly; he had learned to fathom the nature of his eccentric relative—and how much of human kindness and sympathy coursed through the channels of that bosom seemingly so obdurate.

At last, under the good Providence of a higher Physician, farmer Withers was a "moniment" of the doctor's skill; and then never could child be more loving and tender than Ernest. He would watch him like a woman, turn his pillow repeatedly to the cool side, smooth his hair back, keep his brow moist, and softly soothe him when he grew impatient, giving him his nourishment, and always hovering over him with a smiling face. In a little while he led him round the room, or adjusted his sick-chair; and at last with much persuasion obtained his consent to listen to him while he read.

It was strange to watch the old man at these times; he would studiously avert his face—pretend to sleep, or mutter "Poh, poh, poh! a pack of folderol. But spite of himself he would grow interested, his ear would be turned cautiously, his eyes sought the face of the reader, and not unfrequently did Ernest surprise him with tears in his dark eyes.

"It beats creation how folks can write such things," he would mutter; and secretly the boy determined to read him a book of his own sometime.

The old man had changed during his sickness; in everything he did it was discernible; and even the accustomed "blame it" which he could not or would not relinquish, took a shade of softness, and grew almost musical with his altered voice.

He watched Ernest eagerly—he would often look from from his face to the floor, and seem lost in thought.

"Blame it! the boy's overcome me!" he murmured one day with a tremulousness in his voice that was quite affecting; "he's his mother's own son, and makes me think of dear little Susy, the pretty cretur. I'm half ready to let him have his way, he won't make nothin' of a farmer—and he's a bright fellow too—surely."

Ernest stood outside the door; scarcely could he contain his joy. He gave three mental cheers, and fled to his usual resort in pleasure or sorrow, the battered writing-chest.

Through minister Farrell's efforts he was placed in a fine situation in the neighboring city; and

there we leave him for at least five pleasant years; his sole but never-spoken purpose to become worthy of the hand of Mary Worthington.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEATRICE WEDDED.

O! home of luxury! No aching hearts should be curtailed by thy soft splendor. Upon thy carpets and hangings of tapestry, tearless eyes should gaze; bright eyes meet the mute glances of marbled beauty in niches and on pedestals. But, alas! we find entrance through lofty portals and under arches of splendor, that yellow gold, potent as it may be, never yet locked out—that real, unbought presence is sorrow.

A very model of elegant boudoirs, the little room in which Beatrice sat, neither dazzled one by its artistic design and finish, and the elaborateness yet chasteness of ornament on every hand.

To-night—a clear, cold night in December, a sparkling coal fire burning blue and crimson, and leaping out in jets of flame, diffused a cheerful warmth through the apartment. The very marble frame with its milk-white roses and arabesque, enclosing the grate, lighted up with a soft rudeness that gave the chiselling almost the tints of life.

Beatrice sat half-reclining, her wealth of hair hanging thickly around her beautiful throat. One hand pressed her brow tightly; in the other a pen vibrated to the tenor of thoughts that were active in her mind.

How white and soft and beautiful those hands! No stain of common life had rested upon them ever so lightly. How full yet chastely delicate the outlines of that form! And the brow, over which little rings of shining black hair fell carelessly—how large and white! all that face, how more than beautiful! how regal!

Patience Worthington herself might now feel satisfied with the pride of her grand-daughter. Beatrice was changed, though not quite heartless, she made all circumstances and conditions bend to the humors of her caprice. Power had spoiled her. Mary's tenderness had gone from her heart, save what she cherished for her gentle cousin, whom she really loved.

To-night she was not happy. The fragrance of flowers filled the sense; her table, inlaid with ivory, was a gem of art; the stand for ink and pens wrought in wreaths of silver and gold. Mirrors were panelled in the wall, and move as she would, within was her own radiant, but sorrowful face reflected. Curious little lamps, shaded with tinted and elaborately cut glass, stood on mantel and table.

Her own pictures, with some choice paintings in broad frames of gold, lined the walls. Here upon the altar of refinement, beauty and wealth offered her their choicest incense. Yet she was not happy.

She had that day decided between two suitors: a nobleman by nature and a nobleman by birth. The former she rejected against every better impulse; and Lord James Bentley, a real scion of grafted greatness, as any one might have told by looking over his family tree—was to-night the ac-

cepted suitor for the hand of the most beautiful woman in her native city.

Facing the spotless paper before her, her pen moved rapidly along, and just at this clause we will peep over her shoulder.

"Lord James is devoted to me; his family is marked for its morality. My foster-parents, (you know, dear Mary, that we are descended from an old and noble English family, and by the way, we shall one day be entitled to a fortune, as soon as some vexatious law-suit is ended,) but where am I?

"My foster-parents became intimate with the Bentleys on the score of some distant consanguinity of blood—that much for the reason of Lord James' sojourn in this country.

"Poor L— received his dismission to-day. Of the two, he is —. I must stay my pen. You, however, knew my preferences. L— is only moderately wealthy, and—in short, it is my destiny to live in Europe. Do you remember my prophecies?"

"To be married—in the Spring; and to a lord!" murmured Mary, quite startled, and letting the letter fall from her hands.

Patience Worthington laid by the frill she was plaiting, and lifted her gold bowed spectacles. The old fire shone undimmed in her eye, her bowed form regained its stateliness.

"And why not?" she asked. "Beatrice is as worthy as he. In her veins runs noble blood. My blessed darling! how well she will become her station. I always knew," she exclaimed, leaning back and curling her lips into a smile, "I always felt my Beatrice would wed worthy of herself—thank God!"

Impious aspiration! she knew not what she thanked God for.

Mary sat pressing the light, curling locks from her fair brow; her eyes drooped thoughtfully. Sweet, angelic girl! she was little aware of her own surpassing loveliness. She was all unconscious of the magnetism that drew all hearts towards her. And yet the charm dwelt not in her full, pensive blue eye, or the ripe, round lips—the soft complexion or delicate form. Where was the subtle influence none could tell; but in more senses than one, she was a dangerous woman.

Had she been a coquette, exposed to the fickle worship of fashion, she might have played with hearts, and won a thousand.

Take her from the neat, homely parlor where she played each evening on her harp, and place her in her cousin's luxurious home, she could have proved a powerful rival.

Her heart failed her as she thought of the immeasurable distance that might soon make them almost as strangers. And yet it beat high—her cheek flushed hotly as she reverted to one paragraph in her cousin's letter:

"When did you see your little gawky lover last?"

Playful though it might have been, the question stung her. She had not seen Ernest for nearly a year, yet when she thought of him with his lofty-looking face, his beautiful eyes—he seemed so immeasurably above any one in the throngs that followed Beatrice, she blushed for her cousin's meagre appreciation.

It happened that Ernest returned that day, a tall—and what would be called a splendid-looking fellow, with intellect beaming unmistakably on his handsome face. Nobody expected him; Lanny espied him from a distance, and with thumb and finger pressing the suds from her little red arms, she ran to meet him, declaring that she didn't know how she *should* keep from hugging him if he was grown into a tall, fine gentleman.

Farmer Withers came home, sprang towards him, and with his usual rough salutation, held both hands out, and almost in a breath exclaimed:

"Glad to see you, my boy, blest if I aint: look you yonder"—directing him from the window—"as snug a cottage as you could find in ten miles. When you're married, my boy, it shall be yours. Well, it's creation strange," he continued, dragging a chair up—"they say you've got writing for the papers: fine thing for a Withers, must say, anyhow. Writing for the papers—y-e-s—mighty fine stuff, too. The parson brings 'em here—proud of you, and well he may be—I'm proud of you, blest if I ain't. Airnest—Lord love you, there's the look of your mother in your eye. I can't forget Susy—can't forget that poor, murdered little cretur—*can't—forget her*; and you wrote a—a—what is it, a poem? That was about her, wan't it, Airnest? I suppose you must be called Airnest now—you're such a gentleman. Writing for the papers"—and he paused to take a breath—"bless my soul. I don't expect nothin' but you'll write a book by-and-by—gracious! *you!* little Airnest—that was left so—well I never: things turn creation strange in this world of ours—blast it—no, I mean bless the Lord!" and tears sprang to his eyes.

Ernest returned this long, coarse, but heart felt eulogy, very happily. He gave his uncle due praise for his untiring efforts, lately in his behalf, and cheered him with accounts of his city life. He told how, by the instrumentality of a friend, he had obtained a fine situation that paid well, and left him plenty of leisure to devote in the way his inclination prompted.

"That's a fine thing, Airnest, as far as I understand it; now I suppose you'll go see Mary Worthington, hey? sly fellow—can't outwit old Sile, if he is an old bach. Mary is a jewel of a girl, none o' that blained pride about her, anyway; how can she be a grand-daughter of old Patience, is past my comprehension, consid'ble."

Ernest blushed, but the pleasure with which he listened to his uncle, was a mixed one. He was a man now; he had learned the high estimate put upon honorable birth, even in America. Could he, the child of poverty, the son of a suicide, whose name had been bruited far and wide—could he hope to win the hand of a Worthington, even of the dependent grand-child, with no wealth in her right? for whoever he wedded must hear the story of his life.

He had been almost a bosom friend of Beatrice's rejected lover. Lately he had boarded in the same house: in the adjoining room he slept.

For three nights he knew that poor L—sought not his couch. He could hear him tramp, tramp, though slowly, every time he awoke; he could see the lines so lately drawn across his haggard brow—the dimness and redness of his

dark eyes. From all this he augured that his friend had been rejected.

One morning he saw him start, gasp, grow deadly pale, and flinging by the paper he had been perusing, stagger to the sideboard for water, with which he bathed his brow: then after standing still for a moment, as if to summon resolution, he walked slowly out from the house into the streets. He had not seen him since—but oh! how he pitied him, when casting his eyes further down the column, he chanced to read the following:

"It is understood that Lord Bentley, now in the city, will carry with him to Europe, a beautiful American bird—the fair and wealthy ward of one of our first citizens, Mr. Jared Worthington."

He knew all now; he felt for the rejected suitor as only one of his great sensitiveness, his poetic temperament, could feel even for a friend. And if he, a man of some distinction, of undoubted, though not great wealth, and a highly respectable family, was considered unworthy of this proud girl, what would Patience Worthington think of him, when she knew all? for had she not ever despised him?

But come what would, he determined to call upon Mary. From the blinds of her little window she saw him. She started to her feet: the blood rushed to her heart, and back with a strong propulsion through every fibre of her body. She was alarmed at her own emotions; alarmed that she trembled so: frightened at the beating of her heart, and the strong thrill that set her pulses throbbing and flushed even her throat and brow. But she had no time, no wish to analyze. She looked towards her grand-mother, who slept much of her time after morning, in her easy chair.

"Shall I wake her," she thought; "I can never, never meet him alone—I cannot command myself—he will think—oh! what *will* he think of me?"

A tap at the door. Mary had but time to press her hands, which were cold as her cheeks were flushed, upon her hot brow. She moved slowly down stairs, gathering composure, and opened the door with an effort.

Poor Mary—she was so innocent, so guileless of all attempt to conceal her true nature, that when that sparkling face and outstretched hand met her view, she exclaimed, out of the hearty honesty of her soul, forgetful of her position, and carried beyond cool calculation by her gush of feeling—

"O! Ernest! I was so afraid you wouldn't come."

Then a sense of propriety flashing through her mind like an after thought, she shrank timidly back against the wall—her hand shook in his grasp, she breathed with difficulty, and the color left her cheek.

If Ernest saw all this, he pretended he did not. Too honorable to take advantage of a maiden's weakness, though he could have clasped her to his bosom, and breathed out a love as pure as an angel's—for, in truth, that divine sentiment, which he cherished for this orphan girl, had kept him spotless—had made even this mind a clean temple—he held her hand, and tenderly led her into the parlor. There he sat by her side, and soon, by his genial conversation, dispelled even the shadow of embarrassment. She played her

harp, and sang to him, while he, wrapped in sweet dreams, leaned his head back, and with shut eyes saw a vision as of his home, with Mary his guardian angel, putting all his beautiful thoughts to music.

A voice dispelled the illusion. Patience Worthington entered.

"So you are home again, young man," she said, coldly, advancing with her usual slow step, and lifting her head a little.

He arose, but did not hold out his hand, for Patience, with a slight gesture she might not have meant, repelled him, and he seated himself, while an unaccountable aversion to her rankled in his bosom.

Throughout the rest of the evening, Patience Worthington wore her old humor. She was coldly formal, replying often only by a look or a bend of the brow—asked him, purposely, if he would speak to his uncle about her winter potatoes, and Ernest, biting his lips to prevent a smile, assured her that he would, in a very gentlemanly manner. It annoyed and vexed her that he should prove himself her equal in frigid politeness. When he again asked Mary for a song, before parting, her grand-mother forbid her, alleging that she had suffered lately from nervousness, and too much singing evidently injured her. She had played and sang enough for that night.

Mary complied, put by her harp, though her bright eyes sparkled with indignation. She was a very coward where only herself was concerned, but when her friends were insulted she could bravely stand up for them.

And she could have spoken to-night, only Patience Worthington was old—too old to cherish a pride so vindictive; old enough to be thinking of Heaven and not of the earth, or of things earthly; and, because she was old, Mary held her peace.

So Ernest took his leave, and Mary went weeping to bed. Were it not for a single look, with which she caught the young man regarding her, once during the evening, and in which she read both compassion and love (she could not mistake the love), her heart would have been almost broken.

Another Summer and Autumn passed away, with many a lovely being in the full flush of womanhood, and many a hoary father whose whitening locks told of coming life-winter, as the white drifts that hung down the cliffs and drifted up the hollows, spoke of the Winter of Nature. These latter had passed into the portals of the invisible world; but Summer and Autumn! could one tell where they had gone?

Beatrice was a "wedded wife," and already her fame and beauty were the subjects of much comment in the chief city of old England. More beautiful than ever she had seemed at that grand wedding; while Mary, with her sweet English loveliness heightened by the splendor of her attire, with which Beatrice had presented her, scarcely moved but what scores of eyes were held in abeyance. Patience Worthington listened, with throb upon throb of gratified ambition, at the numberless comments upon her

peerless grand-children; for no one spoke but to praise them.

But it was all over—the great wedding—the second and more painful parting. Beatrice was gone, never perhaps to return, and the only and greatest satisfaction of her foster parents was to laud her virtues and boast of their lady-daughter.

Soon after, Mary and her grand-mother came into the city, and took up their residence with Jared Worthington, at the latter's earnest solicitation. Again were the doors of Worthington mansion thrown wide open—again did crowds gather there to admire, to love this sweet orphan, whose charms did in truth seem irresistible.

The fame of her voice spread everywhere. Hundreds hung entranced upon its lightest strains; and, as she stood or sat the centre of wealth and fashion, her embroidered sleeves thrown back from her full white arm, her fairy-like fingers flashing over the silvery chords, her rapt face, with its holy eyes of blue, shining as if inspired, one heart there—one manly form with bosom high swelling and arms proudly folded—knew that the treasure millions could not purchase, was his own. His was that true heart; to him were the smiles—denied to all others—freely given; in his hand the little hand that elicited such liquid notes had been often placed of its own sweet will.

Mary was his he felt, though neither had spoken directly of love, and yet he had not found courage to tell her what honor demanded she should know.

To Patience Worthington the fact of the young man's visits was a trial which she often said would kill her yet. Mary might have so many richer, nobler, worthier.

Mary grew almost angry at that, and defended Ernest with all the warmth of her loving nature. Still the old lady declared that it would break her heart to see her the wife of old Sile Withers' nephew; there was something about him she could not abide—something that savored of the stable in which he was brought up.

But Mary would love him; and more, she declared that when he asked her, as she expected he would some day, she would marry him although she knew she had nothing to look forward to but a home in a little cottage, and a true heart for her dowry.

One night, the old grand-mother overheard Ernest say to her child—

"Will you be alone to-morrow night? I have something of great importance to tell you, something that may affect our whole future."

Mary promised, and Patience Worthington shrewdly guessed that his secret related to his own history. She had heard many surmises, many uncharitable guesses, and well knowing that no tale of crime could influence Mary's mind, if he was only pure, she formed a plan to be near and play the part of spy on their privacy.

It is said that "misery makes strange bed-fellows;" it may be more truly said that pride makes strange concessions. Here was this aged woman, well past her seventieth year, stooping to a meanness of which no honest mind could be guilty, consenting to play the part of a listener

where silence should make sacred an interchange of the holiest vows.

The next night, accordingly, Mary and Ernest sat together, unconscious that envious ears played traitor to their secrecy. With much emotion, Ernest related the incidents of his youth as nearly as memory aided him; then, with a gloomy brow, for Mary had not spoken—had not once lifted her eyes that therein he might learn his fate—he moved a little way from her, as he continued—

"And now, Mary, I have told you all. I do not ask you, I cannot ask you, to wed the son of a suicide; to wed one whose mother died a violent death inflicted by the hand of her husband, and whose earliest recollections are only of misery and want. But Mary—you—will—you *will* still think of me as a friend—you will not despise me for my tale of sorrow—to you, Mary—to you," he added, with deep emotion, "I owe all I am."

At last, the sweet girl looked up. "These tears," she murmured, smiling through them, "are for the past years of your suffering. You have done nobly. It is not maidenly in me to say all I think. I can only wonder in silence that through such a cloud—such divine light should shine—" She paused, blushing, fearing she had said too much.

"Then you do not despise me, Mary?" and again he laid his hand almost unconsciously upon hers; "perhaps, but I dare not think it," he murmured, turning away, trembling, "and it would unman me—it would unman me, to know it was not so."

A silence succeeded, during which Patience Worthington's heart was almost bursting with anger. Twice had she been tempted to break upon them, but prudence held her back, and in secret she framed the course of her future diplomacy.

"Mary!"

To that beseeching voice the fair girl turned towards him, and while a beautiful blush tinged her features, she said, ingenuously—

"This interview has not resulted in the slightest abatement of my"—she paused and added, in a low, almost inaudible voice—"love and respect for one who has proved himself so superior to misfortune, and that of the bitterest kind."

Not rapturously and suddenly did Ernest snatch her to his breast; she seemed a creature too holy for his embrace—but, rising, he knelt beside her, and, taking her hand, he said, in a tone of deep emotion—

"Mary, I reverence you:" then rising he bent, imprinted a kiss upon her pure forehead, and looking into those deep eyes, smoothing away the rippling hair, he murmured, "Mary, you will then be my wife—God bless you, I love you, and have always loved you dearer than life. I can act no rhapsody now, as I have imagined I might, should I be so blessed. An unutterable calmness, a holy depth of feeling, has taken possession of my soul. I am a better man, this moment, than I have ever been, and God knows I have measured my life by His word. Mary, my good angel, can it be that you will leave all this splendor, and follow me?"

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And the low, gentle voice spoke again, saying—"I will."

No language can portray the varied emotions that shook the form of that old, proud woman, who stood, almost writhing, but a few paces from the lovers, shut in by a slight partition of crimson damask.

"Never shall she marry him; never, never! I will shame her; she, too, shall tell her story. Than see him wed her, I would rather her path should be barren and lonely through life. She is in my hands. She is my child; never shall she marry the son of a suicide, a jail-bird; never!"

All the following day Patience Worthington sat alone in the room that had belonged to Beatrice. At her inlaid ebony table she had drawn up the chair of her favorite grand-child, and, with the same pen in her withered fingers, that Beatrice had often used, she was carefully and laboriously filling a sheet of pure white paper with cramped and ancient characters. Again and again were the gold-bowed spectacles adjusted; untiringly on she went, though to her who had scarcely used a pen, except for a trifling note or receipt, it must have been a task of no small magnitude.

Only once she went below stairs, and made her appearance at the dinner-table—there her bearing was such, her sister-in-law remarked that the very crimps in her cap wore an air of injured and indignant pride, and added, "I wonder what we have been innocently doing to offend her?"

The letter was at last finished, directed to London, to Beatrice, and secretly a servant was sent with the missive, and a fee for his trouble. On the same evening Mary acquainted her grandmother with her decision. She did not mark the pallor that settled around the thin, blue lips; or the fire that flashed out from the still undimmed eye—she only thought it strange that her grand-mother should consent so readily, saying, "Only I would wish you not to be married till the coming winter."

"O! no," answered Mary, "we did not think of it for a year."

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"The time will soon come."

"What do you mean?" asked Mary, archly, though without lifting her eye.

"That in only six months you will be my own dear wife."

Patience Worthington, who always appeared at the most unwelcome moment, crossed their path just then. As Ernest looked up from the delicate work about which he was *helping* Mary by *retarding* all her movements, he met a glance from that strange face that chilled him by its malignity.

"It seems to me, Mary, that your grand-mother dislikes me," he said, seriously; "I have often noticed her watching me with a curious expression, almost like hatred. I hope I give her no cause to hate me—she cannot know what I have disclosed to you."

"She cannot, and she shall not!" replied Mary.

"She is, you know, extremely proud, sometimes, I think, fearfully so—I would not have her acquainted with those facts, yet. In the years to come I care not who knows them."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when a letter was given her—postmarked London.

"It is from Beatrice"—she cried, joyfully; "stay till I go to my room and read it—I will see you again."

"O! Ernest, sorrowful, sorrowful news;" she exclaimed, coming back directly—"it is a short letter—Beatrice wrote it with her own hands—she is sick—very sick; dying, perhaps. See, look at the unsteadiness of these lines—hear this—"

"Dear cousin, you will not refuse this, the last wish I may ever breathe to you. Come to me—I must have some dear home-friend at my side, if I must die—by all our sweet enjoyments, by all the love we bore each other, I conjure you to come to me. I fear I cannot live many months; the doctor—my friends say so—if you would soothe my last hour—come to me; I cannot die in peace unless you do."

"Poor Beatrice"—murmured Mary, tears raining down her cheeks; "so gifted, beautiful and happy—must she die?"

"Will you go, Mary?" asked Ernest, looking at her, while a singular presentiment took possession of his mind.

"O! it is a terrible thing to think of, crossing that great ocean—but Ernest, Ernest—you would not have me refuse?"

"In the case of a dying friend," he murmured, still irresolute.

"And that friend a cousin; almost a sister, nay, to my heart, quite a sister," she continued, her lips trembling as she pictured the sick bed of Beatrice, surrounded by strangers, perhaps hirelings."

"I would not put a straw in your way, Mary—I only wish you were not bound, by your word to Mrs. Worthington. I wish we were married, Mary, and could go together."

"That, you know, would be quite impossible, Ernest, dear; besides, your book must come out, as you are under contract, and if you went, it might be considered a forfeiture of your honor. No, Ernest, trust me to God; I am not afraid! He will take care of me. Still how sad I feel! so oppressed like! Do you? you look so melancholy. Why, Ernest, you are not so brave as I."

In vain the young man strove to shake off the gloom that clung to him; strove to think it was his anticipated separation that cast a shadow over the future; something whispered, "it is beyond that, beyond that;" and he could not be happy. As often as he met, Mary after that, during her preparation, the same inexplicable foreboding stole over him; till, at last, he could scarcely contemplate her departure with fortitude.

When Mary was fairly abroad on the blue ocean, only one unfortunate thing occurred to render her situation an unpleasant one. By some strange accident the trunk that contained her money was not aboard. She was positive she had seen it placed among the others, and carried from the house—but found, it could not be; and

mortifying as it was, she was obliged to be reconciled.

The voyage was a delightful one. Contrary to all established rules Mary was not sea-sick. She loved the motion of the heavy waves and called the great ship her cradle.

Often of calm evenings she sat on the deck, watching the world of waters, bounded by the horizon, full of flashing lights as were the heavens; gathering thoughts sacredly sweet about the heart, she treasured the last smile, the last pressure of the hand, and countless times did she reply to the remembered, "Be true to me, darling."

It was dark and cloudy the evening she landed in one of the London docks. Entering a room that a hack might be called, she was presently conducted to an elegant carriage, by the captain, and thought that by the glimmering light she discerned footmen in livery; but she was so oppressed with her thoughts, her heart beat so wildly with fear that Beatrice might be worse—might be dying—that she took little note of anything.

It seemed a long ride to her. At last they turned, and noiselessly the carriage rolled upon what appeared to be some soft substance.

This alarmed Mary; her cousin must be dangerously ill—else why this precaution?

The carriage stopped before a plain, brick edifice: as she ascended the steps leading to the massive door, it was thrown wide, and a blaze of light flashed full in her face. She was startled; but presently, observing a gentlemanly man bowing before her, she exclaimed in a subdued voice, "Does she live? am I in time? where shall I go that I may see her?"

The servant, who was sumptuously dressed, looked at her strangely, surveying her from head to foot, but merely said, "Will my lady go to the dressing-room? Abby, lead the lady to the dressing-room."

"Lead me directly to Lady Bentley," said Mary, bewildered by the profusion of lights, and the novelty of her situation; "I am a relative; I must see her instantly, if any one is allowed to speak to her."

For a moment the handsome servant stood aghast, then turned again to look at the speaker. Mary had pushed back her bonnet from her fair brow; the soft, light curls fell lavishly upon her flushed cheek; the extreme beauty of the stranger, the white hand resting on the carved balustrade, her silvery voice and lady-like manner, reassured Mrs. Abby.

"If you are very anxious to see my lady, and if you are the lady she has been expecting from America—she is in here—though I'm certain she gave orders, and my lord, too, that none should be admitted for an hour yet."

"She will admit me," said Mary, softly, a cold fear falling upon her heart.

The wide door swung back; the vast saloon blazed with light.

Mary stepped upon the threshold, and stood like one transformed into a statue.

For there, in the midst of such splendor that her eyes were pained to retain it for a moment—stood Beatrice; the fire of health in her eye, a

light carnation tint upon her exquisitely beautiful lips, while her cheeks, softly flushed, had not lost even a shade of their former roundness.

She was attired, too, as never before; jewels flashed from her brow, throat and arms, and into her robes of soft crimson, precious stones were elaborately wrought in minute and delicate flowers. At every turn of her head, long rays of vivid light struck out, giving a glory to her queenly beauty, that it almost awed one to contemplate.

So felt Mary, for a moment, a little moment, when every faculty, save that of seeing, seemed suspended. Her eyes were painfully rivetted upon her cousin, as Beatrice turned, and for the first time beholding her, sprang towards her, while the flash of her diamonds gave the room a supernatural brightness, she exclaimed—

"It is Mary, sweet Mary, my darling cousin. Why, love, I am delighted; you cannot tell how delighted I am to see you! and you have taken all this perilous voyage for my sake!"

But poor Mary stood almost fainting, supported only by one arm of Beatrice, and she could scarcely articulate, "Oh! Beatrice, Beatrice!"

"Come, we will go to your room," continued her cousin, half leading her along from one corridor to another, and they entered an apartment almost equalling in splendor the one they had just left.

In another moment, frightened at Mary's increasing pallor, she exclaimed, "you are not well dear cousin."

"Beatrice," said Mary, while her lips quivered and large tears began to fall, "Beatrice, you have deceived me."

"Now you refer to my letter; it was a foolish letter, written in a moment of weakness—but I assure you, dear cousin, I was seriously sick; it was a time with me when death was very near—indeed, almost expected."

Mary did not look up, or she would have seen the cheeks of her cousin gradually crimsoning, till they were painfully scarlet.

"For I have a dear little babe, Mary."

This softened Mary's heart; Beatrice averted her eyes as she glanced quickly up.

"Then," she exclaimed, "the danger is all over, and I may go home—immediately home."

"Do not be so willing to leave me," murmured Beatrice in a mournful tone—"I thought you loved me."

"And I do—you know I do, Beatrice—but I have left"—she checked herself suddenly.

Beatrice feigned not to notice her embarrassment. Stepping lightly to a rich damask curtain, she drew it aside by a silver cord, and there, lying on a beautiful couch, was a dress of white satin, embroidered with brilliants and an entire set of diamonds.

"These are all for you, Mary—say not a word," she added with a playful threat; "if you insist upon leaving me so very soon, I insist that you shall immediately set about arraying yourself in these, which I purchased expressly for you. Come, I will myself assist you, that is, I will look on while my little French girl makes your toilette—you will be so beautiful, dear Mary."

She touched a silver spring—Mary felt it was useless to object; she knew her cousin's deter-

mined spirit: she was in her power, but she shuddered all over with some nameless fear.

A bright-eyed brunette came in, and with a look of saucy independence, obeyed the commands of her mistress to "make the lady's toilette."

With a heavy heart, and like one in a dream, Mary suffered herself to be dressed, while Beatrice stood by making suggestions and advising alterations in the minutest points.

At last all was arranged; the diamonds were wreathed amid her fair curls, which by a few careless touches from the skilful hands of the little French maid, hung in simple elegance row above row around her pretty head.

Then lady Bentley leading her into her reception room, presented her to her husband. The nobleman seemed delighted to see her—she was a favorite of his—and soon engaged her in conversation upon home subjects.

It did not take Mary long to lay out for her future, while she remained in England, an exact plan of duty. She resolved to act with becoming dignity. Her short acquaintance with fashionable society had given her ease and elegance of manner in a high degree essential to the position now forced upon her; and when she again entered the sumptuous ball-room, leaning upon the arm of Lord James Bentley, every eye was in an instant riveted upon her.

Who was the stranger? who was the beautiful, beautiful stranger, the fresh unfaded English girl whom no one there had ever seen before? To many the questions remained unanswered—it was only at the last whispered round that it was a young American belle—a kinswoman of their lovely hostess.

As Mary moved quietly through the throng, she saw her cousin look in an opposite direction, and make a sign that was not merely one of recognition. Immediately a young and very handsome man hastened towards her, and was formally introduced as Lord Holliston. She marked that his eyes fell when he spoke to her, and his cheek grew very pale; she fancied even that she saw his hand tremble as he lifted his perfumed kerchief for a moment. When he spoke to her, so low, so soft, so timidly, she could not but wonder why his voice was so peculiarly suited to her ear alone; and meeting the glance of his large, melancholy-looking eyes, it flashed through her mind that she could see nothing in them but herself. Still it was only a conceit—what more could it be?

Throughout the entire evening, at intervals, he sought to engross all her attention—but there was still the same strange tremor, and every movement was fraught with delicacy. She certainly felt her woman's pride flattered a little by this unwonted notice, more especially as the young nobleman was certainly the most graceful and elegant man in the room.

Sometimes she met the glance of Beatrice, who appeared to be anxiously regarding them, but her beautiful face was instantly wreathed in smiles.

Engrossed by the surpassing splendor of everything around her, electrified by the unseen music whose soft measure seemed to float like the air around her, moving the centre of admiring notice and flattering comment, Mary forgot to think.

Indeed, she could not; so bewildering, almost intoxicating, was this first draught of high-born, English pleasure—and contrasted, too, with the monotonous life she had lately experienced on shipboard.

Patience, and Beatrice, the favorite grand-child, were skilful flatterers.

At her bedside, that night, Mary offered her simple evening prayer; but, alas! her heart wandered; and it was not till she spoke the name of her betrothed that a thrill, half of pleasure, half of pain, made her conscious of the solemn duty.

Long and painfully she thought, when her head touched the pillow, why was she here? It seemed like a dream, yet certainly so far a somewhat delightful one. She caught herself dwelling on the young nobleman's manner, Beatrice's strange expression—and then came the uncalled cloud upon her heart. And when she slept, she saw alternately her grand-mother, her cousin and Ernest; but the former two seemed planning against her peace; the latter heeded her not, but was sorrowful and very pale.

"I must go home," she murmured, thoughtfully, rising the next morning. Then she opened her trunk for the little box in which she kept dates, and a few notices clipped from journals, that she might ascertain, by herself, when she could return. Her heart failed her while she looked; it was not where she had placed it; where she was *sure* she had laid it the last time, the very last she opened the trunk. This gone—her money gone—what was she to think? She grew deadly pale—so many cherished little keepsakes were in each of those boxes.

Like the first flash of lightning to the conscious child, came a suspicion across her mind. It was agonising—her strength failed her, and she sank almost helpless upon her couch.

Not long did she remain so, however. "If I give way thus to fears, which pray God may prove baseless—I can never have the courage to win my way out of this trouble."

So, after a fervent prayer, she submitted as cheerfully as she could to the attentions and jargon of the little French girl, who was sent by Beatrice to assist her.

Descending to the breakfast room, she found that it was past eleven. Beatrice was there, looking quite pale; and Lord Bentley, it appeared to her, a little unhusband-like. She saw at a glance that Beatrice, the star unrivalled in society, did not make her home happy. Day after day she marked the crowds of distinguished personages that filled her cousin's drawing-rooms—men of letters, artists, lions—and some who seemed to her pure mind out of place in any honorable man's house.

Beatrice was an idol of the literati, but very dull by the side of her husband, whose tastes were wholly dissimilar to her own. Even her babe Beatrice saw but seldom; and then for a short period; but Mary, completely enraptured with his beauty, sat often with him, for in that silent room, with its hangings of delicate fawn, she could think of home.

Beatrice joined her there, one day, and to Mary's oft-repeated assertion that she must return shortly, she said—

"I shall not let you go till I have given young Holliston abundant time to win you for his bride."

Mary trembled—and the hand she laid upon her cousin's arm grew icy cold.

Beatrice continued earnestly—

"For, Mary, he has loved you since he first saw me."

"What can you mean, Beatrice?" faltered from the lips of the startled girl.

"Just what I say. He is a cousin of my husband's; soon after I became acquainted with him, he accidentally saw your miniature. He loved you immediately, and I painted your character in such flattering colors, as indeed you deserved, sweet cousin, that he has been absolutely dying to behold you."

"Beatrice—why was I—what does all this mean?" asked Mary, violently agitated.

"Nothing very alarming, except that an extremely handsome young man, of whom the greatest lady in the land might well be proud—a nobleman, with a fortune of a million, heir to some of the finest property in the suburbs, accomplished, youthful, and his own master, being an orphan, has chosen to love—nay, I might almost say, adore my sweet cousin Mary. O! how delighted grand-mother will be."

"Beatrice," said Mary, now quite pale, "stay, in pity, don't run on in this manner. Lord Holliston is, *can be*, nothing to me, for I assure you, solemnly, my heart is not my own; I am—engaged, Beatrice."

It was as much as the trembling girl could do to return the meaning look with which Beatrice regarded her; her full, dark eyes dilated, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip gave her beauty a sinister expression.

"Engaged! and you have told me nothing about it? Who is the gentleman, cousin? I assure you he must be rich, talented, handsome—everything, if he aspires to the honor of my cousin's hand."

"Your cousin, remember, is not, Beatrice, rich, proud, and beautiful," replied the fair girl with slight sarcasm, "but, Mary, portionless and humble in all her wants, even in her ambition. He, to whom I am engaged, has merit if not over much wealth; in my eyes, at least, he is rich, handsome, everything."

"Ernest Weston!" exclaimed Beatrice, contemptuously.

"How did you know?"

"I conjectured," replied Beatrice somewhat confused—"but, Mary, Mary, you will not throw yourself away on him, you will not disgrace yourself by marriage with Ernest Weston! For I have heard that his mother was murdered, and his father hung; and indeed I believe it is true."

"It is not true," said Mary, calmly; "and even if it were, it would have no effect upon my love; none whatever, I assure you, solemnly."

Beatrice shrank from her with horror; argued, wept, entreated; but Mary was unmoved; and her cousin grew angry. Mary was dependent; she had no money to carry her back; she begged her cousin to furnish her with means to return. Poor child! homesick and ill-advised, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Her haughty cousin relented so far as to promise her that if she would make her visit to the end of the season, and thus show her that she still loved her, she would aid her to return. To this poor Mary consented, for what other alternative had she? and retired to her room to write a long letter to Ernest, and her grand-mother.

Now fairly a prisoner, she determined to call up what fortitude she possessed, and all her self-reliance; to fortify herself against repeated attacks in a quarter where she dreaded them more than all her privations. She knew that her imperious cousin would use any artifice that would seem to justify her purpose—and oh! how ardently she prayed for strength to resist temptation.

It was as Mary expected: at all times, in all places, Lord Holliston followed her. He seemed to be laid under a spell. His eyes looked love unutterable; he truly adored, idolized her, as romantic youths often do idolize the objects of their first affections.

If she sung—and what enchantment is there sweeter than the voice?—he was enthralled past expression; his heart beat tumultuously, his hand shook as he turned over the music leaves; he could not control his countenance, which was now flushed, now pallid. Such entire consecration Mary could not wholly condemn, for she felt with the true instinct of woman that he really loved her. And when he stood beside her, with those beseeching eyes, and such reverence in every look, word and motion, though she was coldly civil to him, she could not be wholly unmoved; she pitied him. And then Beatrice was his constant mediator; was he not much handsomer than Ernest? Yes, Mary conceded that in one sense he was; was he not titled, perfectly unexceptionable in character—with thousands to lavish upon her? She would be mistress of a fine house and servants, of a splendid establishment—Lady Mary Holliston; and obtain a husband who would worship her.

Poor Mary! she was placed in a strange position—dazzled on one hand by splendor, beauty and wealth; thrown on the other in society she could not avoid, and where her sympathies were strongly enlisted, though her heart was unmoved. Great need had she often to pray that simple prayer of her childhood, "Our Father."

One night when the storm that raged without prevented company, Mary stood in the little blue room adjoining the parlor, alone. She was simply dressed in white, with a very rich flower that Beatrice had placed in the curls of her hair. Her heart ached; she was thinking of home. Ernest had not written, at least she had received no letter, and she had grown suspicious lately. She moved toward an inlaid stand, and carelessly taking up a rare copy of a little Cupid, in alabaster, fixed her eyes intently upon it, and sighed deeply.

Her sigh was echoed; turning, she was startled at sight of Lord Holliston; the little image fell from her hand, and was broken in fragments against the sharp edges of the stand.

"A bad omen!" he murmured, with his usually mournful smile.

Mary blushed, as she replied—

"A bad omen for me, for Lady Bentley has often told me how highly she valued this Cupid. I am very sorry that I have been so unfortunate as to break it."

"Say no more about it," he replied; "the mate is in my guardian's cabinet; it shall be replaced to-morrow."

Mary murmured her thanks, and for some moments there was a painful silence. Lord Holliston stood very near her, and it might be imagination, but she fancied she heard the beating of his heart.

"Will you sing for me?" at last he said. Mary, glad to escape, motioned to go towards the harp; but ere she passed him, the young man seized her hand respectfully, yet passionately, and implored her to listen to him for a moment. She gave him one glance, and was terrified at the appearance of his handsome face. It seemed as if extreme fear and agony were blended; the cheeks were white, and the whole expression more like that of a pleading criminal who had no hope of mercy, than a lover.

He led her to a seat, and in faltering words told her his love. He was eloquent, though it was the eloquence of look and manner more than of words.

Again, with her whole soul, she pitied him; dreaded to dash the cup, he held to his lips so fondly, to the ground.

"Do not tell me there is no hope," he exclaimed as she was about to speak; "I feel that it would be my ruin. I cannot help it that I love you so; let me tell it in simple language, the language that my heart dictates. When I saw the little miniature that Lady Beatrice had in her possession, from that moment I was unhappy. Among all the crowds of beautiful women, I had met none that pleased me; but at that first sight an indescribable feeling took possession of my soul, and I knew it was love. Mary, forgive me for calling you Mary. Unutterable emotions possess my heart whenever I think of you; your sweet image is shrined away in the holiest niche of my memory. To me you seem something angelic; radiant with a divine light—oh! why do I say all this? I cannot tell—Mary: you must see how my very existence is bound up in your answer: life or death."

Mary was startled; shrank from him.

"I do not mean that I would destroy the life given me, but if that life was worth preserving, why did God let me see you? No—no—I mean that without you, my heart will not let me live; my heart itself will break."

This was so mournfully spoken, that the tears sprang to her eyes; she restrained them not, but averted her face, while they fell silently over her cheeks.

"You look from me; it would not be so were there hope; you answer me not—it is best; I cannot hear your lips pronounce that you do not love me; if it is so, keep that silence." She felt his hand tremble, her very soul seemed to dissolve in pity; it was well that the manly form, the noble face of her betrothed, were before her then—woman forgets much where she pities; but Mary could not forget her plighted troth.

He arose from his seat.

"Forgive me," he said in an altered tone; and held forth his hand; "I shall leave England," he added, with a strange kind of laugh, "but I shall find no home, no rest anywhere."

The next day Mary was pale and dispirited; longing more than ever to return.

"Holliston's guardian returned yesterday," said Lord Bentley—"he has been absent now five years."

"The Marquis Enfeldt, is it not?" enquired Beatrice.

Enfeldt!—the name sounded very familiar to Mary, and as she went about, she repeated it often—Enfeldt, Enfeldt. At last suddenly it occurred to her that that name was on an old, musty piece of paper which she had cherished, because it was her mother's; and it was in that little missing box.

The mystery of the boxes, and the unwillingness of her cousin that she should return, together with her pity for her young suitor, and grief that Ernest wrote her no letters, prayed upon her spirits, and by the time the vessel sailed, in which she was to return, a slow fever prostrated her on a bed of sickness. An anxious mind is a burden that cannot long be sustained; and Mary was but a delicate girl.

CHAPTER XV.

ERNEST'S TRIUMPH.

Ernest had just read the last sheet of proof, and the dusky office was rapidly growing darker. He stretched his arms, stood up to his full stature, and threw his pen on the desk.

Without, there was a very melancholy rain, that is, a sort of drifting, sifting mist, that should not properly be called rain. For when the great drops come tumbling and pattering, plashing against the window-pane, and rattling along the roof, there is a comfort in listening, watching, and even in feeling their kindly pelting; but a dirty drizzle, a "Scotch uncomfortable," is something akin to a nuisance, speaking as mortals view such things.

"At length it is done," he said, but still he looked neither pleased or satisfied. He took it up listlessly, placed it with other sheets, within the folds of a newspaper; and then, as if some sudden thought overcame him, threw himself in his leathern-cushioned chair, and pressed his hands slowly again and again over his brow. Then he would sit for a while, his eyes fixed on vacancy, anon shaking his head, while his lips moved with a nervous motion, and anon he would sigh so heavily that his shoulders were lifted and then depressed with a quick, startling motion; indeed, it seemed as if the breath came strangely through his clenched teeth.

His meditation, or whatever engaged his mind, appeared to affect him more intensely, the longer he sat; till, finally, he began rocking his body, as strong men will sometimes, when giving visible expression to their grief.

He sprang to his feet, muttering—

"I will have proof!" The darkness had increased: the rain came down louder and more steadily. He took his hat, buttoned closely his thin coat, forgetful that a thicker hung on a peg behind

him, and emerged from the gloom into a scarcely lighted thoroughfare.

He left his package in a little, dingy bookshop, that smelt musty, and suggested thoughts of mice and other domestic vermin.

The little lame boy stared at him from under the one dim lamp, as if he saw trouble in his face. It was ghastly.

Hurrying forth again, this time shivering, he wended his way towards the residence of the Worthingtons.

He rang, and according to request was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Patience Worthington. She received him as usual, with haughty coldness, and perhaps did not condescend to notice how flushed and yet haggard was the young man's face, as he strove in vain to compose himself. Any heart but that of one grown strong in pride would have pitied him, for the workings of that most terrible of all emotions, suspense, were visible in his fine countenance.

"You received letters to-day?" at length he said, hurriedly.

"I received but one," was the reply, with cold emphasis.

"That one I—I—it was of course from——"

"From my grand-child, Miss Mary Worthington, who, I am proud to say, is destined to fill a station quite equal in importance to that of my noble Beatrice."

"Mrs. Worthington," said the young man, striving in vain to steady his voice, "these vague hints and signs of mystery which you have lately thrown out, must be embodied in a more tangible form, before I will understand them. Do you mean to say that Mary, my Mary, (here she turned upon him a look of contempt) has proved false to the vows that you yourself sanctioned?"

"If my grand-daughter thinks fit to change her mind," said Patience slowly, "and choose for her husband a peer of the realm, instead of the poor son of poverty and disgrace, it is no business of mine."

A thousand fires raged in the young man's breast; he struggled to be calm—struggled, oh! how fearfully!

And yet he found voice to say in a firm tone, "Mrs. Worthington, though you have been to my Mary a mother, and I respect you as such, I must have more direct proof of her falsehood—that word coupled with Mary's name"—he suddenly exclaimed in a burst of anguish—then recollecting himself, he added—"more direct proof than even your word. To be sure, I have had no letters, but there have been such means as suppression and duplicity used before to-day. If I am the victim of a base plot—God forgive the perpetrators."

He trembled violently.

Anger flashed from those keen, bright eyes. Patience Worthington stood erect, and fixedly regarded the young man, whose glance fell not beneath her own. Even in the midst of his varied emotions, he could not but notice the striking attitude of that vindictive old woman—vindictive, perhaps, towards none but him; he thought there was a sort of grandeur in her bearing, that must once have made her queenly indeed, if report was true about her beauty.

"Young man," she said, all her ire kindled by his resolute manner, "you have doubted my word, the word of a Worthington. I would have spared your feelings; but since you *dare* me to produce proof, look at these—and these; did my foolish child ever call them sacred? Hoard them with hidden treasures! smile over them! dream on them!"

Ernest grew frightfully pale—livid; he took the little curl which Mary had playfully severed from his own temples, and laid it on the shaking palm of his hand; he seized the package of letters, his sacred thoughts to her, and his miniature, with the delicate chain, his first gift; and then when Patience Worthington sank back in her seat, overcome with some remorseful feeling, and read with her determined way, while her voice was faint, portions of a letter from Beatrice—there he stood—ghastly, his form towering higher and higher, pride and indignation swelling his heart to bursting—white, passionless and haughty in demeanor, yet in his soul raving like a madman—in his soul annihilating himself, Patience, Mary; tearing some world into atoms; his blood boiling through his veins, and leaping like lightning.

He turned slowly to leave the room—a revulsion of feeling passed over him; his feet felt weak, his limbs trembled; it was with an effort he lifted his hat to his head. He stumbled through the hall, though a broad light spanned it from arch to arch; he felt vaguely like a blind man for the door knob, though it shone like a star before him. Out into the storm, which had steadily increased, he hurried; it beat upon him; he had forgotten his umbrella—nor once did he think of it as he traversed street after street, passing and re-passing his boarding-house, striving to hurry from himself, groaning audibly and praying God that he might die—there, anywhere!—"only God let me die!"

What was honor—fame, wealth, to him now?

All night he walked his chamber, till towards morning; the burning fever consequent on his imprudent exposure, drank up his strength; he sank panting, trembling on his couch, and prayed to be taken home, saying to himself, while already strange thoughts and uncouth phantoms flitted through his brain—"it will be so much sweeter to die there! Mary loved me there!"

Launy filled the house with lamentations when her pet, her pride, was brought home so helpless, that he was carried to the room in the new cottage which was to have been his bridal chamber, like a helpless child.

Old Sile Withers took his stand by his poor boy's bedside, and left it neither day nor night.

In his delirium the young man disclosed all his passion, all his heart-rending disappointments. His stern, rough uncle—the quaint doctor, who ever heard him, wept when he folded his thin hands so piteously, and looking out from his hollow eyes, exclaimed:

"How could you, my Mary, how could you deceive me? Was not thy promise made before Heaven? O! would God—*would* God I had died for thine honor, thy truth!

"What is true, Mary, if thou art false? Is Heaven? are the angels? You *promised* me. I

tremble for you, Mary—all Heaven heard it, Mary—yes, all Heaven, (solemnly and tenderly) and the great Holy God Himself.

"Come back, my love, (in tones of plaintive, soft entreaty;) for the sake of your plighted troth come back.

"O! turn her eyes from him—turn her head from him—how can I see the maddening sight? Her head on the bosom of another."

And with the most harrowing groans, he would exclaim, "Let go her hand, villain—but I forget—she consents. Can I touch him whom Mary loves? I forgive you, forgive—;" faint and weak would he sink down, almost dying.

From day to day Doctor Pillow gave his convictions more seriously; and after the turn of the fever, the young man laid listlessly gazing around him; so still and patient was he, he had less hope than before.

"Foolish boy!" he said half in anger, half in sorrow, "here he's jest lettin' his heart break in this fashion for a worthless gal—I'd be peppered afore I'd do it." And he turned on his heel to bite his lips and force back the tears.

"You comfort me much," the invalid would whisper to minister Farrell, who often bent over him; "your prayers are sweet—prayer means something with me now—I have given up the world. Once"—his lips trembled, he ceased to speak.

During his nephew's sickness, old Sile had become thoughtful, even reverent. Not once in the sick room had he uttered his favorite "blast." He had grown as tender as a woman in his manner, and more than once did he go by himself to offer a rude prayer for the recovery of his noble boy.

One bright afternoon, when the heat glowered in the sky, and twinkled upon the meadows, the old man put on his hat and moved slowly out of the cottage down the road.

It was a rusty hat he wore, an uncouth suit of dingy brown, both too large and too small—too wide and too narrow. The farmer had cared little for outward appearance all his life; he cared less now.

The old man moved along very slowly, muttering in his fashion; and every little while you would hear the words, "hard affair—got to I die, 'spose—snug little place built, too—snug little sum laid by;" then looking cautiously round, he said aloud, as if it relieved him of the weight on his heart, "blame the girl."

In the distance a chaise loomed in sight—it came nearer, rattled up; old Sile saw a very white hand pressed upon a dark coat sleeve; bewildered he heard a soft voice, and planted himself almost in the middle of the road.

The chaise stopped so suddenly that the lady was thrown back in her seat, but recovering herself, she held out that white hand imploringly, exclaiming, "Oh! Uncle Sile, how is he? Is Ernest living yet? do answer me—say he lives!"

The farmer stood irresolute; peering from her face to that of the cadaverous stranger by her side, "Is it Mary?" he asked, "is it Mary Worthington?"

"Yes, Mary!—back again—we arrived only yesterday—Ernest is better, is he not? well, or—almost?"

The expression of her face betokened anguish, and yet she seemed striving to conceal some emotion, trying to look, as it were, unconcerned.

Uncle Sile put his cane hard on the ground. "The boy's badly," he said, turning away, his great lip quivering; "he's badly; and it's I that say it—he's been treated worse 'n a brute;" and he walked hastily away from the carriage, muttering, "it aint proper to let her see him, and unless things is right it 'll kill him if they do;" then turning again, he hurried after the receding chaise.

Lanny gave a loud scream as she met Mary, but seeing a strange gentleman at her side, she shrank back, seeming undecided how to greet her. However, she led them both into the neat parlor, and then breathlessly obeying Mary's look rather than voice or sign, went by herself into Ernest's apartment.

Even then she dared not tell the invalid; she whispered a few words to minister Farrell, who nodded, and then rose from his seat violently agitated.

Meanwhile, Mary sat in the parlor composedly talking with the stranger, but looking quite pale. The latter, with a sarcastic smile, commented upon several things they had seen on their way thither; but when Lanny came to the door, and said, in a subdued tone, "You alone, if you please," to Mary, he started to his feet.

"I will be but a few moments, at the most," Mary exclaimed, calmly, moving close to his side; "do not fear to trust me."

He sat nervously down at this, and Mary followed Lanny.

As she entered the sick room, a change came over her countenance, her strength deserted her, and she almost fell into the outstretched arms of the old minister, who, by a sign, compelled silence.

The curtains at the foot of the bed were adjusted carefully that the sick man might see nothing that was passing; but after the minister had whispered a word to the trembling girl, he consigned her to Lanny, upon whom she leaned, and stepped softly round to Ernest.

Drawing the curtain, he said, as Ernest looked up at him—

"I am afraid you are too ill to hear joyful news."

With that instinctive foreboding which sometimes flashes over the soul, the young man exclaimed—

"What! has Mary come?"

"Don't keep me from him longer!" shrieked the poor girl, almost hysterically; and before another word could be spoken, she had sank down at his bedside, while he, with almost supernatural strength, half threw himself from the couch, and twined his feeble arms about her, saying, with all the strength he could command—

"True still, my Mary, still?"

"Yes," she sobbed, completely overcome, and not daring to look upon the ravages disease had made, "true still—thank God—yours for ever."

"Uncle, where is uncle, Mr. Farrell? Strength has come upon me," exclaimed Ernest, the light of hope breaking over his features; "place my pillow, so I may sit up—I can bear it; don't

fear for me now—oh! Mary, Mary, sit down by me; I rejoice still with trembling; I cannot understand it yet; your silence—that letter about your—your—marriage—the tokens returned. Is my brain still weak? do I wander? can it be that you are beside me? Where is all this to end? Indeed, my child, I cannot bear a second struggle."

"My poor Ernest," said Mary, shudderingly, as she gazed upon the wreck before her, "we have both been grievously deceived. I must tell you all in as few words as possible, I have so little time. You heard that I was married to Lord Holliston—perhaps you heard, also, that I had found my father. The latter report is true—the former—oh! Ernest, could you think it?"

"I have been obliged to use stratagem in order to get out here. Long before I went to England, Beatrice and my grand-mother formed a plan to separate us—may they be forgiven—all our letters have been intercepted, and two of my most valuable packages were abstracted from my travelling trunks by means of false keys. When I realized this deception—" she exclaimed with an expression of grief; "but I must hurry on."

"I cannot recount the harrowing scenes in which I have been forced to participate. I will pass over Beatrice's uncousinly conduct, Lord Holliston's persecuting attentions, and briefly tell you—I have told you already, though," she laughed a little, "that I have found my father."

"He was Lord Holliston's guardian—Marquis Enfeldt, and is at this moment under this roof. Strangely enough, my proud grand-mother received him with open arms when she saw him again. Oh! Ernest, she forgot—she must have forgotten—his treatment of my angel mother—still he is my father. He seems penitent for his desertion of my mother—and, thank God! it is not as has been generally supposed—my mother was united to him in honorable marriage. I need no longer go aside to weep, and wonder at my grand-mother's strange conduct, when I allude to my father. Many a bitter pang has it cost me—but I fear my sorrows are not yet over. My father fancies what he is pleased to call my English style of beauty. He exercises the most careful watchfulness over me. He is not rich, but he is influential; and he has determined that I shall still marry Lord Holliston. What can I do? I am not yet of age, and in his power. My grand-mother was almost violent when she knew where I was coming, and would gladly have prevented me—and, oh! my poor friend! I can now account for my missing treasures," she added, with a burning cheek, "they were so cunningly abstracted. I have learned all—how the miniature, the letters, the ringlet, were returned. How could you think me faithless?"

Ernest said not a word. It seemed strange enough now, with that dear form beside him, and that sweet face looking into his, that he did suspect; and he even gave a little weak laugh in memory of his credulity.

"Time passes," exclaimed the fair girl, starting up, but Ernest would not let her hand go; "my father will come for me," she shuddered; "what am I to do? how act for the future? Advise me, dear minister; you, who have been the

truest father to me, what am I to do? Can you not help me?"

"Yes, I can," he gravely replied.

"How, then?" she asked, breathlessly.

The minister looked towards Ernest, and then again at Mary.

"My child," he said, gently as a father would, "you need not go from here."

She started as his meaning broke on her mind. A painful uncertainty sat on her face; yet her cheeks flushed—she trembled.

"Dare I?" she questioned her heart, looking modestly down.

The sick man folded his wan hands—closed his eyes. It may be he was supplicating in her behalf—asking the Father to give her strength.

The old minister took her by the hand and turned towards Ernest. "His life is in the balance," he said solemnly; "if it is worth saving, you may save it."

Mary bent her pure forehead—tears came raining down her cheeks. "He must not die," she said, in a whisper; then louder, and in broken tones, she added, "I will dare—and brave all."

"Then join your right hands," he said, going softly to the door, and calling in Lanny and the old farmer. He moved quickly towards Ernest and Mary, and impressively performed the marriage service.

Mary was free.

Ernest spoke not, but, rapturously smiling, he held both her hands to his bosom; his pale lips moved. "My noble wife, my own," he murmured.

Mary still wept silently. She could not realize that she was now at liberty. Lanny cried outright; the good minister wiped the moisture from his spectacles, and slyly from his eyes, and old Sile completely transformed his face in his efforts to keep it unchanged.

Minister Farrell now went to seek the marquis. He was impatiently walking the floor.

"Where is my daughter?" he asked quickly, almost fiercely.

"This way, if you please," and the marquis followed the dignified pastor into the sick room. What a scene met his gaze!

Ernest, with a hopeful face, still held the hand of his bride in both of his. Mary sat timidly leaning towards him, looking, at the same time, towards her father like a frightened child. The haughty marquis glared around him.

"Mary," he exclaimed, sternly, "what does this mean? False girl! what of your promise? Strange conduct, this, for the daughter of a peer."

"I am his wife—they are married," broke simultaneously from the lips of Mary and the minister; then there was a dead silence.

In vain the marquis essayed to speak—his blue lips refused their office. Mary cowered closer to her husband; she had little love for her father, at the best, and she felt there was protection in Ernest's very weakness.

Impotent to vent his rage except by the flashing of his fierce eyes, Marquis Enfeldt, with a glance of scorn, turned, hurried from the apartment, and in another moment his carriage wheels rattled furiously away.

"Blamed glad he's gone," broke, honestly, from the old farmer's lips, and every wrinkle in his face seemed laughing.

That night a letter came to Mary. Her father, her grand-mother had disowned her. She read it with almost a proud smile; then murmured—

"God will yet allow me to behold my grand-mother in penitence."

And but few years ago might be seen, in Mary's beautiful home, a lovely though faded creature, with her young son, seated in the grand parlor, telling tales of old England to the little, golden-haired Mary—Ernest's household treasure—his rarest. It was Beatrice, brought low by reverses, which it is needless to mention, but which were the result of her own thoughtlessness and pride.

And in a chamber, surrounded by splendor, sat a poor, emaciated form, all day and all night blessing Mary for her kind offices, and a thousand times begging her to forgive the past.

It was Patience Worthington, again with her grand-children; but behold the change from arrogant pride to humility.

She was no longer haughty, save when she listened to the praise that the world bestowed on her author-son.

Farmer Sile Withers lies in the village churchyard. So do Lanny and the good pastor.

It is rumored in the fashionable world that "Lady Bentley, whose husband is dead, you know, is soon to be married to L——, that smart lawyer, that so many have been trying to win; and you know (of course) that he was her early lover."

Patience Worthington is growing childish. If you speak to her of minister Farrell, she will lift a delicate ivory box, and taking from thence a soft tress of raven hair, say to you—

"He sent it to me from his death-bed."

It was a lock of her own hair. The minister had treasured it for fifty-eight long years.

But the imbecile smile will fade away, the old flash come to her eye for a moment, the old mien to her form, when a caller chances to say—

"What two very good and very beautiful grand children you have been blessed with, Mrs. Worthington!"

ETIQUETTE.

It is related of a young Austrian prince who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch, according to etiquette, because the officer whose duty it was to carve was very ill; it was necessary to summon the next officer in rank, but he was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would sooner have died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have an under garment put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
 The humble and the poor,
 Where sits the patriarch of the fields
 Before his cottage door:
 The lark is singing in the sky,
 The swallow in the eaves
 And love is beaming in each eye
 Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
 Supplies unpurchased health,
 And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers
 More dear to him than wealth!
 Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
 Around his humble cot,
 And happy nights and cheerful days
 Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell
 Rings out upon the gale,
 The father bows his head to tell
 The music of its tale—
 A fresher verdure seems to fill
 The fair and dewy sod,
 And every infant tongue is still,
 To hear the word of God!

O, happy hearts!—to Him who stills
 The ravens when they cry,
 And makes the lily 'neath the hills
 So glorious to the eye—
 The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
 His labors with increase;
 Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
 And all such "paths are peace!"

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.*

AIR—"The Little House under the Hill."

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."—
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flap-
 ping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."—
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer
 wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
 wonder?"—

"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush
 under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your
 stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coo-
 lun?'"—

There's a form at the casement—the form of her
 true love—

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting
 for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
 lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
 brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fin-
 gers,
 Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet lin-
 gers;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
 mother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with
 the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her
 lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
 swings;

Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ring-
 ing and moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moon-
 light are roving.

*The idea of this song is evidently taken from Beranger's
 "La Mere Aveugle."

HOME SONG.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case,
 And store the spools away,
 And lay the muslin rolls in place;
 My task is done to day;
 For, like the workman's evening bell,
 A sound hath met my ears,
 The gate-click by the street doth tell
 Papa has come, my dears.
 Bear off the toy-box from the floor—
 For yonder chair make room;
 And up, and out—unbar the door,
 And breathe his welcome home;
 For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
 When Home's best pleasures rally;
 And I will clasp my darling boy,
 While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat, and gloves, and bring
 The slippers, warm and soft,
 While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring
 In those loved arms, aloft,
 And let each nook some comfort yield—
 Each heart with love be warm,
 For him, whose firm, strong hands shall shield
 The household gods from harm.
 Our love shall light the gathering gleam;
 For, o'er all earthly hope,
 We cherish first the joys of home;
 A glad, rejoicing group.
 And through the twilight hour of joy,
 We turn from toil; to dally
 With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
 And gaily fondle Allie.

BUFFALO, August 30th, 1863.

MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.—No. 2.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;"
A barren press "repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

It would be both cruel and uncourteous to snuff out the feeblest spark of kindling genius—smoke precedes flame, and the loveliest flower, in its infancy, is but an unsightly bulb; yet from these, as from all beginnings founded upon just laws and true principles, great and beautiful results follow. It was not our object, in the last essay, to "put an extinguisher" upon the young poet, nor yet to curb his ambition, nor even to blot out from his view all hope of kneeling, one day, at Apollo's shrine, to rise with the victor's laurel upon his brow. No, we check not the poet, but we curb the pretender; we quench not the spirit of Genius, but pour cold water upon lifeless and smouldering embers; we discourage not a first effort, however feeble, if it promises future greatness, but we frown down the bold and vulgar intrusion of those who attempt to step, with no further warrant than that of Presumption, into that select circle where the learned, the refined, the sensitive and the high-minded children of Learning and Poesy alone are privileged to move!

To this large crowd we do not wish to address ourselves—they would neither heed, nor understand us. Let them still intrude themselves on the reading and literary world from which their highest reward is laughter or pity, as wanting so much even of self-knowledge as would enable them to discover their own weakness, or their strength, if they have any—for it does not follow that the "gentleman" or the "lady" who does not succeed at a good epic, or even a good song, may not make a good grocer, or a good milliner. In the world of letters, as in another, "the wheat and the tares must grow together," and surely there are many lost, unheard, and unseen in the bustle, scramble and noise of the multitude—for true genius and merit are always backward and retiring—to whom our cautions and instructions, trifling though they be, may come as a most acceptable and welcome boon.

It is for you, then, ye few retiring, modest, heaven-inspired, scattered children of the heaven-born Muse we address ourselves: it is to you we consecrate the best, the first, the freest offering we can lay upon the altar of Taste, Talent and Learning! The gift, we know, is but a poor one, but it is what a literary life, some degree of scholarship, a good deal of general reading in our own and other languages have enabled us to do—with what utility, judgment and taste it will be for others to decide.

If, however, it serve even as an imperfect clue to the recesses of the labyrinth wherein is hidden that deep, clear, but mystic, "Pierian spring," for which you thirst with so much eagerness, we shall be more than rewarded when we see you return refreshed, invigorated and inspired:—learned but not boastful, talented but humble. In introducing you to the studio, we are anxious that it should be well stocked with good Models,

selected from the best sources. And here we must suppose you unacquainted with those of Greece and Rome—a supposition founded only on the fact of your wretched attempts at poetry; for to be imbued with classical learning implies an amount of knowledge and taste which would be at least a sufficient safeguard against your committing yourself before the world in "black and white" till you know what you were talking about—and come at once to the fact that for the present you must fall back upon those of *English Literature*—that is, the *fine literature* of the English language. And here you have at least the satisfaction and the pride that you are drawing upon no foreign source for the supply of your wants. The English language is as much yours by birth-right as if you were born within the sound of "Bow Bells," in London, that is, a *cockney*. It is the language of the forefathers of the present English race who were no less your forefathers, whose language has been adopted by all the children of other nations who have adopted this land as their's, and who are now being blended into one grand Anglo-American mass, destined to work out the greatest social, political and literary problem that has engaged the attention of the human race since that first flash of divine, simple, sublime eloquence reverberated through the chaos of the universe, and made the confusion visible by its power!—LET LIGHT BE AND LIGHT WAS!

The earliest poet of whom our annals give any account is a gentleman, named Coedmon, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and who was occupied in the romantic and meditative calling of a cowherd, but who, like many of our modern poets, could neither read nor write. He was, according to custom, challenged, one night, in his master's hall, for an extempore verse or two of a song, but being unable to gratify the company, he slunk out, and went disgraced and sorrowful to the stable-loft to sleep. He was not long asleep, however, when a stranger appeared to him, saying, "Coedmon, sing me something," to which Coedmon replied that he would not, because he could not; but the stranger would not be put off, and so urged his point, till the cowherd was out of patience and desired to know what he would have him sing if he must comply with so unreasonable a demand as that of compelling a bird to sing which could not sing: to which the stranger replied, "Sing the creation!" and forthwith Coedmon began to sing, and taking everything into the account, sang a very decent song for that time of day. This surprised every one next morning, as well as himself, and, leaving his master and the cows, he became a monk of Whitby, where, if he did not serve the brethren well as a poet, he doubtless must have been very useful about their farm and dairy! This, then, was the first poet who wrote *by inspiration* in our language; it was, as you see, *quite a miracle*, but miracles, small and large, were not so rare in those days as now—so I would not have you depend much upon Coedmon as a model. And from his time, the middle of the seventh century down to the middle of the sixteenth, I am sorry to say that that long period is equally barren of interest to the young composer of poesy,

though it is a field of extensive and deep interest to the scholar and philologist. It is, however, worthy of remark that, during this whole time, we find not one single instance of literary remains, except that one little miracle of Coedmon, which does not come from the pens of the highly educated. We have literary remains only from nobles, clergy and crowned heads! It is to be borne in mind that education was confined to these classes alone at that early period, and that even among them it was not widely diffused, for many of the clergy could neither read nor write, nor were noblemen and gentlemen farther advanced in mental culture than those who are too often blamed for keeping the key of knowledge hidden from the people; but I must say that if we are to judge by the history of the times, we are compelled to admit that if they held any key at all, it was that of some old chest whose lock had become so rusty as to refuse to yield to all their own efforts, and whose contents were as much a mystery to the priests, generally speaking, as to the people. They were a set of ignorant ascetics, groping in darkness and buried in the dark, dismal graves and dungeons which Ignorance had dug to hide its shame and its follies from the light of day and from the sunshine of God! Holding, then, education as the grand prerequisite, I shall in my future essays endeavor to show you the way, at least; and whilst pointing out your difficulties and impediments in the age and country in which you live, I trust I shall be able to give you such encouragement as may prove to you that laurels may be still won by him who knows how to arm himself, and is bold enough to take the field. In the meantime, let me call your attention to the following models. It is expected that you will do much more than read them:—

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1558.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone.
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will shame you all!

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

Her roseate color comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

O, Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair!

Truly she doth so far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly flower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

This gift alone I shall her give:
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

THE LITTLE MOLES.

FROM A LIVING POET.

When grasping tyranny offends,
Or angry bigots frown;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down;
When statesmen form unholy league
To drive the world to war;
When knaves in palaces intrigue
For ribbons and a star;
We raise our heads—survey their deeds,
And cheerily reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a freeman's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting naught;
When round their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom:—
We think of God's eternal love
And strong in hope reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town,
Depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown—
Pander to prejudice unclean,
Apologize for crime,
And daub the vices of the mean
With flattery like slime;
For MILTON's craft—for SHAKESPEARE's
tongue
We blush, but yet reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When smug philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn, poor sagelings of a day!
Its too prolific birth;
And prove by figure, rule, and plan
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its ball:
We view the vineyards on the hill,
Or cornfields waving high:—
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When men complain of human kind
In misanthropic mood,
And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good;
When, walled in prejudices strong,
They urge that ever more
The world is fated to go wrong
For going wrong before:
We feel the truth they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

GAMMA.

SEWING SOCIETIES vs. BENEVOLENCE.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent had been paying a visit to Mrs. Barker, the new minister's wife, as she was termed. As they were about leaving, Mrs. Ellis remarked—

"I suppose, Mrs. Barker, we shall see you at our sewing society, to-morrow afternoon. It meets at my house."

"I rather think not," was Mrs. Barker's reply.

"No!" ejaculated both the ladies at once.

"You will be expected there," continued Mrs. Nugent. A great many were disappointed because you were not at our last one, and some, I must add, were not a little displeased at it; but I plead for you, assuring them that probably you did not exactly understand its object."

"I am sorry to disappoint or displease any of my friends," replied Mrs. Barker, "yet I cannot conscientiously take part in a sewing society."

"You cannot! and why not?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Surely, our pastor's wife ought to set us an example in this respect. She should be the last to object to engaging in works of benevolence."

"In those that are really such, Mrs. Ellis; but to injure one portion of our fellow creatures for the sake of benefiting others, can hardly be termed benevolence."

"I should like you to show me how sewing societies can injure any one," remarked Mrs. Nugent. "I always thought them a great benefit."

"I thought so too, once, my dear friends, but recent observations and reflection have led me to think differently. The object of your society, I believe, is to pay off the church debt, is it not?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Ellis, "and in this way many persons are enabled to help us that otherwise would not, or could not, give us a cent. There's Anna Howell, for instance; last month she embroidered us two beautiful little dresses—each of them sold for two dollars and a half—the materials for both cost, I believe, about three dollars; so it was equal to her giving us two dollars."

"She is a dress-maker, and has generally, I believe, as much work as she can do, and I suppose, in the time it took her to embroider those dresses, she could have earned as much, if not more, at her regular work. Would it not have been just as easy, then, for her to have given you two dollars in money, as in the way she did?"

"But she would never have given it in money. To tell the truth, I do not suppose she could afford it, for she has her mother and a little sister to do for, and I guess they need all she earns."

"With such persons, Mrs. Ellis, time is money."

"Oh! yes; but then she did these 'between times,' as we say."

"When she needed rest and recreation for her exhausted frame, no doubt. But who purchased these little dresses?"

"Mrs. English, the banker's wife; the wealthiest and, I believe, at the same time, the mean-

est woman in the city. We have asked her several times to give us something for our church, but she has invariably refused us. Any little fancy articles, however, that we have for sale, and that she wants, she will take. It was to reach such people that we started our sewing society. There, you see, is where we have the advantage. Surely, their purchasing such things cannot in the least injure the poor!"

"I am not so sure of that, Mrs. Nugent. Do you suppose Mrs. English would have bought those dresses, or have had them made, if she had not got them from you?"

"Oh! yes; she was just going out to get the materials for them, as we called."

"Who do you suppose would have made them?"

The entrance of another visitor prevented a reply to this question. The person who entered was Mrs. Toyville, the senior deacon's wife, a lady who was universally esteemed for her piety and benevolence, but who, like Mrs. Barker, had very little faith in the usefulness of fairs, sewing societies, and all similar projects of benevolence. As Mrs. Toyville seated herself in the chair tendered to her by Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent cast knowing glances at each other, which seemed to say, "Ah! we know now how to account for Mrs. Barker's prejudices." But in this they were mistaken; the two ladies had never conversed together upon the subject. It was not long before Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent rose to depart, but Mrs. Toyville detained them, saying that she had that morning received applications for pecuniary assistance from two or three of the poorer members of the church, whom she was about to visit, and would be much pleased for them to accompany her; Mrs. Barker, too, if she could. Mrs. Barker was obliged to decline going, having home duties to attend to that ought not to be neglected. Ministers' wives sometimes have home duties as well as other people. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent, who were known as very benevolent ladies, at once expressed their willingness to accompany Mrs. Toyville in her errand of mercy. Ten minutes' walk through narrow lanes and alleys brought them to a small frame house, the situation of which was anything but pleasant. The knock at the door was answered by a pale, sickly-looking little girl, about eight years old.

"Is your mother in, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's sick in bed," replied the child. "Please walk in, ladies."

"Ah! Mrs. Toyville," exclaimed the sick woman, "how glad I am to see you; and you, too, ladies," turning to Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent. "It was a long while, Mrs. Toyville, before I could make up my mind to send for you; but I could not bear to see my children starve."

"How long have you been sick, Mrs. Lynn?" asked the deacon's wife.

"A week to-day."

"Then why did you not let me know before? We, who have an abundance of this world's goods, esteem it a privilege to administer to the wants of others. Haven't you been in want?"

"Not for actual necessities, till yesterday. I had a little change by me when I was taken sick, which lasted till then. But all day yesterday, none of us tasted a mouthful of food. This morning, Mrs. Miles brought me some breakfast in, and took the children home and gave them some. The three little ones are there now."

"What brought on your sickness, do you suppose?"

"Work got dull, and I was obliged to take anything I could get to do. Mrs. Joyce wanted some house-cleaning done, so I thought I would try and do it for her. I got my feet wet, and, I suppose, took cold in that way."

"You did wrong, Mrs. Lynn, to undertake this. You are not used to such work, and are, therefore, the more liable to take cold," said Mrs. Ellis.

"How could I help it, ma'am? My children must have bread; and ever since that sewing society has been started up at the church, my work has gradually decreased. I did not mind it so much, though, as long as I kept Mrs. English's work, for that was worth as much to me as all the rest put together. There was never a week but I had embroidery or something of the kind to do for her; but now she gets everything of the kind from the sewing society, and I am obliged to take hold of the first thing that offers."

Mrs. Ellis said no more, but both she and Mrs. Nugent appeared rather restless whilst listening to the further inquiries made by Mrs. Toyville, whom they permitted to make what arrangements she thought best in reference to the poor woman and her children.

"Anna Howell sent for me, this morning," said Mrs. Toyville, soon after they left the humble abode of Mrs. Lynn. "She is very ill. She does not live far from here, so we might as well call there next."

No objection was made, if any was felt, to this. Mrs. Howell, a frail, weak woman of about sixty, met them at the door of her dwelling.

"How is Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Rather better, thank you, but still very weak. The doctor says, if she sticks as close to her needle as she has done, before this time next year she will be in her grave."

"Does he think her lungs are affected?"

"He doesn't say, but I'm inclined to think they are. She coughs constantly of late, and is all the time complaining of a pain in her side."

"How long has she been in this state?"

"Well, she hasn't been to say well for near a month. You see she undertook to do some fine work for the sewing society, and, as she couldn't spare the time through the day, she was obliged to do it at night. Twice she sat up all night to work on it; and it was more than she could bear, for she has been complaining ever since. I told her the ladies wouldn't want her to work that way for them."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Nugent, who now begun to see how sewing societies could injure any one, "of course not; we would rather have done without the work. Is she confined to her bed?"

"Oh! la, yes. She has not been able to set up

for nearly a week. But walk up and see her, ladies. She has been looking for you, Mrs. Toyville, all the morning."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this little sketch any farther. It is so plain that all who read can understand. We will only add that when Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent left the bedside of Anna Howell, their confidence in sewing societies was a good deal shaken.

THE WANDERER.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

After little Wilhelm's death, it is true, Paul and I were very lonely again. The old quiet once more reigned undisturbed by a child's sweet voice. Still, it was unlike the gloom and solitude at which we murmured ere God sent an angel to bless us. Now, though the blue violets grew upon the grave of our darling, and the robin sang above it, an indefinable consciousness of his presence still invested the old rooms with an air of peace. Each quaint old chair and antiquated foot-stool were hallowed by the clinging memories of his infantile gambols—while many a green spot in our hearts told that our little Wilhelm's death had caused feeling to bloom afresh, dispensing the healthful influences of Divine grace.

Paul wheeled the cushioned chair close to the window, as if to view the setting sun, shrouding his disc in gold and purple clouds, but I knew full well it was to hide from me the starting tears that trickled down his cheeks, as thoughts of the lost one were borne to his mind on the light wind of eve and the fleeting shadows of twilight.

As month speeded after month, our regrets became less and less; indeed, we often rejoiced, for we could not but feel our earthly pilgrimage was well nigh ended, and that soon our darling, now one of those who sing endless praises to the Lamb, would welcome our freed spirits to that home where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We went forth hand-in-hand to the abodes of poverty, dispensing to the afflicted children of want and disease, from our abundance, ever feeling repaid a hundred fold by the calm and the happiness that now dwelt within our souls. When evening lowered, I would loosen the heavy curtains, stir up the fire burning in the ample grate; then, when the lights were brought in, would read again those blessed words, "Even so much as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." And Paul would exclaim, "Dost thou remember, Elsie, the last time I read those words?"

Ah! how could I forget? Was not our darling then with us, nestled on my lap, hiding his golden curls on my bosom?

Summer had passed away; Autumn, with its sad, moaning winds, its beating rains, had succeeded; the dry, naked branches of the trees rattled against the window panes; the crisp, yellow leaves danced and whirled in eddying circles down the broad garden paths; the sky, a dull, dark lead color, seemed to sympathize with the decay of nature; a large fire burned in the grate. Paul had grown very feeble lately, so my services

were much needed; my arm to support his faltering steps, my eyes to read his favorite passages; he appeared never content now unless I were near him.

"Elsie," he would say, "come hither, I want thee near me ever, for the hour approaches 'when the bridegroom goeth forth,' and I must trim my lamp to be ready to accompany Him."

On this night he had drawn my arm through his, and resting his beloved head on my breast, spoke of the blessing God had vouchsafed, in permitting us thus long to journey together, and his conviction that our separation by the Death-angel would be short, that soon each would cast off all that was material, when the immortal would blend in an eternal union. His conversation then reverted to early days, his sorrow for the unknown fate of a dear brother—his mother's grief as year passed after year without bringing word or sign from the wanderers; of the maiden who faithfully kept her troth-plight amid all the ills of sickness and poverty, and still waiting, still watching, knowing no distrust, still thinking of him as the lover of her youth, at length lonely, neglected, sunk into the tomb. In a low voice, mellowed by olden remembrances, he slowly repeated Moore's beautiful lines:

"No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

We drew closer to the fire; it was becoming chilly in the room; the wind moaned round the house like a wailing spirit; we listened and grew still. Each thought of the missing brother, for whom our Wilhelm had been called. Somehow since the death of our little one, the two were become inseparably connected in our minds; to speak of one was to recall the other.

A loud rap at the hall-door echoed through the house; again and again the summons sounded. Paul roused entirely from his dreamy mood, looked eagerly towards the door, wondering who at this late hour was so impatient of entrance. Quick steps sounded in the hall and on the stairs; soon the door of our sitting-room was thrown open wide. Hannah entered, followed by a tall, sun-burnt man, his hair whitened either by years or cares. He appeared to be at a loss. First his gaze rested on me, then on Paul, then looked towards me again, as if there were some mistake. Just then, as he turned towards me again, the light was cast more fully on his countenance. Paul started, though two score years had heaped their snows on his father's grave; still it was as though he had returned, for the form and the expression of the face was the same as when he last looked on him.

"My brother Wilhelm!" he cried, clasping him to his breast; "God be thanked for this!"

Yes, it was indeed our brother, the lost one. Sad was the tale he told of years of imprisonment in foreign lands, sickness of body and mind, of letters written, lost perchance in the ocean's bed—for answers never came to cheer his exile—of the delirious joy as his foot once more pressed native earth; of the fearfully hurried journey to the well remembered village home; how the glad chimes

of the bells sounded on his ear, long before he reached the lane that led to the old church. How gladly they seemed to welcome him! He had loved them in his youth, and their familiar notes now appeared as if hope and youth were his again. Onward, and the heart's joy, the dream of home, fled for ever; for the greetings of friends, he was shown the graves of his kindred, the stranger on his door-sill, and the lowly resting-place of the maiden who had loved him in his early days. Heart-sick, he asked for his surviving brother, and was directed hither. Paul he had sought as his memory pictured him, of erect and noble bearing, with beaming eye and clustering black hair round his noble brow, and had found but a feeble old man, tottering on the confines of eternity. Still the meeting was a happy one. Though sad and bitter tears were shed, they were mingled with sweets. The wanderer had found two loving hearts to welcome him. That night Paul prayed with unusual fervor; and as I heard his closing words, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," I knew that all within was calm.

HABITATIONS OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is especially in the construction of their habitations that animals manifest an intelligence much above the instinct scarcely accorded to them by men who neglect to observe nature, or who do not comprehend it. What is most wonderful is, that we must not seek this intelligence among the larger animals, those whose organization bears some analogy to our own, but among those which escape our eyes, gliding beneath the grass or concealing themselves in the calyx of a flower, in a word, insects. You will see this architectural intelligence diminish in proportion as the organization is perfected and the size of the species increases: the beaver, which belongs to mammiferous animals, and whose size does not equal that of the fox, will be the last architect we shall meet with having any ingenuity. With birds you may follow the same progression. The troglodite, which is the smallest in our country, builds with much art a nest in the form of an oven; eagles and vultures, which are the largest, make theirs rudely with some pieces of wood placed across each other. The ostrich deposits its eggs on the bare sand, without any preparation.

The mason mygale (*mygale caementaria*) is a large spider of a brownish fawn-color, found in the South of France. To prepare its habitation it chooses dry soil, on a slope towards the rising sun or the North-east, rarely towards the South, unless beneath the shelter of a tree; never towards the North or the setting sun. There it digs a cylindrical hole, half an inch broad and four or five inches deep. As it extracts the materials, it scatters them at a distance, that the ground may retain its uniformity and no elevation betray its asylum. This hole is not vertical, but slightly inclined towards the horizon; it terminates at the bottom in a large apartment more than an inch long, destined to lodge the spider and her children.

By means of a delicate mortar, it consolidates and unites the walls; then it hangs them with a beautiful silken tapestry, which no fabric woven by human hands can rival.

The habitation is now made, but it needs a door to defend the interior from the inclemency of the seasons and the approach of enemies. It is here that the animal displays marvellous intelligence. It mixes some clayey earth and fashions it in such a manner as to give it the form of a flat and perfectly round dish; from time to time it presents this dish at the opening of the house, in order to fit it exactly. It is necessary that a part of its thickness should penetrate exactly into the hole, and the other half jut over like a lid. This done it, must be fastened and receive hinges. As the opening of the habitation is inclined, the spider places a silken fold at the top, so that the dish opens like a valve and shuts by its own weight; but the work is not finished; she gives it solidity by lining it with a thick layer of silk in the interior, and leaves several loose threads, in order to be able to take hold of it easily, to open and shut it.

If this were all, the enemies of the mygale would easily recognize the round and silken door, and would not fail to destroy her dwelling during her absence. In order to mark it, she daubs the exterior surface of the dish with a gummy liquid, and fastens to it with much art, gravel and heaps of stones, in such a manner as to give the surface the rough appearance of the surrounding soil. She can imitate this so closely, that I defy the most practised eye to distinguish her door from the adjacent earth.

Each day the mygale quits her habitation in search of prey. Before venturing out, she listens to see whether any sound announces danger; if all is tranquil, she gently raises her door and looks anxiously round. Assured that no enemy is watching for her, she goes out; and before leaving, closes her habitation with the greatest care; the same caution on her return. Before approaching her dwelling, she looks to see whether there is no scorpion or scolopendra lying in ambush; sure of not being observed, she darts to the house, opens the door, closes it and disappears with the rapidity of lightning. When she takes her young family to walk, she redoubles her precautions, and if surprised by any danger, places her children on her back, flies, and reaches her dwelling by long circuits, in order to mislead the enemy. Shut up in her house, she seizes with four paws the threads of silk which she has fastened to her door for this purpose; then, resting her other paws against the walls of the hole, draws it to her with all her strength. I do not doubt that the resistance she thus opposes is considerable enough to conquer the efforts of a scorpion or scolopendra, for a man can feel it and appreciate it very sensibly, in attempting to open the lid with a pin: I have often made the experiment. But if her efforts are unavailing, all her courage abandons her: she flies to the bottom of her hole, and allows herself to be devoured unresistingly by the scorpion who follows her.

Among the insects which buzz on the flowers in Spring, may be noticed the poppy bee (*megachile papaveris*.) This bee has its head and thorax covered with a greyish russet down. It makes

its nest in the dry and hard earth by the roadside. It digs first a cylindrical hole, one or two inches in depth, then enlarges it in such a manner as to form a sort of chamber, an inch in diameter. It has no silk like the spider, it cannot make paper like wasps, nor wax like bees, and yet it must so prepare the walls of its apartment as not to sully the purity of the honey which is to be deposited there. You think this very embarrassing. Not at all; wait a moment, and you will see this chamber hung with rich tapestry, vieing in delicacy and brilliancy with the richest stuffs of silk and velvet in splendor of coloring, with imperial purple and the finest gold. It takes its flight over harvest-fields, seeking attentively the freshest and most brilliant poppy; it alights on one of its petals, and with its mandibles performing the office of scissors, it cuts out a square piece with as much address and neatness as a tailor. But it is especially in carrying it without injury that it develops surprising intelligence. With its hind paws it holds the piece perfectly smooth, then with its fore-paws rolls it up, until it has formed a tight roll, which it seizes in the middle and then carries very conveniently. Arrived at her house, the roll is easily introduced; she applies it with much neatness and accuracy to the walls of her apartment, unrolling it and fastening it with a gummy liquid; when this piece is disposed of, she goes in search of another. Sometimes, to give more richness to her walls, she adjusts to them some fragments of the petal of the wild turnip, whose beautiful, yellow contrasts with the brilliant red of the poppy.

The mason bee is black, with wings of a dark violet. She constructs her nest of fine clay, forming with this a mortar, which she applies on walls exposed to the sun, or against stones, and which as it dries acquires great solidity. On the exterior it has no determined form, and resembles a lump of earth; but the interior is neatly finished and divided into twelve or fifteen cells, in each of which are deposited some of the paste and an egg. Other bees give to their nests the form of a bowl, and place them on the branches of vegetables. There is one which, in imitation of the poppy bee, employs in its construction perfectly oval or circular portions of the leaves of the oak, the elm, the thorn, &c., which it cuts by means of its mandibles with as much promptitude as dexterity. It carries them into the upright and cylindrical holes which it has dug in the earth, and sometimes into walls or the decayed trunks of trees; it tapestries with these portions of leaves the bottom of the cavity, making a cell in the form of a thimble, puts there the provision of honey on which the larva is to feed, lays an egg, and closes it with a flat or slightly concave cover, made also of the fragment of a leaf. It makes a new cell in the same manner, then a third, and so on, until the hole is full.

Bernard the hermit (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) is a crustacea resembling a crab in the anterior part of its body and in its size. Like that, it has long antennae, two formidable pincers, of which one is almost always larger than the other, its eyes at the extremity of long peduncles, its limbs, head and corslet covered with a hard, stony

crust. But the rest of its body is cylindrical, without distinct rings, without a cuirass, and of a very soft substance. The result is that if Bernard did not provide for himself, the least shock would mortally wound him. So, as soon as he is large enough to leave his mother, he quits her, and his first care is to seek a house in which he may shelter himself from accidents. This house consists of a shell, sometimes of one species, sometimes of another, but univalve, and approaching more or less in form to that of a snail. He enters backwards, withdraws himself entirely, and allows to appear at the entrance only his largest pincer, always ready to repulse or punish an aggressor. When Bernard has grown and finds his shell too small for him, he seeks another more suitable to his size and leaves the old one. It is only under these circumstances that he quits his habitation. It sometimes happens that at the very moment when delighted at having found a new shell, very brilliant and polished, he is about to seize it and change his dwelling, another Bernard in quest of a house is preparing to introduce himself into it. A combat then ensues, during which a third Bernard sometimes arrives, bravely seizes the disputed shell, and leaves the combatants to regain each his old home.

It is related that Tiberius, to divert the ennui of tyranny, essayed to construct an imperial chamber beneath the sea; at London one may walk beneath the waters of the Thames; the celebrated Catherine of Russia had an ice palace: the Fairy Tales and Arabian Nights are full of descriptions of palaces of crystal, diamonds and rubies. Well! all these do not equal a reality which I will describe to you. There is a little animal who builds a palace of air.

The aquatic spider (*Arania aquatica*) is of a blackish brown. It is frequently found in limpid and still waters, where it is occupied in catching aquatic insects. When it arrives at a place where it wishes to fix its dwelling, it seeks a spot at the bottom of the water, and chooses it so deep that the thickest ice of Winter shall not reach it. She commences by spinning some silken threads which she fastens to blades of grass at the bottom of the water; these threads terminate in a common centre, where the habitation is to be: she constructs it of silk, of an oval form, an inch in height and about nine lines in width; the door is placed perpendicularly.

This done, the spider ascends to the surface of the water, and presents to the air her abdomen bristling with silk like a brush. The air insinuates between the fibres; then she hastily plunges without giving it time to detach itself, and enters her habitation. Here, with her paws, she forces this air from her body, and it rises in the form of a globe to the height of the frame, where it stops. She recommences her manoeuvres, and goes in search of a second globe of air, then a third, and afterwards a fourth, until the net-work is entirely full. Then she has beneath the waves a palace more brilliant than crystal, and as dry as if it were on land. She inhabits it constantly; it is there that she remains in ambush to watch for the insect swimmers, whom she seizes and devours; it is

there that she deposits the silk cocoon containing her eggs. She passes the Winter there with her young family, sheltered from the inclemencies of the water and the air. Her aerial and silken palace sparkles in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow.

We have seen little animals develop most intelligence in the architecture of their habitations. As we pass to more elevated classes, this intelligence diminishes, as we have previously stated, and that is easily explained. In fact, these little feeble beings have need to consult safety first and convenience afterwards; with the stronger, convenience may be consulted before safety.

Among the birds who people the woods in the environs of Paris, the oriole (*Oriolus Galbula*.) is one of the prettiest. It is of the size of a black-bird, of a beautiful yellow, with the wings, a good part of the tail, and a spot between the eye and the beak, of a brilliant black. It suspends its nest artistically to the bifurcation of a little wand of a tree, and fashions it with much care. It weaves around the two branches which form this bifurcation, long blades of straw or hemp, some of which, going from one branch to the other, form the edge of the nest, and this penetrating its fabric, or passing beneath it and returning to fasten around the opposite branch, give solidity to the work. These long blades of hemp or straw form the exterior envelope; the interior bed, destined to receive the eggs, is woven of slender stalks of grain; finally between that and the exterior envelope, there is a considerable quantity of moss, lichen and other similar substances, which serve as an intermediate lining, and render the nest more impenetrable from without and softer within.

The long-tailed titmouse (*Parus Caudatus*) makes its nest on the branches of shrubs, and covers it with a sort of umbrella. The *parus pendulinus* is a pretty titmouse of an ashen color, with brown wings and tail; the male has on his forehead a black band prolonged behind the eyes. This little bird, which inhabits the middle and South of Europe, gives to its nest the form of a purse, woven of the down of the willow and poplar. It lines it warmly with feathers, and suspends it with much grace to the flexible branches of aquatic trees. The titmouse of the Cape, (*Parus Capensis*) makes its nest in the form of a bottle; as it also suspends it, it places on the edge of the neck a species of shelf for the male to occupy while the female is setting.

The toncnam-courvi (*Loxia Philippina*) is a yellow bird, spotted with brown, with black throat, common enough in the Philippine Islands. Like the preceding, it suspends its nest to the branches of trees, and weaves it with much art, interlacing it closely with blades of grass. It gives it the form of a bowl, the opening of which is placed directly beneath; but this opening, instead of terminating in the nest, is prolonged into a canal, which communicates by the side into the cavity, where the little ones are. The republican (*Loxia Socia*) is a species of the same kind, of an olive brown, yellowish beneath, with brown and blackish head and wings; it makes its nest in the most singular manner. Several pairs of these birds assemble to the number of from twelve to

twenty, sometimes more, and they build in common the habitation of their little ones. It consists of a mass of the stalks of grass solidly interlaced and placed in the middle of a thick bush. On one side of this mass is a round hole, serving as an entrance to all the birds composing the society. This hole, not very deep, is subdivided into several galleries, and these galleries are themselves subdivided into as many passages as there are pairs of birds, and consequently of nests, for each has its own, placed very conveniently in a sort of private cell. Meanwhile, it sometimes happens, when two pairs are united by a close friendship, that they keep house together, and then a single cell suffices to lodge them, and a single nest to raise their little ones. The two females set on the eggs alternately or together, and when the little ones are hatched, they take care of them without distinction.

The colons (*Colinus*) are also birds who live and build their nests socially, but they are contented with placing them in the same bush. They present to the observer a very extraordinary peculiarity, that of sleeping suspended to the branches by their claws, their heads downward and pressed closely together.

We may cite among the birds who make a remarkable nest, the eider (*Anas Mollissima*) a sort of duck, which inhabits the North of Europe, and which appears on the shores of France only in autumn. It prepares a bed for its little ones with a very fine, light and warm down, which it takes from its own breast. This down is known in commerce under the name of eider-down. The inhabitants of the marshes where it builds its nest, remove this down at three different periods; the first time as soon as the bird has finished its nest. It then takes the down from beneath its wings to make a second bed, which is again removed. The male then comes to the assistance of the female, and strips himself of a coarser down to line the nest anew, and the latter is removed only after the little ones are hatched and have gained the water. This persecution does not prevent the eider from returning every year to make its nest in nearly the same place.

If we pass from birds to mammifera, we find that architectural intelligence diminishes rapidly and entirely disappears when we come to the larger species. We will not speak here of the beaver, which has much less intelligence than is usually ascribed to it; but we will cite the ondatra or musk-rat of Canada (*Fiber zibeticus*) which is not inferior to it in the art of building, and is its superior in intelligence. This animal is of the size of a rabbit, of a grayish russet: it has palmated feet, and a compressed and scaly tail.

The ondatras, like the beavers, live in society during the winter; they make little cabins of about two feet and a-half in diameter, and sometimes larger, where several families live together. This is not, like marmotes, to sleep there for five or six months, but to shelter themselves from the severity of the weather. These cabins are round and covered with a dome of a foot in thickness; grass, interwoven reeds, mingled with clay, which they tread in with their feet, are the materials. Their building is impenetrable to the rain, and they make platforms within, that the inundations

may not reach them. This cabin, which serves as a retreat, is covered during winter with several feet of ice and snow without incommoding them. They do not lay in provisions like the beaver, but they dig pits and trenches beneath and around their dwellings, to seek the water and the roots of the sweet flag, on which they habitually feed. They thus pass the winter very sadly, though in society, for they are during all this time deprived of the light of heaven; so, when the breath of Spring begins to melt the snow and uncover the tops of their habitations, the hunters open the roofs, expose them suddenly to the light of day, and kill or catch all who have not had time to reach the subterranean galleries which they have dug, and which serve as a last entrenchment, where they are still pursued, for their fur is valuable and their flesh is not bad for food.

ON SOUND.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

One of the most important uses of the atmosphere is the conveyance of sound. We are indebted to the air as a medium for conveying to us the sound of each other's voices, and all the melody and harmony of music. Without the air a death-like silence would prevail through nature.

This fact is rendered apparent by the philosophical instrument, called the air-pump, by the use of which we are enabled to remove the air from beneath a glass vessel, called a receiver, and produce a vacuum, or space without air. By experiment, it is found that a bell rung in the vacuum of the receiver emits no sound whatever, and that we are rendered sensible of the sound just in proportion to the quantity of air which is admitted into the receiver.

The same effect is experienced, in a partial degree, in rarified air on the top of mountains, and in the car of a balloon. M. Saussure observed, on the top of Mount Blanc, that a pistol fired off did not make a greater noise than a child's toy in a room. At such elevations, travellers can with difficulty hear themselves speak.

The sensation of sound is produced by a vibratory motion communicated to the air by the sounding body, which is conveyed to the ear in undulations or waves of sound. That vibration attends the production of sounds may be observed by placing the finger and thumb to the upper part of the throat whilst singing or speaking. Indeed, when a body sounds powerfully, as a large bell, or the lowest string of a harpsichord, we can perceive that it actually vibrates, and even in cases where the vibration is imperceptible to the naked eye, we may detect it by the microscope or by some other artifice. Thus, if a glass be filled with water, and then struck, its vibrations will be rendered evident by the undulations which they will communicate to the water. A small bead suspended at the edge of the glass will show its vibrations in a still more striking manner. So, also, if a bell, whilst sounding, be touched with the finger, the vibrations will be immediately stopped, and the sound at the same time.

The vibratory motion of the sounding body communicates a series of undulations to the air which surrounds it, which are propagated in all directions, like waves on water when we disturb the smoothness of its surface by throwing in a stone.

The auricle, or external ear, appears to be formed for the express purpose of grasping and gathering in the undulations or waves of sound from the sounding body, and of directing them through the canal to the ear-drum. The tympanum, or drum of the ear, is a thin, transparent membrane, which is stretched across the canal, or tube of the ear, like the skin of a drum, and the undulations of the air, when they strike against it, throw it into a state of vibration, corresponding to that of the sounding body, which vibrations of the tympanum are transmitted along the numerous winding passages, called the labyrinth to the auditory nerve, thus producing in us the sensation of sound. The tympanum may be readily perceived, by the aid of an instrument, without causing pain. When the tympanum is perforated, the hearing is defective.

But although the air is the most usual vehicle of sound, yet it is not the only vehicle. Water, wood, metals, and almost all substances of any density of texture, will not only transmit sound, but even convey it more readily and perfectly than air.

A bell rung under water is heard faintly, though distinctly, in the air above, and if the head be put under water it will be still more distinctly heard. Dr. Franklin, having plunged his head below water, caused a person to strike two stones together beneath its surface, and heard the sound distinctly at the distance of more than half a mile. In calm weather, a whisper may be heard across the Thames. We are assured, on good authority, that the unassisted human voice has been heard from Old to New Gibraltar, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the watchword "All's well" given at the former place being heard at the latter. In the famous sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, the sound of cannon was heard at the distance of two hundred miles from the place of action. In all these cases the sound passed over water, and smooth bodies form favorable channels for sound, as, for example, the surface of ice, snow, or water.

But the most accurate experiments on this subject are those which were made by M. Colladon, in the Lake of Geneva, in the year 1826. M. Colladon caused a tin pipe to be laid across the lake, the pipe being under the water. A bell was then rung beneath the surface of the water at one end of the pipe, the sound of which was distinctly heard across the lake, at the other end of the pipe, being a distance of nine miles.

Wood, earth and iron also appear to be good conductors of sound. The beating of a watch, placed at one extremity of a long beam of timber, or the scratching of a pin, may be distinctly heard by a person who places his ear at the other extremity of the beam, although these sounds could not be distinguished at half that distance in the air. In like manner, the trampling of feet can be heard at a greater distance when the ear is placed close to the ground. Hence savages

stoop down and clap their ear to the ground in order to discover the approach of enemies or beasts of prey; and it is well known that dogs discover the approach of a stranger in this way. Iron is also a good conductor of sound. Thus the boiling of a kettle, inaudible in the air, may be distinctly heard by placing one end of the poker on the vessel and applying it to the ear. So, also, if we suspend a poker by two strings, and, bringing the ends of the strings in contact with the ears, give the poker a blow, through the medium of the strings a sound will be heard equal to that of a great bell.

Velocity of sound.—The passage of sound from the sounding body to the ear is not instantaneous, but occupies a very sensible portion of time. This is evident from the interval which elapses between seeing the flash and hearing the report of a distant gun; the former reaches the eye with the velocity of light, the latter with the velocity of sound; and as light travels more rapidly than sound, between the two there is a perceptible interval. The interval between the lightning and thunder clap is due to the same cause. So also a space of time elapses between seeing the stroke of a hammer at a distance, and hearing the sound of the blow, though both the stroke and the sound of the blow are known to be cotemporaneous events.

The velocity of sound varies according to the nature and condition of the vehicle or medium through which it is conveyed. Its velocity varies directly as the elasticity of the medium or vehicle increases, for whatever increases the elasticity of the medium, accelerates the velocity of sound. Hence, sound travels more rapidly through the air in warm than in cold weather, the elasticity of the air increasing with its temperature and pressure. In atmospheric air under ordinary circumstances, when the thermometer stands at 62 degrees, sound travels at the rate of 1125 feet in a second, or about a mile in $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. In dry air, and at a freezing temperature, at the rate of 1090 feet in a second, and for every degree of the thermometer above 32 degrees, 1.14 feet must be added.

Again the velocity of sound is obstructed by falling snow, fogs, rain, or any other cause, which disturbs the homogeneity of the medium through which it passes. Hence sounds are more distinctly heard in fine, clear, frosty weather, when the barometer is high, than in dull, heavy weather, when the atmosphere is loaded with vapor. By the want of homogeneity and uniformity in the conducting medium, the sonorous pulses or waves of sound are broken up into a multitude of mutually conflicting waves, which cross and interfere with each other in all directions. Thus, a glass vessel containing an effervescing liquor, cannot be made to ring, but gives a dead sound; but as the effervescence subsides, the tone becomes clearer, and when the liquid is perfectly tranquil, the glass rings, as usual.

M. de Humboldt says that it is on account of the greater homogeneity of the atmosphere during the night that sounds are then better heard than during the day, when its density is perpetually changing from partial variations in temperature. His attention was first called to this subject by

the rushing noise of the great cataracts of Orinoco, which seemed to be three times as loud by night as by day. There can be no doubt, however, that the universal dead silence so generally prevalent at night, and the undisturbed condition of the atmosphere, renders our auditory nerves more sensible to undulations in the aerial medium. The stealthiest footfall is then perceptible, and the minutest sound fully appreciated, because there is nothing to interfere with it; no counteracting waves from other vibrating bodies. All is still. And hence every sound is heard distinctly, for every undulation falls in unbroken waves on the tympanum, and is fully appreciated by our senses.

Water and solid substances convey sound much more rapidly than air, which, although the common vehicle of sound, is nevertheless one of the worst conductors. In water, the velocity of sound is about 4,900 feet in a second. In different kinds of wood the velocity varies from 5,000 to 17,000 feet per second; the latter being the velocity through memel timber. In cast iron the velocity is 11,090 feet, in steel 17,000 feet, and in glass 18,000 feet per second. Hence, by placing the ear against a long, dry, brick wall, and causing a person at a considerable distance to strike it once with a hammer, the sound will be heard twice, because the wall will convey it with greater rapidity to the ear, than the air.

The velocity of sound is uniform, and independent of the nature, extent, and intensity of the primitive disturbance. All sounds, whether acute or grave, loud or soft, appear to travel with equal speed, and the softest whisper flies as fast as far as it goes, as the loudest thunder. Hence, we hear the various sounds of a distant band of music, in the same order in which they are emitted by the instruments.

From a knowledge of the velocity of sound, the distance of the sounding body may be estimated. For example, suppose you see the flash of a gun at sea, in the night, and count seven seconds before you hear the report, by allowing four and a half seconds to every mile, or 1,125 feet to every second, you know that the distance of the vessel is $7 \times 1,125 = 7,875$ feet, or about one and a half miles. In like manner, if you observe the number of seconds that elapse between the lightning and the report of the thunder, you know the distance of the cloud from whence it proceeds, and you are enabled thus to calculate the progress of the storm.

In the year 1783, a meteor was seen to explode at Windsor, and the sound was not heard for ten minutes after: a proof at once of its extraordinary altitude, and the tremendous nature of the explosion, whose sound could travel through such highly rarefied air. This is the longest interval yet known. Assuming the velocity of sound to be 1,125 feet per second, the distance of the meteor from the earth's surface at the time of its explosion, must have been $60 \times 10 \times 1,125 = 675,000$ feet, or upwards of 130 miles.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

VISIT TO CAMP.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

The following little poem, in order to be understood, requires a word or two of explanation. It was composed several years ago, but from some cause or other, was never sent to the lady for whose eye it was intended. The circumstance alluded to in the three first stanzas is founded upon a fact which that lady related to me whilst on our way to the camp. It is this: A celebrated Methodist preacher, still living, and, at present, I believe, a resident in one of our large cities, was once, while addressing a large camp meeting, heard to *coo like a dove*. The lady herself heard him, and there can be no doubt of its truth. It was certainly one of the boldest flights of oratory on record, and far surpasses anything of the kind related of Whittier or any other celebrated speaker of ancient or modern times.

Where solemn trees o'er many a tent
With overarching boughs were hung,
And holy anthems up were sent
To God's high throne from old and young,
Together to the camp we went;
And thou didst tell of one, whose tongue,
As if on snow-white wings he flew,
Was heard like Heaven's own Dove to coo.

Oh, how Faith trimm'd her odoriferous lamp,
How every heart was deeply stirred!
For whilst loud neigh and iron tramp
Outside the sacred ring were heard,
Went thrilling through the tented camp,
The cooings of that mystic Bird,
Which once by Jordan, good men tell,
Descended on Immanuel.

Such sounds to Noah's Ark afloat
Foretold the signs of peace and love;
And though 'tis true, each dulcet note
Was mimicry of earthly dove,
A faint attempt of mortal throat
To echo back the tones above,
Yet who could call those cooings vain
Or blame such bird-notes as profane!

But other topics not unmeet
For Nature's green cathedral pile,
Arose between us, as our feet
Trod up and down each sylvan aisle,
And once, methought, a lady sweet
From Lima, stood beside me, while
To shield thy left eye from the sun,
Thy veiling kerchief showed but one.

Then, after many a winding turn
We reached at last a crystal spring,
Where fays might pinch the Hunter Herne,
Or dance all night in circling ring;
Green moss was there, and mystic fern,
And butterflies with painted wing,
And wild vine wreathing high in air
Formed both a canopy and chair.

Then, pardon, pray, these hasty rhymes,
And having read them, lay them by—
Perhaps some day, in future times,
If they, perchance, should meet thine eye,
Like sound of long-forgotten chimes
They may possess some melody,
E'en though no more through woodland camp,
Thy eye shall be my guiding lamp.

EXPERIMENTS IN MOUNTAIN-MAKING.

Some years ago, the phenomena produced by the cooling of a mass of melted silver gave rise to a new geological theory of the earth. Since that time, experiment has proved that non-metallic substances exhibit the same phenomena; and, within the past few months, Professor Gorini, of Lodi, by publishing his researches on this interesting subject, has shown that it involves many remarkable facts and highly important considerations. "Not only," to quote the words of a foreign journal, "does he succeed in imitating volcanic phenomena, such as we behold in active volcanoes, but he further produces another class—those of plutonic phenomena, which geologists have sought to explain from the nature and position of the rocks, but which they have never been able to examine while in activity or progress, from their having ceased before the appearance of man."

The results of the researches in question show that the phenomena are identical with those that took place in the earlier periods of the earth's history. The substances employed are those containing gas or vapors: experiments made with silicates have failed from want of gas. After working at the subject for some years, Professor Gorini has published the results and the theoretical views which they suggest, in a volume of five hundred pages, entitled, "On the Origin of Mountains and Volcanoes." He has since repeated his experiments before the Society for the Encouragement of Science, Letters and Arts, at Milan, and that learned body has drawn up a critical report on what they saw, favorable to the general question. The subject has excited much attention among geologists on the continent, and it has recently been brought under the notice of those of this country, for the author has sent his volume, with a large explanatory mountain-model, to the Royal Society. He is desirous of assistance in pursuing his inquiry, and with a view to make his work—printed in Italian—more widely known, we give a brief account of his experiments.

As yet, Professor Gorini makes a secret of the substances he employs, by which he prevents others from testing his experiments; the composition, however, varies somewhat with the effect to be produced, about one hundred and fifty pounds being melted together at the same time, in a vessel contrived for the purpose. The most interesting experiment is that showing the mode in which mountains were upheaved above the surface of the earth. The melted materials having been run into a shallow iron cistern about five feet long and two feet wide, after a short time begin to solidify in different parts of the surface, by forming along the sides of the cistern acicular crystallizations grouped in centres, similarly to what is observed in water passing slowly to the state of ice. Soon the entire mass is covered with a solid crust, which, except at a few small spots where the liquid still appears, remains horizontal or else slightly swollen towards the centre. An action now commences where

the yet liquid spots afford a communication with the interior; irregular upheavals of molten matter are seen to take place, which, spreading over the crust, quickly solidifies in its turn, leaving a surface strewn with minute protuberances and many unequal humps. Sometimes the eruption issuing from one of the orifices ceases suddenly, and finds an outlet by another a little distance off; or, the crust breaks, and a new passage is opened to the igneous matter of the interior. In this primary phase of the phenomena, the disturbances occur without any regularity—a noise of sharp cracks is heard from the inside; and it may be concluded that the solidification proceeds in such a way that all between the crust and the bottom of the cistern is still liquid. By this time the surface of the mass appears to be uniformly solidified, and it might be supposed that all eruption had ceased, were it not that presently the outbursts recommence, and in what is considered a more normal manner.

New openings appear in the crust, and the igneous matter exudes in the same way as water percolating through sand. It is at this moment that certain phenomena are seen, to which Professor Gorini calls particular attention. The liquid continues to exude slowly and with remarkable quietness, spreads itself gradually, hardens almost instantaneously, then covers itself with a new layer so spontaneously that it is impossible to catch the moment at which the preceding layer solidified. In this way the liquid accumulates little by little upon itself, creating a protuberance with such slowness and calmness that the phenomenon must be observed during several minutes before the spectator becomes fully aware of the growth of the elevation. Gradually the eruptive movement ceases: the surface of the liquid last exuded appears always as if polished, and traversed by innumerable bubbles of gas almost microscopic. The polish, however, undergoes certain alterations towards the end of the experiment. Sometimes the exuded matter appears to be in part re-absorbed, leaving an interior solid crust exposed; but shortly afterwards it reappears, and with its brilliant surface.

The prominences produced in this manner vary frequently in their forms; sometimes they have a number of humps at their base. The flanks of these little mountains also vary in their inclination, being sometimes that of a long single slope; at others, forming a group full of projections and hollows. As a general rule, the fewer the orifices of eruption the larger are the prominences. Sometimes, by a closing of all the openings, the result is a state of tranquility, soon, however, to be interrupted by an unexpected explosion from the side of one of the solidified mountains, by which the melted matter again forces itself outwards.

From a quarter to half an hour is necessary for the manifestation of these different phenomena. Soon after their termination, the solid mass in which they took place detaches itself from the sides of the cistern: it can then be seen that the structure is crystalline. Like ice, it expands in passing from the liquid to the solid state.

In these phenomena, Professor Gorini considers

that we see, on a small scale, the mode in which the mountains of the earth, whether volcanic or plutonic, were formed. By varying the combination of his materials, he produces other effects not less striking. In a second experiment, made in presence of the Milan Society, he illustrated the phenomena of earthquakes. Except in a greater weight of material, it appears to differ but slightly from the former. The process is more rapid, and the elevations produced smaller. When the superficial crust has solidified, and the eruption ceased, attention is fixed upon a number of small iron masts, which rest on the bottom of the cistern, and rise above the surface of the melted material, bearing little bells on the upper extremity. At the end of half an hour, interior explosions are heard, repeated at intervals with increasing intensity; the bells ring, and are sometimes thrown down. Crevices open and close; the melted liquid appears, which has remained throbbing and surging under the solid crust of the surface. This in turn also cools; and, after cooling, the mass is seen to have formed itself into concentric layers, containing cavities and bubbles of air.

A third change in the composition produced a substance which underwent a great diminution of volume on cooling, but which, after remelting, cooled a second time with increase of bulk. Singular effects are thus brought out by varying the time, temperature and material. Sulphur appears to be the principal ingredient; and the substances, as a whole, are designated *plutonic-negative*. It is to be hoped that Professor Gorini will meet with the aid he seeks, for he is an earnest and diligent inquirer, and will probably throw further light on the mysteries of mountain-making.—*Chambers' Journal*.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 4.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn."

Is it? Then why do not those who have had their hands scratched let the roses alone? Probably because the fragrance of the flower makes them forget the piercing of the thorn. People of exquisite sensibilities live in the midst of a tangled wilderness of sweet-briar, where they cannot stir an inch without being stung with prickles or dazzled with bloom; yet they prefer plunging through the sweet-scented thicket, to walking in a monotonous path over the unblissomed plain.

Sensibility—it is a question what the word means; and, in things metaphysical, every one must make his own dictionary, since "doctor's disagree" about them universally. An acquaintance thinks my heart must be a Sahara, because I cannot weep for the grievances of the love-sick heroine of the last French novel; and I fancy she must have a very tough spot in hers, because she can pass by the azalia and the meadow-sweet that overhang the velvet-carpeted wood-paths, more indifferently than she would look upon the sign, "Dry Goods," and the fancy articles exhibited at the shop-windows of a city's

dusty street. The generally accepted formula seems to be, Because you are not moved by what moves me, therefore, you are moved by nothing.

I wonder if it is sensibility which causes young ladies to become so addicted to interjections and adjectives in the superlative degree. There is my cousin Sophia, who lately spent an afternoon with me.

"I am *enchanted* to see you," was her first greeting, while I involuntarily looked at my hands to be assured that they were guiltless of wand or witch-hazel.

"Is not this a *sweet* collar," she said, pointing to an article of fine India-work that encircled her throat.

I leaned my olfactories as near the article in question as seemed polite, but they gathered from the embroidered flowers no other odor than a dry and stifled breath of eau de Cologne.

We walked in the garden.

"This sunshine is *horrid*; how can you endure it?" she exclaimed, elevating her parasol against the friendly luminary; "but what a *splendid* shade!" as we passed into a little alley, dark with grape-vines, which owed its pleasantness to the absence of all splendor.

But for seeming ill-natured, I would have asked Sophia to write out a vocabulary of definitions, before she left me, to be added as the "Young Lady's Supplement" to the next edition of Webster's Quarto. It would run something on this wise:—

Splendid.

A Newfoundland Dog.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Moonlight.

Mr. A.'s Whiskers and Eyes.
Sugared Currants.
Sontag's Voice.

Horrid.

A Warm Day.
Dust.
Young's Night Thoughts.

Toads.
Cows.
Country People's Bonnets.

Sweet.

India Collars.
Sail in a Fishing Boat.
New Style Bareges.

Children of the Abbey.
The Pattern of our Tea-Set.
Kossuth's Speeches.

Years sometimes remedy ocular defects, and they may those of my cousin's mental eyes. At present, I am far from certain that her intensity is all sensibility.

Little children, earth's nearest of kin to the angels, their first vision of life is a flower-bed; and running into it, they sometimes get sadly torn and wounded. But their uppermost thought is, "Who cares for thorns when flowers are so pretty?"

Some, who are always bouncing, like an India-rubber ball, from the mountain-tops of bliss to the deepest hollows of the valley of weeping, seem to imagine that their's are the only sensitive natures. Small sympathy have they with those placid souls who cannot dread a fall when their feet are well-shod and firm; and to whom the future is unclouded, because their *steady*, upward path brings them daily out of the dark shadows of earthly doubt into the calmness and clearness of heavenly light.

"These still people can bear anything," say the excitable ones; "they know nothing of enjoyment, of suffering."

A great mistake. Stillness is not necessarily insensibility or coldness. Throw a pebble into a

quiet lake, and, as it sinks into the deep waters, quivering rings spread the shock to its most distant margin. Throw a great stone into a mountain-torrent, and only for an instant is the sound of its fall mingled with the dashing foam. So a word unfitly spoken—quickly forgotten by the passionate—may shake a calm nature to its centre.

Deep spiritual sensibilities bring the deepest pain or pleasure. How dreadful the thought of becoming so deadened to truth and virtue as not to feel the atmosphere of vice, like a loathly miasma, stealing with its poisonous stagnation over the inmost springs of life. How keen the shudder of a pure soul at the presence of evil; and how lightly and freely, like a dew-drop glancing up into a rainbow, it flies to blend with a high and holy sympathy.

If a seraph should descend from Heaven to visit such a soul, and doubtless,

"A thousand liveried angels lackey her
Driving afar each thing of sin and guilt,"

White robes and shining wings would not be needed to assure her of the hallowing presence. She would recognize it by the odor of lilies, the same white lilies that she wears in her heart, which can only be gathered beside the River of Life.

DREAM-VISIONS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

O, friend of mine!—doth thy high heart e'er dream

In waking mood? Alas! such dreams are rare,
When we the Real leave for things that *seem*,
And Fancy comes—that queen of shadows fair:
Then Genii-scepted thought for us creates
An Ideal realm of loveliness supreme,
And gorgeous shapes pass through the *ivory* gates
Of a most glorious-imagined dream!

In palpable and peerless beauty glide
These seraph visions thro' the charmed halls—
In silvery radiance float they side by side,
And o'er their wings of violet softly falls
A silent splendor!—through the azure air,
Waves of celestial music swell and die;
While golden harmonies from each pure star
To those strange harpings waft a sweet reply!

In the heart-chambers of rich imagery,
These shapes supernal weave their wondrous
spells:—
Their snowy brows beaming transcendantly
Are crown'd with wreaths of fadeless asphodels:
And fragrant clusters of the immortal rose,
With living blooms of every scent and hue,
Upspring beneath them—and around them glows
A rainbow-light, flooding the ether blue.

And thro' the haunted calm, their lips divine
Breathe angel-whisperings of peace untold:—
These are but fantasies—dear friend of mine—
And to the Actual ne'er their wings unfold.
Not oft upon us shine such pitying eyes
Full of Eternal tenderness and love,
Only in *dreams*, belov'd, such visions rise,
The Ideal must be realized above!

THE COLPORTEUR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough-looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well-filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Aint you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—maybe, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible-sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice, and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones's; and I am bound to place one there."

"O, very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horse-whip over your shoulders. So, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers

mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he—"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman, timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O, sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman.

"He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do, sir, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road?" And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken; else would it not have fallen on the ears

of that evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which He speaks to His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends: read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples,—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, we can never be done reading the Good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories. O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the Book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too—" she glanced towards her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. O, yes, indeed, sir; it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

READING THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY F. H. COOKE.

A blessing on thy head, oh, gentle maiden!
Sweet thoughts are veiled within thy dreamy eyes;
Thy lip with silent eloquence is laden,
Mute guardian of those cherished mysteries.

Read and believe, for Love is truth, and never
Shall the deep lesson from thy soul depart;
For brightly in its crystal depths for ever
Is mirrored, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Believe, but not in man! To err is human,
And the heart's deepest love is coned *alone*;
But for each artless child and loving woman
Kneels a bright angel at the Eternal Throne.

Trust in thine own true heart, and in the blessing
Of Him that guards thee with unsleeping eyes;
Lift up thy head to meet the light caressing
That shall enfold thee from the smiling skies.

Be brave and pure! What though the coming
Sorrow
That is Love's shadow, shall oppress thee long?
Thy grateful heart, in the sublime to-morrow
Rejoicing, shall outgrow all memory of wrong!

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 184— we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country-town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftentimes see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to

gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft!—a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected ought else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us, cry out—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying:

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and, before it conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech affecting to that degree which causes tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did

not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted. S—.

SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

I.—HOMER.

Thus wert thou imag'd in the days of yore,
Old man of Chios with the rayless eyes?
Or did the Artist form his Dream before
A vision of the antique world could rise
Between him and his glorious Ideal,
A picture of the animated Real?
Thou—whose inventive Genius did become
Enamour'd of Orpheus' magic music:
Did thy skill'd fingers 'mid the harp-strings run,
Fearing the Thracian's wondrous strains to lose?
How oft thou mind'st me of heroic ages,
Helen—Andromache—and Penélope—
Shining in splendor from those starry pages—
Fam'd Iliad and renowned Odyssey!

II.—GALILEO.

Was this calm, cold, Saturnian aspect thine—
O, wise Galileo? reader of the stars?
And did those orbs, which stony blindness
mars,
Behold with science subtle, skill'd, and fine—
The throng of Heaven-star-cypher'd mysteries,
Drawing from thence the secrets of the skies?
And did they hope that thus they could enfold,
What Heaven's "eternal hollow" could not
hold?
Blind and imprison'd one! look up—rejoice!—
Not learned Plato, in the Grecian grove,
Could own a broader state; nor sovran Jove
Send to his lips serene a loftier voice
To freeze a wicked age with awful fear,
Than those deep eyes of thine, of iron hue se-
vere!

III.—MILTON.

Galileo—Homer! "equals in fate,"
And in the glory of thy grand renown:—
Blind Thamyras—and Mæonides great,
All radiant gems in Genius' royal crown!
Blind Bard of Paradise! whose sight interial
Pierc'd through the foliage of those garden
bowers—
And saw those shapes of loveliness ethereal
Gliding angelic 'mong fair Eden's flowers:—
The crowning act of thy eternal fame
Was that grand epic, lofty and sublime;
And God-like thoughts, creating souls of flame,
O, Prince of Poets!—till the voice of Time
Shall die away upon the Eternal shore,
Thou shalt reign in our hearts for ever, ever-
more!

July, 1853.

TO FARMERS.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

Dew-drops from air refreshing fall,
Rain-drops from realms the dew above,
Light streams from loftier solar ball,
Still loftier suns more lofty move;
But over air, cloud, suns, and all,
In topmost height, celestial love
O'er all heaven's tenfold widening rings
Sits brooding with unbounded wings.
Love fires the sun, love wings the breeze,
Love tempers feelings heavenly sweet;
As when among old forest trees,
Tree hurls to tree a fiery sheet,
And whilst the billowy flames increase,
Bough lights up bough with fervid blast,
So love's torch kindles ceaseless birth;—
Life wakes new life around the earth.
Up, farmers! wave your victor-palms
Beside life's river rolling fast,
Let your woods ring with holier psalms,
Your quarries shake with louder blast;
Heaven grant you all increase of lambs,
More boys, each lovelier than the last,
Increase of flocks, increase of bliss,
More fruit, more corn, more babes to kiss.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

NOVEMBER 4th.

The night was dark, rain fell in torrent streams;
the horses plunged through the unpaved streets of
the village.

"How far is Elmsdale from here?" asked the
impatient driver of the sleepy ostler.

"Two miles," replied the boy, dropping his
lantern in the mud, leaving us in impenetrable
darkness.

"Der tohfel!" cried the German driver: and,
cracking his whip, we dashed on. The lights in
the village became as faint stars, twinkled and
then vanished, gloom remained, gloom without
and within. My heart trembled. In my youth
and inexperience, left an orphan, friendless and
alone, I felt many trepidations as to the expected
meeting. I was to commence life as a governess
in the T— family.

The coach stopped at a large gate; we passed
through a lane of elms, whose branches met over-
head; the graceful Ionic porch still hung with
green leaves; light fell in streams from the large
windows. With a weak hand I rang the bell; a
servant appeared, who took my trunk; I lingered
to give the weary driver a guide, and followed.

As I crept up the steps, sad and tearful, a soft
hand was laid on mine, and a sweet voice whis-
pered "welcome." She led me to my room, so
cheerful with its crimson curtains and glowing
embers. With pleasant words she removed my
bonnet.

"Come," said the music-voice, "drink this cup
of tea and let me smooth your curls. We have
friends below, and I cannot leave you here alone.
Solitude is a poor companion for sad thoughts."

While she arranged my disordered ringlets, I
could see her in the glass. Her face was pale and

spiritual, with lustrous eyes and bands of shining hair. She was not beautiful, but a holy calm rested upon her face, such as angels might wear. She bade me call her Katrine, and led me to the parlor. The lights dazzled, and my emotions bewildered me; but no one seemed to notice our entrance. Katrine placed me near the fire, on the corner of the sofa, from which I could observe all that was passing in the room.

Standing near the window was the most beautiful girl I ever beheld. Her bright, blue eyes were both tender and flashing. A crown of glory seemed resting on her graceful head, with its wealth of sunny braids. Her tall figure was perfect in symmetry; its dignity enhanced by her self-possessed and queen-like air.

Her companion was a man of some thirty-five years, handsome in person and elegant in manner, but there was an air of ostentation in gesture and dress, that did not please me. A little fairy of seventeen threw herself by my side.

"You are the new music teacher?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, smiling.

"And I am your pupil, Carroll, at your service."

"Who is that beside the window?" I asked, nodding towards my beauty.

"That is my sister, Regina, or 'her majesty,' as Ralph calls her. She is conversing with Judge Florian B., the wealthiest man in Delton."

"And who is Ralph?"

"My brother, my only brother, sitting on the divan with his betrothed."

I turned toward the opposite side of the room—such large hazel eyes met mine—so full of earnestness and affection: Ralph's brow was broad and noble, his mouth beautifully cut, pouting and crimson, his form tall and graceful. He was an artist. I knew it by the love of the beautiful expressed in his face: by the enthusiasm that dwelt in his eyes. His betrothed was a dark-haired girl, with one of those dreamy faces, whose possessor seems wrapt in a world of ideas far beyond the actual and real. It was a sweet face, that awakened your interest at once—a picturesque style of beauty, a fancy portrait. And he who worshipped the beautiful in form or mind: could he fail to adore this "embodiment of a dream?" No, he was her captive. The mother, a delicate, lady-like woman, with a quiet, amiable air, conversed with Katrine.

In a distant corner, apparently reading a book, from which his eye glanced often towards Judge B. and his fair companion, sat a youth whose bright face and joy-beaming glance won my heart. Was it that he appeared to be alone, like myself? or was it the lofty thoughts and pure impulses I read in every line of his face that attracted me? I know not, but from that evening, I felt a deep interest in his welfare.

By degrees my shyness wore away. I could converse with more ease, and Katrine introduced me in a quiet, easy way, to all the household. I played and sang for them, and received many praises for my voice.

When the hour of departure came, Judge B. took Regina's hand and whispered in her ear a word that called the crimson to her cheek and proud glances to her eye. She inclined her head

haughtily and drew back, while he threw over his shoulder a look of defiance. He was eminently handsome; his Spanish face was fascinating in its strange beauty. Regina trembled and turned pale as she caught that glance.

After the departure of Judge B., the youth, in whom I had felt so deep an interest, rose and drawing near "her majesty," pressed the little hands in both his. In a moment the lovely face beamed with an angel's light.

"Ah, Ellwood, why art thou not *ever* beside me?" she whispered.

"This would I willingly do, dear Regina—but thou wilt not give up the Judge," he replied, in a gentle voice.

"This is presumption," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand. "You have no *faith* in me."

"Regina," he said, slowly, sadly, "my love, my betrothed, I ask, I entreat you to part with him, for thine own sake—thy future happiness. Yes, Regina, I ask it of thee for the *last time*: 'Will you give up his society?'"

"Never!" she replied, passionately.

He drew back and gazed into the beautiful, lightning-face for a moment, steadily, calmly. What he would have said I know not, but Ruth approached, and putting her hand within her brother's arm, declared herself ready to depart. When I reached my own room and drew aside the curtain, the rain had ceased and the ground was white with snow. In vain did the embers light up the room with a cheerful smile; in vain did the snow-white pillows woo me to slumber. Home wishes, old, long-buried thoughts and domestic scenes, songs of olden times, happy voices, had been awakened by this household band, that I believed buried for ever. I wept through the watches of the night; my soul cried through the darkness.

Morning.—The morning broke in beauty, and sad fears vanished with the night. It was late when I awakened, and dressing in haste, I descended the stairs, meeting on the way "the mother." With kindly greeting we entered the breakfast-room. The sisters were already there, gathered around the brother, who held in his hand a miniature. He offered it to me, requesting my opinion of its merits, and hastened his sisters towards their mother, greeting her with kisses and cheerful "good mornings." Ralph handed her a chair, Katrine a cup of coffee, Carroll a foot-stool, while Regina looked on with a patronising air.

How happy was that mother! It is so sweet to feel that you are necessary to the happiness of others; to feel that a household band, without you, would be broken into fragments and scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

While we ate and chatted at the table, Hetty, the maid, brought in some little notes tied with blue ribbon. Her large black eyes and snowy teeth were radiant with pleasure.

Carroll sprang towards the notes, opened one, and cried, "An invitation to the 'owl's dance.' Sweetest mother! we must go."

The mother nodded her head approvingly. The others had been reading their respective missives without comment.

"Who will go?" said Ralph, pushing back his chair.

"I," cried Carroll.

Regina was already pondering in her own mind, the toilet, and replied in a dreamy manner, "Pink or blue?"

This created a laugh, at which "her majesty," was not a little indignant.

"Katrine must attend to please me," said the mother, affectionately.

Katrine nodded and smiled without replying, and we all parted to attend to different duties. But Carroll followed closely her eldest sister from kitchen to cellar, hall to chamber, and no sooner had the poor girl finished overlooking the servants, than the witching child threw both arms around her neck and whispered:—

"Best 'Trina! my white dress is soiled, and the lace is so difficult to iron."

And one more kiss finished poor Katrine, for all the rest of the morning I heard her pretty hands clapping in the ironing-room.

As the clock struck twelve, Ralph came into his mother's room, and begged her to walk to the village with him.

"The air is so bracing and clear, dear mother, a walk will make you young again;" and he continued, turning to me, "perhaps Miss Jessie will accompany us?"

I was charmed at the prospect of a ramble, and hastened to don my cloak and hood. The air was clear, and sent the blood tingling to our cheeks, while our words were frozen into shape as they left our lips. Ralph was so wildly joyous and gay, that I forgot all surroundings in listening to his pictured future.

"Ruth and I will be married in the summer; we have been engaged four years: it is a long while," he said, thoughtfully: "but Ruth is a dear, patient girl, and would wait for me twice that period of time."

"But you must not try the patient, because they are so, Ralph," replied the mother. "Ruth has an unhappy home, a disagreeable step-mother. You have already proved her love too well; she shall have a home with us. Whenever you will bring her to me as a daughter, I will receive her with open arms."

Ralph sighed, and a cloud rested on my heart, lightly, but afterwards it grew darker and heavier.

As we reached the jeweller's, Ralph drew us in and requested me to choose a pearl and topaz spray.

"One for Regina," he remarked, "as I fear I offended her to-day."

He did not say *who* would wear the other, but I smiled in admiration of my own sagacity. On our return, we called for Ruth, that she might dine and go with us to the dance. Blushing and pleased she ran out to meet us.

"The mother" folded her in her arms. She did not love her entirely on Ralph's account, but gave her much affection for her own sweet sake.

"Come, Ruth," said Ralph, impatiently, "put on thy bonnet and come with us quickly."

We waited at the gate while she ran away, and soon re-appeared with a little basket of party ornaments, which Ralph took from her hand, com-

plaining jestingly of their great weight. It was a little warmer as we approached home, and snow-flakes fell softly and silently around us. We became quiet, and Ruth threw back her hood, lifting her sweet face towards Heaven, allowing the gentle flakes to fall on her soft fair cheek. "The mother" and I lingered behind.

"Why art thou so quiet, Ruth?" whispered Ralph, as they walked hand in hand.

"I never see the snow, but I think of my childhood, when I used to kneel beside my mother's grave, and wonder if the little white snow flakes were not angel's kisses, falling from Heaven to earth for little children who had no brother to kiss them."

Ralph raised the little hand he held to his lips in silence. I bent down to find something in the snow; my tears fell fast: poor child! my heart went towards her, "I will be a sister to her," I thought—but at this moment a huge snow-ball whizzed past me; I sprang aside, and there was the "singing-bird" (Carroll,) perched on the fence, her arms filled with balls, with which she was pelting Ralph and his betrothed unmercifully. We all ran to the house in haste, but Carroll had hidden in fear of her brother. It was four o'clock, and dinner was on the table: no one partook of the meal but "the mother," Ralph, Katrine and myself, for the others were already preparing for the dance. When we arose from the table, I went to my own room to put on my best dress, a blue silk, which had been presented to me by a dear friend at school. When I entered the drawing-room, Ruth and Carroll were already there, both dressed in white lace robes: Carroll's jetty curls confined with a white rose wreath, while amid Ruth's braids glittered the pearl spray. I smiled archly at Ralph, but he was provokingly stupid.

"Will 'her majesty,' never be robbed?" said Ralph, impatiently; "but, lo! here she comes attired for the chase. Welcome, proud Dian."

Regina advanced towards us with dignity and grace, unheeding her brother's bows. She was very beautiful. The tissue robe fell like a crimson cloud around her, and the topaz gems in her glistening hair seemed a starry crown. Her beauty dazzled and kept you entranced. Even Ralph was awed by her great loveliness, and gazed at her with pride and admiration.

I did not heed Katrine's entrance until she stood alone beside me. She wore a dove-colored satin, and had no ornament in her dark hair. I turned to look upon the three younger, fairer girls, but I whispered to my heart that I loved Katrine the best.

The "owl" would kindly call for us in his sleigh, and as the mother joined us, he drove to the door. The "owl" is an old friend of "the mother's" a widower, who still keeps house with his maiden sister, Miss Netta. Imagine a thin bowed form, a huge hooked nose, and two large gray eyes, and you see our "owl," as he stood nodding and smiling, handing each lady into the sleigh, and folding the warm robes closely around her. The horses dashed away, and, for a moment, I held my breath at our swift pace. The "owl's" mansion was blazing with light. Miss Netta stood in the door, her

little red nose blue with cold, but a heart-smile played around her thin lips, keeping them warm. With kindly greeting she welcomed us, crying in her shrill voice, "Come in, come in; the music is waiting. 'Dear heart,'" she whispered to Regina, "you look as lovely as the Spring. Judge B. is here—Ah well!"

When we entered the hall, a buzz of admiration followed us. Leaning on her brother's arm, Regina walked proudly up the room. "How queenly," "stately," "peerless," were whispers audibly heard, and "the mother's" heart exulted in these praises. Judge B. immediately joined us, and asked the honor of her hand for the coming dance. The "owl" carried off the "singing bird" in triumph. Ralph and Ruth were already gone. Katrine and "the mother" sat on a sofa, where they had a fine view of the dancers; but Miss Netta came and took me by force, to see the beauty of her table, whispering—

"Dear child! you look like a white rose-bud. Young Nereous asked who you were? Who knows?"

I shook my head and laughed, while Miss Netta told me of the little "owlets." One could see that she was very fond of them, and they are really fine children.

"If my brother could find a good, steady girl," said Miss Netta, looking at me in her peculiar manner, her head one side, like a lively magpie, peering with her little bright eyes into my very soul, "a girl, young and pretty, but one who has seen enough of life to know with what to be content, one who is known to be amiable, yes," continued Miss Netta, thoughtfully, as she rearranged the queen-cake of the table, "yes, I should say, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Well, well; stranger wishes have come true," and ending her soliloquy, of the meaning of which I still remained in the depths of mystery, Miss Netta hurried me back to the dance room.

The "owl" had consigned Carroll to young Nereous, and, with grave face, was expounding to Katrine the philosophy of steam in his new engine, to which she listened with a sweet, willing patience, so lovely in the young towards the old.

Ralph and Ruth, in a little cozy corner, were indulging in a whispered conversation, interesting only to themselves, while Regina, still leaning on the civil arm of Judge B., promenaded the room, followed by admiring glances.

"Yes," said Miss Netta, following the mother's eyes, "yes, she is bright as the stars, and as cold, too. Will you be mother to a judge?"

"Is it a wise judge?" she asked, smiling.

"A Daniel, my dear; but wisdom is not all—"

"Supper!" cried the little, bald-headed servant, and Miss Netta, offering me her arm, led the way.

The supper passed off well, the dancing continued until a late hour. I remained with Miss Netta, and did not visit the dance-room again. The sleigh was waiting our order, and at twelve the mother gathered her little flock, and departed.

The Judge attended Regina to the sleigh,

wrapped the cloak around her, and pressed the white-gloved hand at parting.

The moon was shining brilliantly, the air was frosty, while the runners creaked on the frozen snow complainingly.

"Sing," whispered Ruth to Ralph, and his singularly clear voice parted the silver shadows of midnight floating far into the eternity of space. His sisters joined him. Even I was beguiled into a second, while the "owl," with many coughs and grunts, sang a tolerable bass.

The "owl" gave a hand to each daughter as he assisted them from the sleigh. I being the last, he pressed my hand with friendly warmth, begging me, in a low tone, to visit Miss Netta frequently.

Now the household are sleeping, and as I watch the delicate traceries on the window, which the frost-fairies with icicled fingers are drawing, I can see the domes and spires of an ethereal city, and as the moon illumines it with glory, I think of the streets, "all paved with shining gold," in an eternal city, where all I love are dwelling.

Morning.—The air is mild, the silver city is fast fading in a mist. Glorious daylight! How it ridicules the fancies of the night. Darkness makes cowards or dreamers of most men, but the gray dawn makes the ideal real and the faint heart strong.

I stole softly down the stairs, thinking to be the first in the breakfast-parlor, but Katrine was already there, leaning against the window. She was lost in thought. Two tears rolled silently down her cheeks. It might have been a fancy of mine. I placed my arm around her waist. She started, turned her face towards me. Yes; the tears were there. I kissed them away, but asked no questions.

The mother rang the silver bell thrice before any one answered her summons. One by one they dropped in, looking quite pale and sleepy. Ralph did not rise until some two hours afterward, and then took Ruth home on his black pony, he walking beside her and leading it.

"Thus through life," I whispered to myself, but with a sigh I echoed Miss Netta's "Who knows?"

Evening.—All is sorrow. At noon, the post-boy brought a large official letter, directed in a round hand, and sealed with a huge wafer. It was from Mr. E., offering Ralph his studio during the winter. Ralph is to leave for the city immediately. "The mother" yielded for a moment to the weakness of her heart. It would be the first time he had left home, and a few tears were given to the first broken link in the family chain. She threw her arms around his neck, crying—

"My son, my son, how can I part from thee?"

The sisters, with anxious looks, embraced him by turns. Carroll rushed sobbing from the room. Regina was gentler than usual. Katrine had already commenced an inventory of his wardrobe. On what did she meditate during that long evening, as she sewed in silence? I would that I knew.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

The deepest water is quiet on the surface, but far down, in the darkness, unseen, is a strong, steady current, undreamed of by the observer. Jessie cannot fathom the silent stream of Katrine's heart, where eddies of thought, dancing in constant whirl, leaving not a wave on the surface (where golden ripples of affection dwell), so deeply hidden that none would imagine their existence.

Ten years ago (it seems an *age* to Katrine), yes, ten, long, weary years ago, and 'Trina was a rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen, full of life and joy, believing that her future destiny was fixed, immovable—that, as years passed by, they would find her the wife of Beryl Clermont, happy and beloved, and each year in its turn would find her happier than the preceding one. From childhood had they been lovers. He was an orphan, alone, and needed a *double* love to cheer him through his pilgrimage.

But Katrine's father died, her mother's health was declining, younger sisters called upon her for help and example. Beryl was offered a berth in a ship bound for China. He begged Katrine to accompany him. She refused. She could not speak to him of the secret influences that deterred her from accompanying him. Her heart shrank from the exposition of her self-sacrificing spirit. The strong sense of duty "the mother" had implanted in her heart bore fruit and blossomed.

Beryl left her in anger. She had heard from him but twice during those ten years, and then indirectly.

Nobly did Katrine fulfil her duty to the loved ones of the household. What if her cheek lost its freshness and bloom; her eye its brightness, and her heart its youthful gladness? Was she not repaid for all this by "the mother's" kiss and heart-pressure, so full of meaning? By the caresses and affection of her young sisters? Yes, doubly repaid.

But thoughts of Beryl often came in lonely hours, but Katrine would say—

"This is a trial. If he is worthy of me he loves me yet, and will return true in faith: if *not*, I can only be thankful that these bitter hours were all for good."

But as years passed on, and no sign of remembrance came, Katrine's heart *rose superior to her sorrow*. She knew how idle were futile regrets, how vain illusive hopes; and, schooling her heart, she strove, by constant occupation, to stifle a useless grief. She turned her attention to improving her mind—read, studied and wrote. Many of her pieces found their way into the best literary papers of the country. High were the encomiums bestowed upon the unknown authoress, but not even "the mother" suspected Katrine of being the writer of those heart-effusions she so much admired.

Seldom did 'Trina allow herself to dwell upon her sorrows. It is only the selfish who garner in their hearts, and repeat hourly in their thoughts the memory of past griefs. They cling to it, that they may shed tears anew, sigh over it, and deem themselves miserable. To the purer heart, there comes a sweet patience, a holy

resignation, an ardent desire to sympathize with those suffering more intensely, an earnest longing to make more holy, by well-doing, the spirit already purified by trial.

Oh! believe me, truly, strong, brave hearts, that with self-sacrificing zeal, rise superior to life-troubles, making the memory of their griefs but a new incentive to do good, are fast loosening the earth-ties, and approaching the calm serenity of Heaven. Yes, already is the approbation of the heart's conscientious beatings, the first music breathed notes of an eternal melody.

JANUARY 28th.

It is raining. What a damp, disagreeable day—so dull and lifeless. The snow has vanished, revealing the black soil in patches: the leafless trees, with melancholy dreariness, spread their ungraceful arms against the leaden sky. The cow, with meek head drooping low, waits for the sunshine, that she knows will come, chewing the cud of patience. The chickens have a ragged, wo-begone look, and hide under the dripping rails with shivering plumes. The pigeons thrust their glossy necks from their house doors, and coo with mournful voice. Tray cannot be tempted from his warm kennel, but watches with a *lazy yawn* the cherished hidden bone.

The rain gurgled in the pipes and dripped from the gable roof so lazily and slow, I knew it must pass the day with us, and grew quite nervous at watching the constant drop by drop.

"Now," thought I, "how some persons are influenced by the weather;—they have as many moods as it has changes, smiles for the sunny hours, and frowns for the cloudy, poutings at threatening showers and ill-temper for the real ones."

I had by this time reasoned myself into a good humor.

"After all," I continued, "there is nothing so much abused as this same weather. One would have it cold, a third warm, a fourth wet, another dry, and so on; and what is the use of complaining of that which, if all the senates, house of parliaments and royal petitions were piled sky high, it would not have the slightest effect in causing a change; and why complain of that, over which *no mortal* has power."

Having thus arrived, as I thought, at a height in philosophy, I descended the stairs, determined to leave the weather, and all other unchangeable decrees, in the hands of an All-wise Providence.

After breakfast, we adjourned to the drawing-room to pack Ralph's trunk, and see what was needed for his city life. Carroll was secretly busy with a square box which no one appeared to notice. The sisters talked, while Ralph listened and objected.

"Ah, 'Trina *not* all that soap; one will take me for a pedlar; one half those socks, best sister; think you I will study hosiery?"

"But, Ralph dear, you will have no sisters to mend for you," said Katrine, falteringly.

"Oh, brother, what *will* you do?" cried Carroll, springing towards him; and throwing her arms around his neck, she sobbed aloud, while the square box fell with a crash, its contents

scattered upon the floor, pins, needles, cotton thread, buttons, bees-wax, and a large brass thimble, betrayed the poor child's gift.

"What is this?" cried Ralph, with a ludicrous expression of amazement. Carroll blushed, and wiped away her tears.

"It is for you, a work-box," she answered, as Ralph gathered the spoils, and replaced them in the unlucky box.

"Der tousend," he cried, as the needles pierced his hand, "how can I use these steel lancets? I shall sew my hands more than the garments; but never mind, 'singing bird,'" he continued, embracing her, "thou shalt have a gold thimble from the city, for thy sisterly love."

"What is the matter?" cried Miss Netta's cheerful voice at the door, "are we to have tears and sighs because a boy is to better his purse, and learn the world; tears are plenty, without seeking for them. 'Ah, well,'" and she regarded us with her bird's-eye view quite pleasantly.

"Come in, come in," said the mother, pressing her hand with friendly greeting, while Ralph proceeded to divest her of the cloak and well-patched over-shoes; the latter Katrine placed to dry, near the stove. This done, Miss Netta seated herself in an easy chair, and, drawing forth her knitting, proceeded to gaze upon our preparations.

"Not so, dear soul," she would say to Katrine, and, taking the garment from her hands, folded it into the smallest possible compass, until, by degrees, Miss Netta took upon herself the entire packing, with the greatest satisfaction, while we looked on in admiring silence.

After dinner, Ralph took the pony for Ruth, and she joined our happy circle. How quickly passed the day, and when evening came, and the golden fire-sparkles flew brightly up, while the lamp-light fell on joy-beaming faces, the gloom of the night was forgotten by the glow of the heart-light within. Regina had recovered from the headache that had kept her in her room all day, and, with Carroll, she read by the little table. Ruth and Ralph on the sofa joined in our gossip, and whispered in the pauses. Katrine and I were winding silk; mother idle in one chimney-corner, Miss Netta in the other, still knitting.

"Where is the music?" said Miss Netta, glancing at Katrine.

"Here," said Katrine, pleasantly, as she seated herself at the piano, and played one of Beethoven's dreamy, spirit-world pieces. Our souls revelled in the music thoughts.

"Ah!" said Miss Netta, resuming her needle, "Beethoven is the prince of composers; his notes touch the heart."

"Yes," said Ralph, "music is like poetry; there is a blending of both—poetry in music and music in poetry. Beethoven's pieces are to me a blending of Mrs. Hemans and Byron—religious and dreamy, pure and imaginative."

"Idler's dream," cried the "owl," his grave face appearing in the door. "Thou must have done with dreams, Ralph, and live in the actual present."

"Constancy," continued the "owl," reading the title of Carroll's book over her shoulder, "a

good book for ladies to read, if it means in lessons, duties or charities."

"Now, dear owl," said the poor child, "let me read in peace."

"No, no," replied the mischievous "owl," holding the book beyond her reach, "your bright eyes are already too full of wonder, to know if Angelique withstands the efforts of her parents to make her forget a man they know will make her unhappy. In love, if contradicted, constancy becomes obstinacy."

"For shame!" cried Regina.

"No, there is no such thing as constancy," he replied, glancing at Ruth and Ralph, who looked into each other's face with love-look in their hearts defying time and life to change their affection.

"No," continued the undaunted "owl," "constancy is obsolete now-a-days. It is one of the Arabian Nights' tales; it exists only in the imagination. We shall never see it. Our ancestors may have done so. But love must mourn its death, sing its requiem, and consign it softly to endless oblivion."

"One, two, three," said Miss Netta, placing the disengaged needle in her crispy curls, speaking in a tone that implied, "This is absolutely unbearable."

For a moment there was silence. Who would refute this? Not Ralph, Regina, or Katrine, but Miss Netta.

"Constancy is still living," said Miss Netta, "in the pure hearts of true women. It makes old maids of some, who for years have borne its cross with uncomplaining lips."

"Ah, Netta," cried the "owl," rising hastily, "forgive me."

"For what, thou rogue?" cried Miss Netta, smiling, but wiping away a secret tear. "That thou hast borne with the old maid's humors these many years?"

"The mother" now called upon Katrine to play, but she had left the room, and did not return for some time, but Hetty came in with nuts and apples. We named the apples, and Carroll would insist on putting two nuts on the shovel, calling one Regina and the other Judge B—, at which "her majesty" remonstrated, but watched the result with secret satisfaction.

"See, see!" cried Carroll, "Regina has left the Judge alone."

Regina bit her lip with vexation.

"Thou hast done wisely," whispered "the mother," in her ear.

"Her majesty" blushed and averted her eyes.

After much talking, laughing, and singing, Miss Netta rose to take leave. The oil-cloak and leather pattens were duly adjusted. Ralph was embraced and advised. As we passed through the hall, I noticed two strange boxes on the table. After they had departed, "the mother" called Ralph's attention to them. They were directed to him. He opened the larger one. Therein was a new palette, brushes and choice colors, such as he had long been desirous of possessing. "Good owl," cried the sisters. The smaller one contained a blue and silver net-purse, through which the golden sovereigns shone like warm rays from the heart of the giver.

"Dear Miss Netta!" I whispered, while the tears ran down my cheeks.

Why is it that we value the gifts of women more than those of men? Because man is generally the possessor of the means; he gives more from the hand than the heart; he makes no self-sacrifices in lavishing gifts. But woman will hoard a little sum, adding to it by her own economy, depriving herself of comforts, until she attains the desired sum or object.

This was why the tears came unbidden. I saw Miss Netta saving, toiling for this little sum, destined, perhaps, for some other purpose, but falling at last into hands she wished to enrich. "The mother" accepted the gift with thankful heart. To have refused it, would have deprived Miss Netta of many happy hours.

Just before I closed my eyes in sleep, I remembered the "owl's" last remark to Katrine. It must have been in reference to some old friend.

"Yes," said the "owl," "he has returned very wealthy." I did not hear the name, but I noticed that Katrine's pale cheek was crimson. Such sudden changes of complexion denote ill health. I must watch her carefully for her mother's sake.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

All were sleeping the quiet sleep of peace; all save *one*. Wrapped in her shawl, she sat by the open window of her little room, communing with the past. Beryl had returned—returned rich in worldly goods, but possessed he the heart—gold—love? Was he true to the early dream, or had he awakened from that sleep for ever to day-life? Had he changed in form or features? He gave promise of being remarkably handsome. Then Katrine trimmed her little lamp, and seated herself before the mirror. She was changed, alas! alas!—and, throwing herself beside her bed, she wept, and would not be comforted. Was this Katrine? the quiet, peaceful Katrine?—the example of her sisters; the calm, unchangeable? No, this was the loving woman—the Trina of ten years ago. Let her weep. The book of memory is open, and every letter is a golden thought, prized because the precious words have been read by two, whose souls were *one*. Weep. Trina: for every tear there is a smile; every dark hour hath its sunlight. And Trina did weep; but the habit of self control was too strong to be long forgotten, and it was resumed. Katrine re-seated herself at the window. The stars bade her be calm. All nature seemed to rest in a profound security in the encircling arms of a Universal Father. Katrine was calm. She closed the window, and sought the couch of her sisters. "How beautiful they were!" She crept beside Carroll, and, placing her arm around her neck, sank into a peaceful slumber. Ah! Trina: did not angels watch beside thee that night? Did they not whisper to thee happy thoughts in thy dreams? that bright smiles played around thy lips? Ah! Trina, dreams are only soul-journeys to the spirit-land.

FEBRUARY 4th.

Ralph has been gone now many weeks. "The mother" mourns silently; the sisters strive to comfort her with many winning ways. I add my little mite to the household happiness. Re-

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gina is dark and gloomy. Ellwood has not been here since the evening of my arrival, until last night; Judge B. has been devoted to Regina. She appears to half love and half fear him; still she is betrothed to Ellwood, and loves *him*. Is not this inexplicable? Last night Ellwood spoke not to her; no tender glances, beseeching tone or menacing frown, had power over him. He was immovable; but conversed with gaiety and ease to all others. Regina left the room. Ellwood remained a half hour later; he completely charmed me with his delightful conversation. When he left, a current of air came from the hall. I felt sure that the front door was open. Going to close it in my noiseless manner, what was my surprise at beholding Regina on the step pale and tearful; she extended her hand to Ellwood, whispering—"I will promise, dear Ellwood, if you will but love me as of old."

How beautiful, gentle, appeared this earth-angel! Ellwood took the little hand within his, and drew her towards him with an angelic smile. I waited not to hear his answer, but with a strange agitation ran to my room. In a short time, Regina entered, her cheeks rosy; on her lips dwelt a happy smile, and a frost crown was on her golden tresses.

The door-bell rang violently. Her countenance changed; she sprang to the head of the stairs; it was Judge B. She turned upon me a look of fascinated fear.

"I must go down," she said, slowly turning toward her chamber.

"Ah, do not," I cried, catching her robe as she passed. "Remember your promise to *him*, who is a god compared to this man. By the true affection he bears you, by the love now pleading in your heart for him, by the purity of truth implanted in your soul by a mother, by all you hold dear and good, I entreat you *not* to break your promise!"

At first she trembled and paled; then breaking from my grasp, sprang into her own room and locked the door. After a few moments, Hetty knocked thereon.

"Who is there?" cried Regina.

Hetty answered the maid: "Judge B. sends his compliments and wishes to see Miss Regina."

A pause ensued. How tremblingly I awaited the answer.

"I will come."

My door was open as she passed. How silken and glossy was the well-arranged hair. A crimson bow had been added to her dress. I sighed involuntarily. Did she hear it, that she cast a proud look at me? I heard her laugh a merry, musical laugh as she entered the parlor.

"Ah! Ellwood," I thought, "cast from thee this unworthy love. It is unworthy thy noble self."

Midnight.—I had been reading the book of all books, the Bible. It was left me by a mother I do not remember. When anxiety of mind, sorrow or heart-care oppress me, I turn to these sacred pages, and never yet have I failed to find a balm therein for every grief that erring ones possess. Oh, Thou voice of the Divine, speaking to the understanding of mortals that they may literally say, "Thy works have we seen;" whose pitying tones breathe of that Heavenly land, of

which Thou singest to Thy children. How can we thank Thee for Thy constant care, Thy cheering smile, Thy ready sympathy—but with our whole hearts?

As I closed the book with these thoughts trembling on my lips, Regina entered. She looked at me in a defiant manner, as if I blamed her. Poor child, it was her own conscience.

"You will ride with us in the morning, Jessie. Judge B. has invited me to go to Rosedale; you will accompany us?" she said, beseechingly.

"I should prefer not to," I replied, in surprise. "I should be an intruder to the Judge."

She gazed at me bitterly; then with a rapid gesticulation she spoke:

"You are like the rest of the passionless of the earth. You can blame those not so good as yourself for acting under the influence of their evil monitors. You can cry 'pause,' preach patience, yet will not hold forth thy hand to help them. I asked you to accompany me to avoid hearing protestations that I should not hear. You say you cannot, but you *will* not."

"No, no," I answered in haste, "believe it not. I have great faults, and deep is my contrition, severe my punishment. But my own will have I placed in higher hands. Duty is the master of wilful spirits. Dear Regina! I would willingly do aught in my power to save thee; but it depends solely on thyself. What is this Judge to thee?"

"I know not," she cried, covering her face with her hands, "I know not, but that I *love* him—do not look at me so strangely, Jessie! Yes, I love and fear him. He is handsome, fascinating and—he is *my fate*. How often have I determined never again to see him—sworn it to myself—but the first sound of his voice makes my heart bound, the strange fascination returns, and I am his."

Her head sank on her bosom, and she seemed dreaming.

"This is madness," I replied, "sheer madness. Where is Ellwood? Is there no echo to the music of his name in thy heart? No remembrance of youth tinged with morning sunlight?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No; those days have passed by: the echo has been growing fainter and fainter, until it has died away in gloom. Think you not I know his worth?—his noble soul? Yes, but I am not worthy of him. Day and night cannot dwell together. His goodness would torment me. The sunlight of his soul would only make darker the clouds on mine. He could not forgive my follies; he is too calm—stern. No, we must part. I will break the heart-ties, though I part with one half my life."

She paused, placed her hand on her heart; her face was pallid and fearful.

"What is it?" I cried in alarm.

"Did you not hear it?" she gasped, "the spirit voice that said 'amen.'"

"No," I replied, "it was your own conscience, dear Regina."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then laughed aloud.

"Now, Jessie, you cannot frighten me into goodness as nurses do naughty children; I do not fear thy conscience ghost."

I blushed at my own subterfuge.

"See; you are already ashamed of it, Jessie. It is only you that read my thoughts, and for all our sakes, I pray you keep this to yourself; and if you will not go with me to-morrow, good night." And she quickly passed from the room.

Sadly I sought repose, and long wooed it in vain: and when at last sleep did come, I dreamed of Ellwood Evelyn, and his joyous face was pale and unhappy—still it haunts me. "What is he to thee, Jessie?" I ask of myself, but find no answer in my heart.

Morning.—At half past nine Judge B. came dashing to the door in a light phaeton, covered with a shining tiger skin, lined with scarlet cloth. The jet black steeds, glittering in silver-tipped harness, tossed their flowing manes, and pawed the earth impatient of restraint. Throwing the reins to a groom, Judge B. entered the house and led forth "her majesty." He lifted her into the vehicle, and wrapped the furs around her little feet. As they drove away, she nodded to me a little defiant nod. The crimson plume on the velvet hat could not rival the bloom on her cheek, or the sunlight, the sparkle in her eye. She rejoiced in her youth, beauty and health. It seemed a mockery to say that time would rob her of these outward charms and make old age a wintry day; but thus it is. As I still stood in the door-way, enjoying the balmy air, Ellwood entered the parlor. I quickly withdrew, but he had seen me and called aloud—

"Do not let me frighten you, Miss Jessie; do not run away; the air is delightful and healthful. Will you ask Miss Regina if she will walk with me?"

By this time he had reached the door, and observing my changed looks, he started back.

"Regina has gone out," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume.

"Where?" he demanded.

"To Rosedale."

"With whom?"

I hesitated.

"Tell me truly, Jessie. Speak, I implore you?"

"Judge B.," I whispered.

He set his teeth firmly: the blood rushed to his face, then retreated, leaving it colorless, while dark shadows rested in his eyes; but his voice did not falter nor his form tremble.

Oh, could I but have uttered one word of consolation: have told him how my heart bled for him; have counselled him to have patience, or have whispered one of the thousand pity-thoughts that rose to my lips; but no utterance came. His very calmness proved to me how great were his sufferings.

"Do not mention to Regina that I have been here," he at length said. "If she is happy I am content. But for your sympathy and kindness, Jessie, I am eternally grateful," and pressing my hand, he passed slowly down the walk.

"Will this be a life-sorrow to him? Can he never love again?" I asked of myself; but the French clock sounded the music hour, and I recalled my mind to duty and reality.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LOVE-LETTER.

See Engraving.

Andy Cavender was a sad trifler in his way. There was scarcely a maiden in the village to whom he had not made love at one time or another, and all as a pleasant piece of pastime; not seeming to understand that maidens' hearts were tender things, and liable to be hurt in the handling.

Many tears had he caused to flow from beautiful eyes, yet, if he knew of the fact, it did not appear to give him serious concern. There was always a smile on his lip and a light word on his tongue.

At last, however, Andy's heart received an impression. The image of a fair young girl rested upon it; not as of old, like the image in a speculum, to pass with the object, but like the sun-fixed image of the daguerreotype. Strange fact! the fickle, light-hearted Andy Cavender was in love; really and truly in love.

There had come to Woodland, to pass a few months during the warm Summer-time, a city maiden, whose charms were too potent for the village flirt. She came, he saw, and was conquered. It was soon plain to every one that it was all over with Andy Cavender. Kate—the lively, witty, darling Kate Archer, had subdued him with her charms, though all unconscious herself of the conquest she had made.

But others saw what she perceived not, and looked on, curious for the issue.

"What do you think of this, Jenny?" said Kate Archer, one day, to the young friend with whom she was spending her Summer in the country, and she laughed as she spoke, at the same time holding up a letter.

"News from home?" remarked Jenny, smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! It's a love-letter."

"What!"

"A real righty love-letter, and, as they say, nothing else. Oh, dear! To think that I should have made a conquest already!"

"A love-letter, Kate? Well, here is an adventure, sure enough! Whose heart have you broken?"

"You shall see and hear for yourself," replied the laughing girl. Then, as she unfolded the letter, she put on a grave countenance, and, opening the pages to the eyes of her friend, read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER:—Will you permit one who, from the moment he saw you, became an ardent admirer, to lay his heart at your feet? Until you appeared in our quiet village, no maiden had passed before me who had power to win my love. But, from the moment I saw you, I no longer had control over my affections. They flew to you like a bird to its mate. You cannot but have observed, in all our recent meetings, that I regarded you with more than a common interest, and I have permitted myself to believe that you read the language of my eyes, and understood its meaning. You did not turn from me; you did not look coldly on me. Have I erred in believing that your heart responded to the warm emotions of my own? I trust not. If it be so,

then am I of all men most miserable. I will wait, with trembling and impatient hope, your answer to this.

"Tenderly and faithfully yours,

"ANDREW CAVENDER."

"Now, Jenny dear, what do you think of that?" said Kate, gayly, as she folded up her letter. "Hav'n't I made a real conquest?"

"Andy Cavender! Well, that beats everything!"

"None of your country maidens for him," laughed Kate. "He must have a city belle."

"Country maidens! He's made love to every good looking girl within ten miles round."

"He?"

"Yes. There's no counting the hearts he has broken."

"Did he ever make love to you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jenny, gayly.

"In real earnest?"

"Ah, now you come to the point. Perhaps you've not heard that Andy is our village flirt?"

"A flirt, indeed! And so I am to be one of his victims. Oh, dear!"

"I don't know as to that. I more than half suspect him to be in earnest now. In fact, I've heard, from more than one source, that he is desperately in love with you."

"Will he hang himself if I'm inexorable?"

"There's no telling. But what kind of an answer are you going to make to his avowal of love?"

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, that depends on your feelings."

"He's a regular flirt, you say?"

"I could name you a dozen girls, at least, to whom his attentions have been of a character to make them believe that his designs were serious. Two or three were made very unhappy when he turned from them, like a gay insect, to seek another flower."

"Then he must be punished," said Kate, resolutely, "and be mine the task to lay the smarting lash upon his shoulders. For the man who deliberately trifles with a woman's feelings I have no pity. He has been the cause of pain beyond what it is possible for himself to feel; and, if I can reach his sensibilities in any way, you may be sure that I will do it with a hearty good-will."

"I do not like the thought of giving pain," remarked Jenny, "even to a reptile."

"Pain is salutary in most cases; and will be particularly so in this, I hope. He will have some idea of how it feels, as the woman said, when she rapped her boy over the head with a stick for striking his sister."

It was as Jenny supposed, and as we intimated in the beginning: Andy Cavender was really and truly over head and ears in love with Kate Archer, and every line of his amatory epistle was from his heart. Two or three letters were written and destroyed before he produced one exactly to his mind, and this he finally dispatched in full confidence that, as it came from his heart, it must reach the heart of the lovely maiden.

Two days went by, and no answer was received by the enamored swain. He began to feel anxious. On the third day, a neat little perfumed

envelope came into his hands, which, on opening, he found to contain a pink, perfumed, satin-edged sheet of note-paper, on which were a few lines most delicately written. They were as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, containing a most flattering avowal of regard for one who is comparatively a stranger, has been received. Its effect I will not attempt to describe; nor will I, at this time, venture to put in written language what I feel. To-morrow evening I will spend at Mrs. T——'s. May I hope to see you there?"

"Yours, &c.,

KATE."

Andy was in ecstasies at this answer to his epistle. Its meaning to him was as plain as if Kate had said, "Dear Andrew, my heart is yours."

On the next evening, he repaired to Mrs. T——'s, trembling with fond anticipation. On entering the parlor, he found but a single person therein, and that a young lady named Herbert, to whom he had formerly paid very marked attentions. Aware that she had been made unhappy by his fickleness, not to call it by a harsher name, the meeting rather threw a damper over his feelings. But Andy had his share of coolness and self-possession, and although it cost him a considerable effort, he managed to introduce topics of conversation, and to talk pretty freely, although the talking was nearly all on his own side, Miss Herbert maintaining a cold reserve, and answering entirely in monosyllables.

For about a quarter of an hour Andy endured the ordeal, wondering why this particular young lady should happen to be alone in the parlor of Mrs. T——, and wondering still more why Miss Archer did not make her appearance. Just as he began to feel a little excited and uneasy, the door opened, and in walked another young maiden whom he had reason to remember—a Miss Mary Harper. She was also one of his old flames. She appeared surprised at seeing him, and greeted him with coldness. Andy tried to say some sprightly things to Miss Harper; but he was far from being in as good condition as at first. The effort to entertain Miss Herbert had somewhat exhausted his reservoir of spirits, and his attempts to draw farther thereon were not very successful. The two young ladies drew together on the sofa, and maintained a mutual reserve towards Andy that soon began to be painfully embarrassing.

"What does all this mean?" Andy had just asked himself, for he was beginning to feel puzzled, when the sound of light feet along the passage was again heard, and the door opening, his eyes rested upon the form of Caroline Gray, to whom he had once paid his addresses. Very particular reasons had Andy Cavender for not wishing to meet Caroline on that particular occasion; for he had committed himself to her more directly than to any other young lady in Woodland, having, on one occasion, actually written and sent to her a love-letter. The precise contents of that epistle he did not remember; but often, when he thought of it, he had doubts as to the extent to which he had committed himself therein, that were not very comfortable.

Soon another and another entered, and, strange to say, each was an old flame, until there were

present not less than six fair, rebuking spirits. Silent, Andy sat in the midst of these—silent, because the pressure on his feelings had become insufferably great—for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was a social party of a most novel character, and one that he has never forgotten.

About the time that Andy's feelings were in as uncomfortable a state as could well be imagined, and he was beginning to wish himself at the North Pole, Kate Archer and her friend Jenny entered the room slowly, the former with an open letter in her hand, upon which the eyes of both were resting.

In an instant, it flashed upon Andy Cavender that he was to be victimized by the city belle. No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than, rising abruptly, he bowed to his fair tormentors, saying—

"Excuse me, ladies." And beat a hasty retreat.

But, ere he had passed beyond the street door, there reached him a gush of merry laughter from the musical throat of Kate, in which other voices mingled.

On the next day, he received a letter directed in a delicate hand. It enclosed the one he had written to Kate, and accompanying it was a note in these words—

"There is, it is presumed, a mistake in the direction of this. It was probably meant for Caroline Gray, Mary Harper, Nancy Herbert, or Jenny Green. In order that it may receive its proper destination, it is returned to the writer."

The village flirt was a changed man after that. He had played with edged tools until he cut himself, and the wound, in healing, left an ugly scar. Poor Andy Cavender! All this happened years ago, and he is a bachelor still, notwithstanding several subsequent attempts to make a favorable impression on the hearts of certain pretty maidens. The story of his punishment at Mrs. T——'s flew over the village in a few hours, and, after that, no fair denizen of Woodland for a moment thought of regarding any attention from Andy Cavender as more than a piece of idle pastime; and, on the few occasions that he ventured to talk of love, the merry witches laughed him in the face.

A VALUABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

On my journey to England, I one day formed an agreeable acquaintance at a public house with an interesting young man. I was as much struck with the beauty of his person and the gracefulness of his manners, as with his general dejected mien. He spoke but little. As, however, he incidentally heard that I was a Swiss, he reached me his hand, with a melancholy smile, called me his fellow-countryman, and invited me to take a seat in his comfortable carriage, until we should reach Switzerland. I gladly accepted his invitation.

On the way I learned that his name was Fridolin Walter, and that he was a physician. He had for four years accompanied a rich nobleman and his family on tours through Europe, through whose gratitude and friendship he was in possession, not only of an independent fortune, but also of an annuity for life. He had, by his

medical skill, saved the life of the noble, and of one of his daughters.

"As you succeeded in doing this, dear doctor," said I, "perhaps you can help me also."

And I complained to him that, for a long time, I had suffered from a disordered stomach, bad digestion, and often felt an inclination to vomit. My complaint furnished the occasion for a remarkable conversation, for he surveyed me for some time very closely with his black eyes, as though he would look me through and through. He then said, very coolly—

"Matters, my fellow-countryman, may become even still worse with you."

"God forbid!" cried I, somewhat frightened. "I do not know what can be the cause of it."

He replied—

"But I remarked it several days ago, as we were pursuing our journey together. The drams which you take now and then are the cause, although you think that you do not drink too much; only a small glass of rum in the morning, after dinner a glass of cherry bounce in addition to your coffee, and yet another glass in the evening before going to bed."

"Ah! doctor, you are joking with me, are you not?" replied I. "A glass of liquor occasionally can do me no harm, as otherwise I am accustomed to live very plainly. It occasions me very pleasant sensations, strengthens and warms my stomach, excites my animal spirits somewhat, and causes everything to move on ten times better. In fact, I declare to you that the whole world wears a more pleasant aspect, after taking a moderate dram, than it did before."

The doctor replied—

"You are right. These are always the good and first effects of distilled liquors. It is on this account that this kind is so generally liked. But the certain second effects are not so good. It makes you afterward drowsy and low-spirited; weakens the stomach and bowels; over-excites the nerves, and decomposes the blood, so that, in the course of time, it becomes as it were clotted. When fevers and epidemics prevail in the country, it makes the body much more susceptible to these diseases, and at any time when sickness overtakes one accustomed to drink, it is attended with greater danger to him, than it would be to those who make no use of intoxicating liquors."

"Ah! doctor, you must not make the matter too bad," cried I. "What you say may be true in the case of drunkards."

"No, not at all, my fellow-countryman," returned he. "It is already the case with you. Heaven forbid that the cholera should come; you would in all probability be a victim. In London, seven-eighths of those who were seized with the cholera died without any possibility of being saved, and that, too, of those among the upper as well as the lower class of people, who were fond of taking their daily dram. You may depend upon it, and experience has abundantly proved it, that of ten young men, who, from their twentieth to their thirtieth year, drink daily not more than one or two wine-glasses full of liquor, more than one-half, after the lapse of the ten years, will be dead, and the rest will become prematurely diseased."

"But, my dear doctor," said I, "there still are not only drinkers, but even drunkards, who, with all their rum drinking, become old and gray?"

The inflexible doctor replied—

"But these old brutes, if you will but look at matters in their true light, have robbed themselves not only of their bodily strength, but also of the best powers of their minds. Behold their confused, vacant look, and the trembling of their hands. These individuals form an exception from the consequence of their sins. What does not befall the dram-drinking father, must be endured by his offspring. Behold his children! They are sickly, diseased in their limbs, and pale. They are scrofulous, and subject to other bodily infirmities. If they tread in the footsteps of their father, with respect to dram-drinking, they die before they are thirty years of age."

"Well, well," said I, "in this you are right. I know examples of the kind. We must, however, distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing."

"By all means, my fellow-countryman," returned he, "the use of intoxicating drinks is even much more frequent than the so-called abuse. But they both, on this account, do not cease to manifest their injurious effects on the human system, as you yourself have already experienced. Intoxicating liquor is, in all circumstances, poison. Mark this! As a drink, it does not serve to allay thirst, but, on the contrary, increases it. It does not afford nourishment, for it has no nourishing properties in it. On the contrary, it evidently weakens the stomach and bowels. It accordingly does not contribute anything to the preservation of health, but helps to destroy it. The history of drinkers, if we will observe it a little closely, makes this abundantly manifest. Those among the poorer class, who drink the liquor distilled from corn, potatoes, and rye, have a pale, discolored, sickly countenance. The wealthy, who make use of cherry bounce, French brandy, and strong imported wines and liquors, have a red, bloated, copper-colored appearance."

"Doctor," said I, "you almost make me afraid of my pretty face. I am of the opinion that the injury resulting from wine and brandy arises from the abuse of them, and to this I adhere. It is the abuse of them only that converts them into poison."

"No, my fellow-countryman, not that alone!" cried the doctor, "but the alcohol is the poison. With from one to two glasses full of pure alcohol you can almost instantly kill a sound, healthy person who is not accustomed to strong drink. Even when mixed with other substances, alcohol fastens itself upon the seeds of disease in the system, and causes them gradually to produce their direful effects. Wine and beer, when very moderately taken, are less injurious than pure brandy, because they contain less alcohol. For in beer there is at most only from one to two per cent. alcohol, and in good German wine, from four to eight per cent. Good French wines contain from ten to fifteen per cent. of this poison; and Spanish and Port wines from nineteen to twenty-five per cent. Brandy, cherry bounce, contain from twenty-four to fifty-three per cent. of alcohol. This makes a difference!"

"You believe, then, doctor, in reality, that the alcohol is the destructive or poisonous principle? And yet it is used for medical purposes!"

"Most assuredly, just as we use quicksilver or mercury as a medicine, but never as a nourishment, or for daily use. Alcohol is, and remains poison, as much so as mercury. Like mercury, it penetrates the blood and bones; is cast off and rejected by all the internal parts which it attacks, and in part passes out of the system unchanged, and in part remains in it unchanged."

"Away with all your alcohol! and mercurial prescriptions!" cried I. "What will you recommend to me for my stomach, and my indisposition? I must still drink. Prescribe something for me."

"Nothing!" cried the unmerciful physician. "The best thing, however, for your health, is good, pure water. In order to restore you again fully to a sound state, take moderately every morning a few small glasses of fresh water, and the same quantity in the evening before going to bed. Do this every day. Drink no distilled liquors of any kind whatever; for it is a beverage manufactured by art, and not a natural drink. I promise you, my fellow countryman, if you follow my advice, in the course of six months you shall have a healthy stomach, and also healthy bowels, and shall in every way experience the best results upon your health. I beg of you to follow my advice. Our forefathers were strong, healthy men. They did not drink brandy, because they had it not, and knew nothing about it. It was found in the apothecaries under the name of aqua vite, water of life. It then served as a medicine. Now it is called by the savages in America, 'fire water,' and these savages are right."

The remarks of Dr. Fridolin Walter made a deep impression on my mind. I will yet add, for the encouragement of many thousands who are similarly indisposed as I was, that in accordance with the doctor's advice, I from that day drank morning and evening, a few glasses of fresh water, and used beer or German wine only at table. In the course of three months already, I with joy experienced the good effects upon my health, and ever since that time have banished all ardent spirits from my home, and wholly avoid them. For the last three years, I have had no need for the doctor or apothecary.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—The mechanical powers may be reduced to three, but they are usually expressed in six—the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, and the wedge. In a moveable pulley the power gained is double. In a combination the power gained is twice the number of pulleys, less one. In levers the power is reciprocally, as the lengths on each side the fulcrum or centre of motion. The power gained in the wheel and axle is as the radius of the wheel to that of the axle. The power gained by the inclined plane is as the length to the height. The power of the wedge is generally as the length to the thickness at the back. The power of the screw is as the circumference to the distance of the thread, or as 6.2832 to that distance.

THE REPROOF.

BY HELEN C. GAGE.

Whisper it softly,
When nobody's near,
Let not those accents
Fall harsh on her ear.
She is a blossom,
Too tender and frail
For the keen blast—
The pitiless gale.
Whisper it gently,
'Twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely
Are spoken in vain:
Threats and reproaches
The stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest
Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,
'Twill pay thee to know,
Penitent tear-drops
Down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue
Wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently,
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,
None of her kin;
Lead her from error,
Keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee?
Cherish the trust;—
God to the merciful
Ever is just.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

PART I.

Stephen. Oh! papa, what can be the use of collecting paving stones?

Papa. Why, this piece of paving-stone is a very nice bit of a rock, called granite, and contains a mineral, called tourmaline. If you will look at it you will find three other substances in it—felspar, quartz, and mica; all the substances composing the crust, for each are divided into two great groups, the *stratified* and the *unstratified*. This granite is one of the unstratified rocks.

Willie. But, papa, the earth has not got a crust, has it?

Papa. Oh, yes, our earth is just a big globe of melted matter, cooled on the outside. Now this cooled outside is called the crust, and we live on it; perhaps it is not more than one hundred miles thick.

Willie. Oh! how strange: but, papa, how do you know, for nobody has ever been inside?

Stephen. Yes, and why don't we feel the heat through?

Papa. Well, one at once. No one has ever been down lower than, perhaps, the one-hundredth part of the depth, but, you know, there are such places as coal-pits, and other deep shafts. Now, it is found, by careful experiments, that the temperature increases as we descend into the interior of these mines, to the extent of about one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty-four feet

of vertical depth. In some mines in Northumberland, it is one degree for every forty-four feet, so that, if the rate of increase be constant, there would, at a depth of sixty thousand feet, be a low, red heat; and, at a depth of one hundred miles, everything there will be in a fused state. So you see, that although no one has ever been there, yet, by a little observation, we can ascertain the probable condition of the earth's centre. And now, Stephen, with reference to what you said, I will just mention a fact to you, and you can form your own ideas on the subject; but I will be glad to tell you more about it another time. The fact is this, that a thickness of *half an inch* of clay and sand intercepted the heat of a mass of eleven tons of white, hot, melted cast-iron, for twenty minutes, without the heat on the outside of the vessel being sufficient to pain the hand.

Stephen. Well, I understand that; but what is a stratified rock?

Papa. The word stratified just means made in layers, and a stratified rock is one that has been so formed. Suppose you take a glass of muddy water, and let it stand for an hour or two, what happens?

Willie. Why, the mud sinks to the bottom.

Papa. Exactly so. Well, every river when it falls into the ocean carries down a quantity of mud. This mud, by its own specific gravity being heavier than that of water, sinks to the bottom, just as the mud does in the tumbler. Some rivers may carry down sand, others silt, and so on, so that at the bottom of the sea are immense beds of sand, mud, gravel, &c. What happens now has happened in the former ages of our world's history; and all our bits of sandstone, limestone, chalk, have once been exposed to the action of water, and are, indeed, the beds of ancient seas and oceans. Now these are called stratified rocks—that is to say, have all been formed as sediment from water, and are, consequently, found in layers or strata. Do you understand me?

Stephen. Yes, and I think I know now what those shells and petrified snakes are that you have up stairs.

Papa. Well, what are they?

Stephen. Why, they are shells of animals that lived in the seas and oceans which made the mud which has since become stratified rock; and I suppose the snakes must have lived on the land.

Papa. Your theory about the shells is correct; but what you call snakes are shells also—called ammonites.

Willie. Oh, papa, why didn't you tell us some of these things before? I often wondered at the old stones you collected, and couldn't think what use they were.

Papa. As you have already learned a little chemistry, I have no objection to teach you geology; because it is both an exceedingly useful and a very interesting study. Herschel says it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences.

Stephen. What does the word itself mean?

Papa. It is derived from two Greek words, *ge* and *logos*, and means something said, or a discourse, about the earth. Geography means

something written about the earth; but geography only treats of the *surface* of the globe, while geology embraces inquiries into the inside as well as the outside. You will find your little knowledge of the principal gases, &c., of great value, when I have to explain how rocks are decomposed and re-made—how coal has been formed—and how shells and bones have become altered.

Willie. What is coal, papa?

Papa. Coal is all made up of decayed plants; but I'll tell you more about coal by-and-by, and I will also, when we next have a conversation on geology, pursue some method, and talk only of one subject. I think that the agencies modifying the crust of the globe will be an interesting topic for a little conversation.

Stephen. Do you mean, papa, those causes which wear down rocks, and so on?

Papa. Yes. If you think over the subject, you will be better prepared for what I may have to tell you.

Willie. Thank you, papa. I'll try, too, and brother Stephen will help me, but I wish you would let sister Mary join us. I'm sure she would be pleased?

Papa. Very well, bring her, too.

PART II.

Stephen. Oh, Papa, I met John Jones to-day, and began to tell him about geology; but he asked me what it was, and what was the use of it, and I could not tell him very well.

Papa. I have already told you what the word means, and if any one asks you again, you can say that geology is the science which endeavors to make out the structure of the earth's crust, and investigate the fossils found in the different strata. That will be a sufficiently accurate definition for your purpose. But I want to tell you a little more about granite, because it appears to have played a very important part in our world's past history. You can easily, by a little practice, distinguish the three minerals in it. The quartz is generally of a greyish-white color, and is not acted upon by acid, and you cannot scratch it with your knife. The amethyst at the end of my pencil-case is a violent quartz.

Willie. Oh, papa, but will you let me try to scrape the end of your pencil-case?

Papa. Oh, yes, if you will only try the stone.

Willie. I can't scrape it, papa.

Papa. Well, I am glad you have satisfied yourself. The felspar and mica you can easily scratch; and you can distinguish between them by the mica being formed of thin plates, one upon another, so that you can split it up into thin bits. Mica, too, is transparent, which felspar is not. You see what a silvery look it has, and from that circumstance it is often called *cat's silver* and *cat's gold*. The English name also has reference to its glittering appearance, being derived from the Latin word *micare*, to shine or glitter. Now I think you ought to be able to distinguish the minerals composing granite. Now, geologists say that there exists, at the lowest part of the earth's crust of which we know anything, a sort of layer of granite—that granitic rock, in fact, forms a skeleton on which the stratified rocks rest. All these stratified rocks are by some

supposed to have been formed from granite. You know that in an old building you generally find that the exposure to the air, and the effects of wind and frost, &c., have caused the stones to become decayed; *weathered* is the term employed by geologists to denote this process. Even granite, which is an exceedingly hard rock, has been known to have been *weathered* to the depth of three inches in six years. When the felspar in the granite is decomposed, it becomes a fine clay. The Chinese call it *kaolin*, and use it in the manufacture of their finest china; and the same substance is used, too, in England, for I believe that 12,000 tons of this decomposed felspar are annually brought from Cornwall for the use of the potteries. Now, there is a rock called *gneiss*, which scarcely differs from granite in mineral composition; but the quartz and other materials of which it is composed are evidently waterworn; instead of the angles of the minerals being sharp, they are rounded; in fact, *gneiss* is granite which has been decomposed—deposited as sediment from water, and then altered by subterranean heat. Now granite is an unstratified rock of igneous (*ignis*, fire) origin; while *gneiss* is a stratified rock of aqueous (*aqua*, water) origin. But the heat to which *gneiss* has been subjected since it was deposited as sediment has produced a change in it; so that it, and several others which have undergone a similar alteration, are known as altered rocks, or as geologists express it, *metaphoric* rocks.

Willie. Oh, what a hard word.

Papa. I will always tell you the meaning of the "hard" words, and you must try to remember them. This word *metamorphic* comes from a Greek word meaning to change, which you must bear in mind. But to proceed. We can easily understand how *gneiss* was formed from granite. You know I said just now that granite seemed to form the foundation, or skeleton, on which the other rocks rest. Now, taking it for granted that the first solid crust that our globe had was formed of cooled granite, we see that this granite must have been subjected to the decaying influences of the atmosphere, and to the wearing-away action of the water. The streams and rivers which then existed would carry down all the particles that became worn off the granite into the sea; there they would sink to the bottom, and the heat of the globe would probably bring the sediment into the altered state in which we now find it.

Stephen. Well, then, *gneiss* is an aqueous-igneous rock?

Papa. You can call it that if you like, but I don't see that it is an improvement. And here I may mention that I only want at present to give you some general ideas about the structure of the earth, and then, when you have those, you can begin to read for yourself; but just now I am omitting a great many things that are of importance for the sake of giving you a rapid outline of geology.

Stephen. Well but, *papa*, you told me what the definition of geology was, but John wanted to know what was the use of it.

Papa. The practical value of geology is very great to many classes; for instance, a geologist, after he has surveyed any district, would be able

to tell whether coal would be likely to be found in it or not. Now you can see how useful that would be, and what a deal of money it would save any one who had imagined that there was coal there, if the geologist came and told him there was none, for otherwise he might have sunk shafts, and erected engines and pumps, all for no purpose.

Stephen. Oh, yes, I see it would be of use that way.

Papa. Yes, and in many other ways, too, but I have not time just now to show you how. Why did not Mary come to learn a little about geology?

Stephen. Oh, she said that she had read that geology tended to make people infidels.

Papa. I wonder what book said so, for geology does not do any such thing, and I think I can convince Mary of it. I will bring her to the next lesson, however, when I have time to give you one.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE CEREUS AND THE VIOLET.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

One sultry evening, a lady left her country-seat and rode to the city. Through dust and smoke, her carriage rolled on, until it reached a princely mansion. She alighted and joined a party who had met there to await the opening of the Night-Flowering Cereus, a costly plant, the pride of its lordly owner. Darkness closed around, and the lights of the city went out one by one. Still they lingered in the crowded saloon. Late in the night the plant began to unfold its snowy petals, gradually displayed the golden lining of its calyx, and condescended to exhale its rich breath upon the admiring gazers. Then, as if weary of the eyes of mortals, it closed its leaves to open them no more.

As the lady rode home through the darkness, her heavy eye-lids drooped in fitful slumbers, and the splendid Cereus haunted her dreams. She awoke, sighing with the thought that all beautiful things are as short lived as rare.

Very near that lady's home there was a bed of violets in a woody dell. Through the mild Spring weather they had poured out their fragrance upon the air for all who might pass. But the fear of insects and dews had kept her from the sequestered bank where they bloomed, and so she had never met their blue eyes smiling through a veil of grass and twisted vines. She thought that beauty was only to be found in rare exotics, sculpture and paintings; and now the sunbeams were drinking up the unheeded perfume of the dying violets.

A rosy country girl came in the morning to the dell, and reclined upon the fragrant bank. She had listened when the lady described the wondrous night-bloom of the Cereus, and had heard her say, "Who can be happy while beauty is so rare in this world?" She looked around upon the violets which seemed to smile a farewell through the morning-dew, and wondering why their beauty should be despised or neglected, she said to herself,

"Oh happiness, how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

VARIETIES.

A bar of soap is recommended as a good medicine to ensure health.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

The report that the dog-star had the hydrophobia, needs confirmation.

Rumored—that the orator who “came to the point,” went back by the next train.

“Those sewing-machines are great inventions,” said a friend to a wag. “Yes, sir,” said he, readily, “sew it seams.”

A steamboat fireman's knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the *coal-on* to prevent a *full stop*.

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor “stops the press to announce,” what would he do if it was a pound?

An exchange says:—“The politician should be not only a great but a good man.” It is a great pity the fact was not sooner disclosed.

It was a maxim of Gen. Jackson's:—“Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking.”

The “old fogey,” who peeped out from “behind the times,” has had his head knocked off by a “passing event.”

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

The alleged newly discovered anæsthetic properties of the “puff ball,” seems to have been known to some Lincolnshire cottagers for generations.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pincushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the “barber pole” pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork-screw.

A bird standing five feet high, five feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, has been shot at Ozaukee, Wisconsin. Its color is blue, with green tuft on the head.

The age is alive with elasticity. An India rubber omnibus has just been invented, which, when full, will hold three more ladies, a market-basket, pet poodle, and a baby.

Always do the best you can, with the expectation of being blamed by your most intimate friends for not doing better. You will thereby preserve a good conscience and avoid disappointment.

It is said of Baxter, the divine, by continual kneeling in prayer, his knees became stiff and useless. We hear of few such misfortunes in these days.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.

At Cork, a bill-sticker, recently, in posting some bills relating to Purgatory, stuck one over a railway announcement, which, at a little distance, read—“Reduced Fares to Purgatory.”

The following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Sir Boyle Roche, has a true national flavor:—“If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative—No!”

Does the looking at the moon through a telescope constitute an impertinent observation? Should the rising of the sun be regulated by the wishes of the parent? Have fixed stars fixed salaries? These are questions for astronomers.

“My dear fellow,” said Beau Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, “I have respect for flies; indeed, I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses; they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients.”

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. “Oh! don't be troubled, honey,” said the Irish porter, “sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with.”

Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her “Kathleen Mavourneen” for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sang it thus:—“The ‘orn of the ‘unter is ‘eard on the ‘ill;” but Moore laid the same trap in the “Woodpecker”—“A ‘eart that is ‘umble might ‘ope for it ‘ere.”

“What do you use to make yourself look so delicate?” said one woman, with an eruption on her face, to another, who looked like one of the departed. “Why,” said the lady, “sometimes I eat slate-pencils and chalk, and then for a change drink vinegar and chew green tea. When these fail, I lace tighter, and wear the thinnest shoes I can buy.”

An old-fashioned, wealthy codger, was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully around to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstances, giving him a V for the owner of the boots when he should call for them. The owner never called; the old gent had bought his own boots!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday school once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain, indeed!

"THE LAST WAR."

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons, in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the Colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "The last war but one." He took no notice; and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one—the last war but one." "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember." Whereupon the cry was instantly changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.

COUGHING DOWN.

One evening, when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, an honorable member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honorable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honorable member, who seemed to be so distressed with a cough; but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade in England purchased an estate in a neighboring county, from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it.

"Well," said the noble lord, "I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else; I hardly thought that you would have

cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase."

"My lord," was the characteristic answer, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it."

SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

A village school-master announced one day to his scholars, that a visitor was coming in soon to examine them.

"If he questions you in geography," remarked the teacher, "he probably will ask you what is the form of the earth, and if you do not remember, you have only to cast your eyes at me, and I will show you my snuff-box to remind you that it is round."

Now the teacher had two snuff-boxes—one round, which he used on Sundays, and the other a square one, which he carried on the secular days of the week. The fatal day came; the visitor, as the master had foreseen, asked one of the scholars the form of the earth. He was at first a little embarrassed; but looking toward the master who exhibited his snuff-box, he immediately answered without the least hesitation: "Sir, it is round Sundays, and square the rest of the week."

ANECDOTE OF HAZLITT.

In the midst of Hazlitt's weaknesses, his parental affections were beautiful. He had one boy, on whom he doated. He told me one night this boy was to be christened. "Will ye come on Friday?" "Certainly," said I. His eye glistened. Friday came, but as I knew all parties, I lunched heartily first, and was there punctually at four. Hazlitt then lived in Milton's House, Westminster, next door to Bentham. At four I came, but he was out. I walked up, and found his wife ill by the fire, in a bed-gown—nothing ready for guests, and everything wearing the appearance of neglect and indifference. I said, "Where is Hazlitt?" "Oh, dear, William has gone to look for a parson." "A parson! why, has he not thought of that before?" "No, he didn't." "I'll go and look for him," said I, and out I went into the park, through Queen's Square, and met Hazlitt in a rage coming home. "Have ye got a parson?" "No," said he, "sir, these fellows are all out." "What will you do?" "Nothing." So in we walked, Hazlitt growling at all the parsons and the church. When we came in we sat down—nobody was come—no table laid—no appearance of dinner. On my life there is nothing so heartless as going out to dinner, and finding no dinner ready. I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth, and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into

the gravy. Even Lamb's wit, and Hazlitt's disquisitions, in a large room, wainscotted and ancient, where Milton had meditated, could not reconcile me to such violation of all the decencies of life.—*Life of Haydon, the Painter.*

NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP.

One day, while Friend Hopper was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked—

"Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, I am a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps, if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited me!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands! Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."—*Memoirs of I. T. Hopper, by Mrs. Child.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend," says Sir Francis Head. "I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the Bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop; and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground. On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman; and as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him, 'You have had a most narrow escape, my man!' 'Och! your honor,' he replied, 'it's nothing at all. It's just this bar as titches his backs.' And to show me what he meant, he pulled at the rein with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There 'tis again!' And away he went, if possible, faster than before. I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction—most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific, or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers. We could point out many individuals who fill the pulpit with ability, and display in their discourses vast

powers of intellect, who in the social party carry on some mental exercise which disconnects them from passing events.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also were frequently found in his pocket when returning from social tea-parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on his return, for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the rightful owner. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron, strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject, in which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the string of the discourse, she untied the apron strings and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

I heard an anecdote that evening of the poet, which was very characteristic, and quite new to me. When at Pisa, his lordship found it difficult to keep up his practice with the pistol on account of the objections of his neighbors and the municipal regulations of the place. He, therefore, by the aid of a small gratuity, obtained permission from a farmer in the vicinity to shoot at a mark in his paddock. On the occasion of his first visit to the premises, the peasant's daughter, a very pretty *contadina*, accosted the bard after the genial manner of her country. She wore in her bosom a freshly-plucked rose with two buds attached to the stem. Byron sportively asked her to give him the flower. She hesitated, and blushed. He instantly turned to his companion and rehearsed in English a very natural tale of humble and virtuous love, bitterly contrasting the apparent loyalty of this fair rustic with women in high life. Then, with perfect seriousness he again asked for the rose as a token of sympathy for an unloved exile. His manner and words moved the girl to tears. She handed him the rose with a look of compassion, and silently withdrew. The incident aroused his latent superstition. He was lost in a reverie for several minutes, and then enquired of his friend if he remembered that Rousseau confessed throwing stones at a tree to test the prospects of his future happiness. The flower was devoted to a similar ordeal. It was carefully attached to an adjacent pale, and Byron having withdrawn several paces, declared his intention of severing one of the buds from the stalk at one fire. He looked very carefully to his priming, and aimed with great firmness and deliberation. The ball cut the bud neatly off, and just grazed the leaves of the rose. A bright smile illumined the poet's countenance, and he rode back to Pisa in a flow of spirits.—*Diary of a Dreamer.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

COL. BENTON—PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Very few American statesmen have been so prominently before the people for many years past as Colonel Benton, although, it must be admitted that the respect which his admirers entertain for his extraordinary intellectual energy, has rarely deepened into affection for his personal qualities. Conscious of his own great powers, he has been but too prone to evince an undisguised contempt for the feebleness of others, and while claiming to be received as an oracle, he has disdained to exhibit the data upon which his conclusions are founded. A resolutely laborious student, he so exhausts every subject to which his attention is directed, that there is scarcely a single member in either House of Congress, who would not be profited by his knowledge. A politician of great and varied experience, he is the Nestor of the Senate, and almost the only remaining member of that large-hearted band of statesmen who, from the War of 1812 to the Compromise of 1851, steadily sought, even amid the rivalry of adverse opinions, the prosperity of the entire Union, and the honor of the American name. After serving his country in the Senate with remarkable ability for many years, party feuds in his own State have lowered Colonel Benton to a seat in the House of Representatives. If the presence of so sturdy a veteran in this latter body tends to suppress a portion of those disorders by which it has of late years been so shamefully disgraced; if his characteristic speech tends to rebuke shallowness and expose demagoguism; and if his researches throw light upon subjects too profound for the general capacity of ordinary delegates, we for one, shall not regret the change. In whatever station he may be placed, whether as Lieutenant-General of some future Army of Occupation, as Senator, Representative, or plain citizen, we well know he will carry his individuality with him; that he will be found a substantive personality, and no sham; and that his outspoken thought, though colored by egotism and dogmatic to a degree, will indicate clearly what he means, and will bear directly upon the point at issue.

Latterly, Colonel Benton has assumed the championship of that most magnificent project, a railroad to the Pacific, and is directing public attention to the subject with all his characteristic energy. Thus far, according to his statement, the exploration of Lieutenant Beale has resulted in finding various passes on the northern route,

through which, during the Summer season, a road is easily practicable, and Fremont has already started to ascertain, by a Winter expedition, the amount of obstacle to be overcome during that inclement season.

In the meantime, the public mind is settling most favorably towards a speedy consummation of so desirable a project; and, as it is now pretty well ascertained that the government will not recommend the construction of the road from the national resources, it remains for private enterprise to carry out the most important work of the nineteenth century. Supported by Benton and Fremont, we incline to believe that the northern route will be the one eventually selected, although the South will make strenuous efforts to carry it along that boundary of the Republic. The interests of capitalists are, however, hedged in by local considerations, and as a northern association is already formed and chartered, and as northern money will be furnished mainly for the building of the road, the prospect of a southern line is almost hopeless, unless the people of that region exhibit greater energy and activity than they have usually done under similar circumstances.

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

About twenty-five years ago, an individual, who professed to cure that troublesome impediment in the speech, known as stammering, gave lessons in his art in most of our larger cities. Many who received his instructions and followed them rigidly, were able to speak without obstruction. But, in most cases, the cure was only temporary. In a very short time the annoying habit returned.

The philosophy of the cure was very simple. Stammering is occasioned by the effort to speak while inhaling; and utterance is only obtained when the lungs become full of air, and the process of breathing out begins. The lesson given was, never to attempt to speak until after taking breath. So long as the individual could think of this law, and carefully apply it, no impediment would occur; but the habit of years was not to be overcome by a few days, or even weeks, of perseverance, and, in most cases, the stammerer returned in a little while to the old order of things.

Our thought has been turned to this subject, by seeing the annexed statement of a fact in the newspapers:

"Mr. Wakefield, at an inquest held lately in

England, states that a few days before, the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakefield, however had him called, and telling him that as a shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder, so words could not come from the mouth, unless the lungs had their powder, viz. air. He told the lad to inhale or draw his breath strongly; and the boy having done so, Mr. W. asked him:

"Can you talk now?"

"The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly:

"Yes, sir, I can, well."

"The coroner added that inhalation, or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation."

It is known that stammerers can sing without manifesting the slightest impediment; and the reason is plain—the chest has to be constantly supplied with air, like an organ, in order to produce the desired musical sounds. We remember hearing a man, who stammered badly, called on to pray in a Methodist prayer meeting, and were not a little surprised to observe that he made his extempore prayer without once faltering in his utterance. The prayer was somewhat fervid, and the petitioner, from his state of mind, as well as his manner of speaking, breathed out in all his efforts to speak.

It is unquestionably true, that stammering may be prevented by carefully observing the directions above given. That the cure does not remain is not, we think, so much a defect in the means, as a failure on the part of the individual to use them long enough. The habit of years is not to be overcome in a week or a month. There must be perseverance, and for many months—perhaps years.

CHARLATANISM.

We have come to the conclusion that people of every country have a passion for being duped; and that a bold, blatant impostor, shall obtain credence and support in proportion to his impudence. It is also a singular fact that, in the United States, where intelligence is generally diffused, where every village has its newspaper, and every cross-road its political club or debating society, humbugs of every class and character, from Mormonism down to the latest patent medicine, receive more direct encouragement than in any other part of the world. But it is still more extraordinary, that among the shrewdest class of our people, and in a town which

boasts of its intellectual pre-eminence, charlatans of all kinds find their warmest and most influential supporters. At the present time, there are two astrologers, so called, practising in Boston to such an extent upon the credulity of the people, that they are reaping a rich harvest by professing to prescribe *magical medicines!* So great is the patronage with which they are overwhelmed, says the Boston Medical Journal, that their daily income *certainly* exceeds the aggregate receipts of any four physicians in the city, and is reported by some to be even double that amount.

Now we have a word or two to say upon this matter. These men, by dint of flaming handbills and advertisements, have been enabled to make dupes of a large number of weak-minded but well-meaning men and women. Towards the close of the last century, there was an arch impostor, Cagliostro by name, who managed, by his knavery, to lay all Europe under contribution. He finally ended his magnificently worthless life in the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition. Some twenty-five years ago, one St. John Long took the English public by storm, by professing, audaciously enough, to cure the incurable. Having, naturally, in the course of his miraculous cures, occasioned the death of one of his patients, the law took possession of him also, and, though he was finally acquitted after trial at the Old Bailey, the prestige was so thoroughly dispelled, that the wonderful St. John fell from his high estate and henceforth became known for the impudent quack he really was. We believe there is no law among us that can take direct hold of this class of men; but we most sincerely wish there was, for we class them with thimble-riggers and such like pests of society, and should be heartily rejoiced to see them dealt with in a similar manner. Simplicity and credulity have as much right to be protected by law as shrewdness and scepticism.

AID TO NEW ORLEANS.

Nearly two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed by individuals of various States, to aid in alleviating the condition of the sufferers at New Orleans. We have no doubt that large numbers of the poorer patients have been indebted to this timely assistance for the preservation of their lives. We most sincerely rejoice at this, inasmuch as it proves that however warmly our people may differ on local or political points, a great calamity, or a pressing danger, unites all conflicting sections into one common and harmonious bond of brotherhood.

This large influx of money into the treasury of the heroic Howard Association, evinces a responsive liberality towards the unfortunate, as honorable to the American name as it is conducive to the integrity of the Union. Such a display of feeling connects the North with the South by ties stronger than railroads or constitutions, and casts a mantle of forgiveness over many of those ultraisms from which on section of the country is wholly free. It affords, also, the best of proof, that however much we may wrangle with each other in the days of health and prosperity, let but sickness or disaster fall upon any portion of the confederacy, and all cause of quarrel is at once set aside, and from all parts of the Union, expressions of earnest sympathy for the afflicted are proven to be sincere by that best of all evidence—substantial assistance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Mud Cabin; or, The Character and Tendency of British Institutions.* By Warren Isham. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We cannot recommend this book as a fair statement of the condition of England at the present day; yet, if any one desires materials for indignant retort upon England, for the impertinent interference of a small portion of her vast population with respect to Southern institutions, he will find abundance of ammunition in the volume before us. Nevertheless, we regard such arguments as the weakest of their kind, and neither likely to amend English manners nor benefit American morals. To estimate the general character of England by the debased condition of a small part of her rural population, is as bad as it would be to estimate the general cleanliness of a city by the filth which is to be found in its by-lanes and alleys. Singular anomalies are discoverable in all nations under the sun, and to look for perfection in any one of them, would be as vain a scrutiny as to expect to find in humanity none of those errors and frailties which all acknowledge to belong to it, and out of which the varying conditions of life have their origin. We utterly and indignantly repudiate any interference by foreigners in matters whose toleration or removal belong to ourselves alone; and being morbidly sensitive on that score, it is surely the wiser course to avoid retort upon the short-comings of our neighbors, and be thankful for the superior blessings we are admitted to enjoy. Let us say what we will upon the evils which certain classes endure in England, she still remains, in spite of this drawback, the freest, most liberal and best government in Europe; and is the only country in the world, with the exception of our own, where the press is unrestricted and justice equally administered.

— *The Forged Will; or, Crime and Retribution.* By Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Mr. Bennett is not only a novelist of undoubted ability, but the roundness and finish of his works may be regarded as remarkable, considering the rapidity with which they are thrown off, and the scanty opportunity which a life of constant literary labor offers for revision. In the present work, the plot is well arranged, the incidents natural, and the dialogue easy, sparkling and unaffected. Accustomed as he has been of late to select his principal characters from among the fiery, impulsive and half-lawless inhabitants of the South and South-West, or from those hardy, brave, but reckless pioneers who form the first waves of advancing civilization in the gradually receding wilderness, we were no less surprised than gratified to find his delineations of domestic scenes within the narrow but more polished sphere of a city, as skillfully executed as the ruder and more salient characteristics which attach to the life of those who people, at wide intervals, the forest and the prairie.

A Visit to Europe in 1851. By Prof. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College. 2 vols. illustrated. New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.) Of records of travel we have had many during the past year or two. The attractions of the English Crystal Palace induced many of our worthy citizens to venture abroad, whose ambition was subsequently stirred up to distinguish themselves by writing a book. The works thus produced were of various degrees of merit, some of them being scarcely worth the paper upon which they were printed, while others exhibited in the writer descriptive powers of no mean order. Such books of travel hastily written, and crude from their very nature, could scarcely hope to acquire more than a temporary popularity, and in matters wherein the judgment was interested, and opinions required to be given, they could scarcely be recognised as reliable authorities.

It is far different with this admirable book, which is the expression of a mature mind, and emanating from one whose large scientific attainments have made his name as well known in Europe as among ourselves. Besides this, Professor Silliman possessed another advantage: a portion of the ground over which he travelled was not wholly new to him. Although forty-five years have elapsed since his first visit to Europe, the journal he then published is not without a certain degree of interest even at the present day.

His tour in the present instance was much more extensive, embracing England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, and his record is the more valuable, inasmuch as it deals principally with works of art, with matters of scientific interest, and with well known scientific men. That

such a character should be given to his book, was natural enough from the tenor of Professor Silliman's life, and that the work has thereby acquired an abiding value, no one who opens its pages will for an instant doubt. It is in fact just such a book as an intelligent reader requires, being interesting as a journal of travels, and eminently useful as a work of reference.

— *Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* By Thomas Moore. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.) The life of Sheridan presents us with one continued series of triumphs achieved by the genius of an extraordinary man who had little else to recommend him to the popular regard. The son of an actor, he rose, not by slow gradations, but by a succession of gigantic leaps, to a seat in Parliament, and the reputation of the greatest orator of the age. In his youth he was successful in love over numerous competitors, became equally successful soon after as a dramatist of the highest order of talent, purchased a large share in Drury Lane Theatre, none knew how, and with equal facility exchanged the manager's room for the hustings and a seat in the National Councils. In many respects Moore was peculiarly fitted to become the biographer of Sheridan. Both were Irishmen, both had taken their wives from the stage or concert room, both were wits, both convivialists and both inveterate diners-out; but here the analogy fails, for while Sheridan was merely respectable in his domestic relations, Moore was most exemplary, and while Sheridan resorted to the most disreputable shifts and artifices in pecuniary matters, Moore, with a high, though rather fantastic sense of honor, disdained to be indebted to any man, and when unforeseen difficulties arose, preferred to work out his own deliverance to laying himself under any obligation, even to those friends who would have been most delighted to serve him.

The present memoir is delightful as a composition, instructive as narrating the wayward career of a man of undoubted genius, and carries with it a stern lesson in exhibiting the final results which attended Sheridan's moral obliquities. The life of Sheridan, the wit, contains as much food for serious thought as the best sermon that ever was penned.

MACAULAY AND OPIUM.

The third volume of "Macaulay's History" (according to a recent London letter in the Tribune) is to appear in a few weeks, the celebrated author having at last delivered his MS. to his publisher. His friends never believed that he would be able to finish it, as the excessive use of opium, to which he is addicted, has destroyed his health.

If the above report is true, this brilliant essayist and historian will scarcely be able to make

another sustained effort, and in future like his great prototypes, Coleridge and De Quincey, all that we may expect from him will be rambling and desultory. It is sad to think that another magnificent intellect should have been sacrificed to the specious, but destructive influence of this terrible drug. Among Englishmen, Coleridge was its first great literary victim, and how much the world has lost thereby will never now be known. De Quincey—the most thoroughly logical mind, and the most profound metaphysical scholar that perhaps England ever possessed—has labored all his literary life under a similar curse. Campbell was similarly prostrated; and now we learn, with deep regret, that Macaulay is addicted to the same baleful habit. Writing of its effects upon Coleridge and himself, De Quincey says:—"Under the influence of opium when it reaches its maximum in diseasing the liver and deranging the digestive functions, all exertion is revolting in excess; intellectual exertion, above all, is connected habitually, when performed under opium influence, with a sense of disgust the most profound for the subject—no matter what—which detains the thoughts; all that moving freshness of animal spirits, which, under ordinary circumstances, consumes, as it were, and swallows up the interval between one's self and one's distant object, all that dewy freshness is exhaled and burnt off by the parching effects of opium on the animal economy. You feel like one of Swift's 'strubbugs' prematurely exhausted of life; and molehills are inevitably exaggerated into mountains."

WORTHLESS EMIGRANTS.

It was stated, lately, by one of the New York papers, that of the twelve hundred prisoners on Blackwell's Island, only three hundred and nineteen are Americans. This proportion of three-fourths foreigners appears, at first glance, to be almost incredible; and yet we believe it strictly true. From what we know of other Atlantic cities, we are satisfied that the same criminal proportion exists. But this is not all. Nearly all the beggars we meet in our streets are foreigners, who also compose a large majority of the inmates of our alms-houses. That exalted sentiment of humanity, which made our shores an asylum for the oppressed of every other land, is honorable to the American name, and is worthy of being fostered with the utmost care. But as it is the nature of things that those who are most generous should be the most easily duped, our liberality is shamefully abused, and men, stained with almost every crime that blackens the record

of humanity; paupers who have long been a burden upon their respective parishes; lazzaroni organized into a systematic association;—all these are sent over here, as to a penal colony, to prey upon our pockets, or appeal to our sympathies. We offer Europeans an asylum, and they turn our country into a common sewer. When are we to have laws that will govern emigration and correct a system of naturalization which invests a foreigner with political privileges before he understands our language?

HINTS TO VISITORS.

[A correspondent sends us the following pretty sharp hints to visitors. If there are any such characters as he has indicated, we hope they will be fortunate enough to read the paragraphs intended for their benefit, and improve their manners. It cannot be done too soon, either for their own benefit, or that of their friends.]

If you want to wear out your welcome, and get rid of your friends, make them a visit during business hours, say one or two hours long, and talk of matters that only concern yourself; or, visit them in the evening; go soon after tea, and stay late—say an hour or two after their usual time of retiring—taking care, at the same time, to entertain them by relating various incident in your own life, wherein you always excelled, and no one could ever get ahead of you; and when you start to go, take about half an hour to get off. This will be most effectual, as they will scarcely venture to return your visit, lest you should be encouraged to repeat the infliction.

If you wish to have people think you are "an extraordinary person," entertain them by relating the wonderful exploits of your children; especially of "little Johnny," who does so many "cute things." "He takes his knife and fork and drums on his plate, 'till he breaks it;" or takes his cup of hot tea and pours it down his little sister's back to make her jump; or takes a lighted paper and sets fire to the cat, or picks her up, and puts her on the hot stove to make her dance; or goes into the yard, and pulls all the flowers to make sights of, or "plays soldier," and uses his stick for a sword on all the little children he meets with; and all sorts of funny tricks: but he is "so cute" with it, that you haven't the heart to punish him, but just have to laugh. Beside, the brain of such smart children is so sensitive that you are afraid of doing them injury.

Thus the extraordinary talent inherited from extraordinary parents, (of course this is to be un-

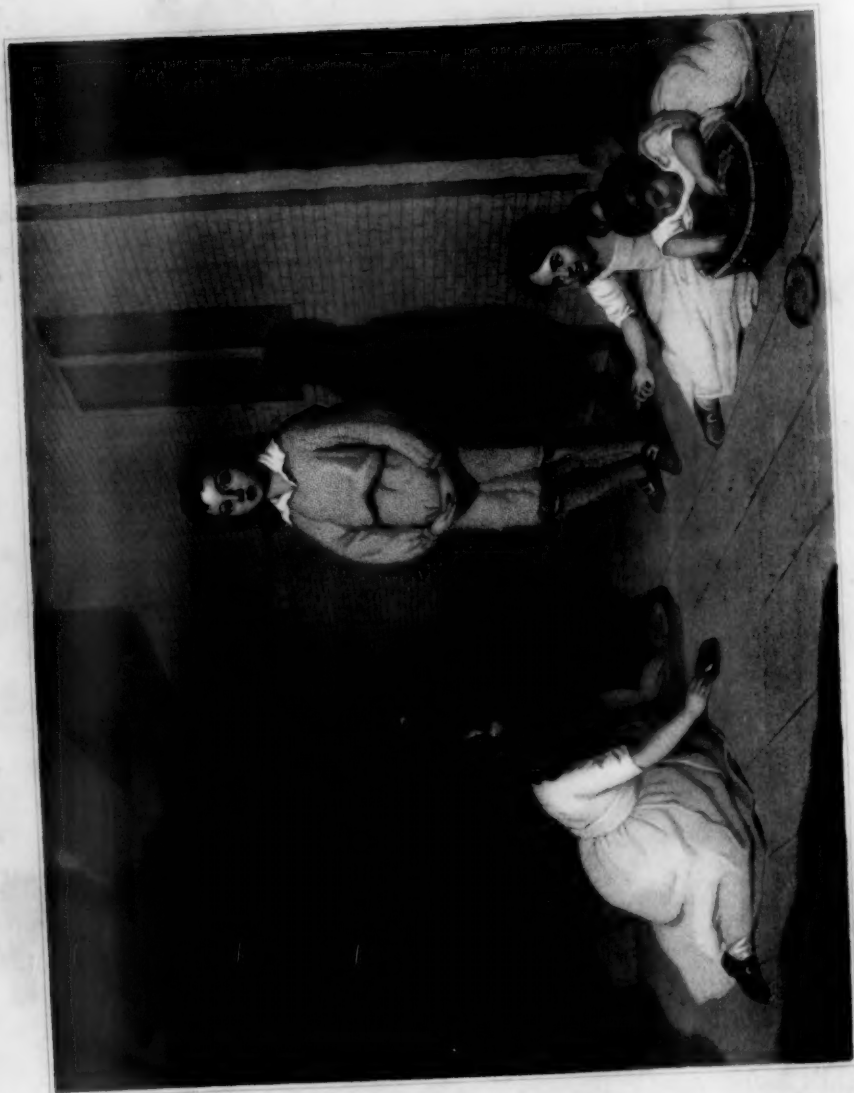
derstood) is given to your guests to prove you an "extraordinary person"—and so it does prove it; but should the child in a few years become master, and cause you "heart-aches," you must not think it an *extraordinary result*.

"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

If you wish to lose caste among your most valuable, because most virtuous friends, relate to them, frequently, in a lively, jocular way, anecdotes of yourself and your conduct in former life, wherein you have committed many rude and unbecoming acts, which would not bear being viewed in the light of refined society of the present day. You will find this to be a very speedy way of accomplishing it, as all judge, more or less, of things by present standards, without making allowance for acts done when vulgarity was tolerated, and the fact of enjoying its recital is a pretty good evidence that the mind still clings to "*little things*."

MADAME SONTAG.

The newspapers report that this lady has made during her brief sojourn among us, the sum of forty thousand dollars, clear of all expenses. We also note the fact that a needle-woman of New York, the representative of a thousand others, during the same period, has earned by long weary days of toil, one hundred dollars; an amount which barely sufficed to keep body and soul wretchedly together. We designedly make this comparison, not out of any ill-will towards Madame Sontag, who is, we believe, an estimable lady; but for the purpose of showing how little we pay for things of real utility, and how much we squander in luxuries. We do worse; we economise from the labor of the poor, to enable us to launch out extravagantly in those transitory pleasures which neither feed the hungry nor clothe the naked. Music is undoubtedly a delightful recreation, and its gentle influences are everywhere acknowledged; but its real value lies in the price we pay for it. Music for the million is capable of doing much good in the cause of humanity, but music for Japonica-dom is rather an evil than a benefit. Its cost is a serious tax upon ordinary incomes, and many of those who submit to the inordinate demands of foreign singers, stint themselves in other things to equalize the difference. In our opinion, Italian music can never be naturalized among us, and while patronizing it at the present charges, we seek to cultivate an exotic at a cost a hundred times more than it is worth.





THE RED MAN, OR THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

See page 27.





THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

See page 450.



See page 412.

THE FAMILY RE-UNION.